# RIP®

CANADA $3.95 • U.K. £2.45 **JULY 1992 • $3.50**

WIN
A TRIP TO [illegible]ES
SEE GUNS [illegible]
[illegible]IVE IN PARIS! SE[illegible]O!

27630

## C.C. DEVILLE FIRES BACK AT POISON

*"I was never that close to Bret or Rikki!"*

## Soundgarden OUTSHINING THEM ALL!!!

**READERS REACT TO THE MOTLEY NEWS**

**PLUS:**
**THE CULT**
**METALLICA**
**WHITE ZOMBIE**
**TORA TORA**
**FAITH NO MORE**
**MR. BIG • FIONA**

## PANTERA

Phil Anselmo in Attack Mode

**KILLER KISS CENTERFOLD!**

Chris Cornell

FDIC 63480

07
0 74666 63480 0

MASTERS OF THE ART

# HOUSE OF LORDS

"DEMONS DOWN"

HOUSE OF LORDS rocks with authority on "DEMONS DOWN," featuring HOL founder and keyboardist Gregg Giuffria, Whitesnake drummer Tommy Aldridge, the vocal power of James Christian, rock-solid bass from Quiet Riot's Sean McNabb and virtuoso guitarist Chick. Listen to this immense line-up full-throttle on their new album featuring "O FATHER," "DEMON'S DOWN" and "WHAT'S FOREVER FOR."

**ENTER THE RULING HOUSE.**
On Victory Compact Discs & Cassettes.

PolyGram Label Group

© 1992 PolyGram Records, Inc.

# PLAYLIST

**7**
**C.C. DeVILLE: GOODBYE, POISON; HELLO, WORLD!**
by Tom Farrell

**10**
**WHITE ZOMBIE: JOY TO THE WEIRD**
by Mike Gitter

**20**
**MOTLEY CRUE: WE, THE CRUEHEADS**
RIP readers respond to the Motley Crue split

**34**
**IAN ASTBURY: CULT HERO**
by S.L. Duff

**38**
**THE SLINGS AND ARROWS OF FAITH NO MORE**
by Steffan Chirazi

**44**
**SOUNDGARDEN: HEROES...AND HEROIN**
by Lonn M. Friend

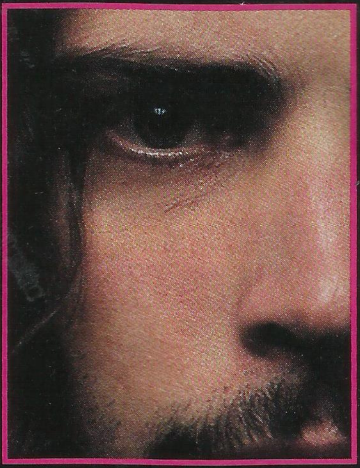
**54**
**MR. BIG TIME**
by Laurel Fishman

**64**
**FIONA: GETTING IT RIGHT**
by Daina Darzin

**73**
**TORA TORA: BASTARDS OF BEALE STREET**
by Shari Sloane

**82**
**VIXEN: AFTER THE FALL**
a RIP exclusive by Laurel Fishman

**86**
**FAREWELL TO OZ VII: BOY'S LIFE**
RIP's continuing exclusive coverage of Ozzy Osbourne's final solo tour by Steffan Chirazi



**5** **STATIC**
Postal Pandemonium

**15** **EAR CANDY**
Mmm Mmm Good!/Edited by Janiss Garza

**27** **FRESH BLOOD**
The New Stuff

**30** **BUZZZ**
Edited by Katherine Turman and Shari Sloane

**33** **KILLER KWOTES**
Words of Wisdom/Edited by Katherine Turman

**42** **RIP RAP**
Do Tell!

**52** **GIG OF THE MONTH**
Metallica

**59** **FREEZE FRAME**
Visual Evaluation/Edited by Janiss Garza

**63** **ROCK VAULT**
Crazy Quiz/Edited by S.L. Duff

**69** **POTSHOTS**
Photo Fodder

**79** **SOUND REPORT**
Noise Toys/Edited by Jeff Moses

**89** **IDOL CHATTER**
Pantera's Phil Anselmo/Edited by Kristina Estlund

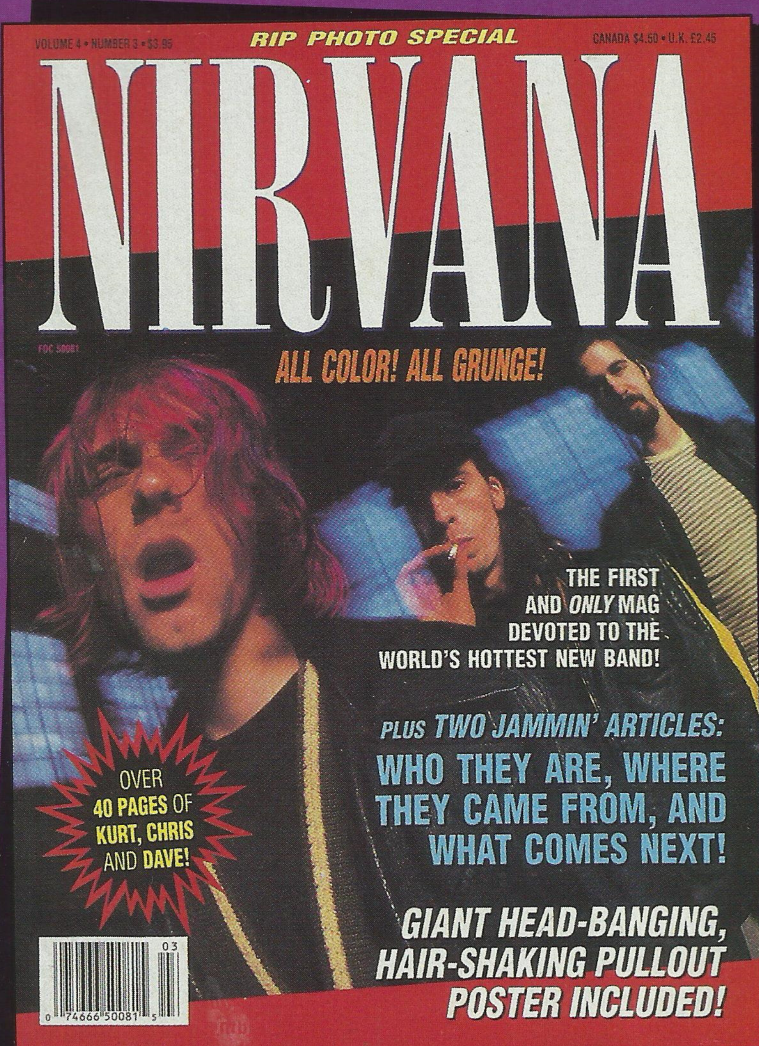
**93** **DEAR MOM RUSSELL**
Jack Russell's Mom Troubleshoots

Cover Photos:

SOUNDGARDEN's
CHRIS CORNELL
by Gene Ambo

PANTERA's
PHIL ANSELMO
by Joe Giron
(Photofeatures)

SMELLS LIKE...
NIRVANA
OVER 40 PAGES OF FULL-COLOR PHOTOS *AND* TWO SPECIAL ARTICLES!



VOLUME 4 • NUMBER 3 • $3.95
RIP PHOTO SPECIAL
CANADA $4.50 • U.K. £2.45
NIRVANA
ALL COLOR! ALL GRUNGE!
THE FIRST AND *ONLY* MAG DEVOTED TO THE WORLD'S HOTTEST NEW BAND!
PLUS TWO JAMMIN' ARTICLES:
WHO THEY ARE, WHERE THEY CAME FROM, AND WHAT COMES NEXT!
GIANT HEAD-BANGING, HAIR-SHAKING PULLOUT POSTER INCLUDED!
OVER 40 PAGES OF KURT, CHRIS AND DAVE!

IT'S THE COOLEST!
IT'S THE GRUNGIEST!
*ON SALE EVERYWHERE!*

RIP®

LARRY FLYNT
*publisher*
LONN M. FRIEND
*executive editor*
CRAIG JONES
*art director*
RICHARD LANGE
*managing editor*
M. PETER SOIKKELI
*associate art director*
JANISS GARZA
DEL JAMES
*senior editors*
KATHERINE TURMAN
*associate editor*
KRISTINA ESTLUND
*editorial/promotions*
KAREN SIDLOW
*editorial/photo*

DOROTHY STEFANSKI, *copy editor;* CATRINA MASON, LESLIE DUNN, *editorial assistants*; JEFF MOSES, STEFFAN CHIRAZI, SHARI SLOANE, S.L. DUFF, MIKE GITTER, JUDY WIEDER, *contributing editors*

**COMPUTER GRAPHICS**
DAVID BUCHANAN, *network system manager;* QUITA SAXON, LEITA WICHMAN, *assistant network system managers*

**PRODUCTION**
DONNA HAHNER, *vice president, production;* GREGORY ROSATI, *production coordinator;*

**ADVERTISING**
MICHAEL W. MATHIESON, *advertising manager*, P.O. Box 445, Commack, NY 11725, (516) 493-0134; RANDY BROWN, *west coast sales manager* (310) 858-7155; MAGGIE CHUN, *advertising production director*; KAREN E. NICOLAS, *advertising production coordinator*; CHANTAL DINNAGE, *advertising coordinator*

**MAIL ORDER REPRESENTATIVE**
J.E. Publishers
Jay Eisenberg, director
(310) 572-7272
FAX # (310) 572-7264

**SUBSCRIPTIONS**
IRENE GRADSTEIN, *subscriptions director*
For customer service call (818) 760-8983

Published by L.F.P. Inc.
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
Larry Flynt
PRESIDENT
Jim Kohls
VICE-PRESIDENT, FINANCE
Thomas Candy

VICE-PRESIDENT, SALES & MARKETING
Jim Gustafson
VICE-PRESIDENT, CLIENT RELATIONS
Vince Del Monte
CORPORATE EDITORIAL
Tim Conaway
CORPORATE ADVERTISING DIRECTOR
Debby Eden

**RIP** (ISSN #0889-5791) is published monthly by **L.F.P. INC.**, 9171 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. Copyright © 1992 by **L.F.P. INC.** Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, photos, etc , if they are to be returned, and no responsibility can be assumed for unsolicited materials. All rights to letters sent to **RIP** will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to **RIP**'s right to edit and to comment editorially. All rights reserved on entire contents; nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Advertising inquiries: 9171 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210.

**JULY 1992 VOLUME 6 NUMBER 8**

Single copy, U.S. Edition $3.50, Canadian Edition $3.95. U.S. subscriptions $22.95 for one year (12 issues). Foreign subscriptions add $10.00 per year. These prices represent RIP's standard subscription rate and should not be confused with special subscription offers sometimes advertised. Change of Address: Six weeks' advance notice, and old address as well as the new are necessary. Printed in U.S.A. **RIP** is registered in the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office by **L.F.P. INC.** The International Edition of **RIP** is published monthly by **ISLAND DISTRIBUTING COMPANY, LTD.** P.O. Box 1803, Grand Cayman, B.W.I., with permission of L.F.P., Inc. **POSTMASTER: Send change of address to RIP**, P.O. Box 16598, North Hollywood, CA 91615. Second-class postage paid at Beverly Hills, CA, and additional mailing offices.

# static

## POSTAL PANDEMONIUM

**LETTER OF THE MONTH**

I am sitting here in my room, writing this letter in something close to a state of shock. It seems as if an end to a wonderfully exciting, fulfilling era is unfortunately upon us. Two words only: Motley Crue. It seems as if the band that I truly believed would always be together is falling apart. Oh, I know the Crue will continue minus Vince Neil, and Vince will continue minus the Crue—but could these setups *ever* equal the incredible intensity displayed by this band in the early-'80s? I remember crying to the old classics, laughing to them, having sex to them—in short, I grew up on the Crue. And now as I listen to reports on the split, it almost seems as if a chunk of my childhood is slipping away. Too dramatic? Not for an eleven-year veteran of Motley. Other bands have faded from sight as well as mind, while the Crue remained a staple in rock 'n' roll history. I suppose the cliché "All good things must come to an end" rings true for this occasion. With great sadness I bid adieu to the Motley Crue of old—the Crue I know and love. I wish all of them—Nikki, Tommy, Mick and Vince—great luck in whatever the future may hold. After all, to quote the boys, "On with the show." Some say it's bad to dwell in the past, but I find myself doing exactly that. Long live the Crue. Forever may they rule.

—J. K.
Oceanside, California

NEIL & SIXX
Before....
Neil Zlozower
LONGFAITH

*For more reader reaction to the Crue's breakup, see page 20.*

**THE OFFICIAL WORD**
**TO: Media**
**FROM: Mitch Schneider/Kim Kaiman**
**RE: Kiss**

We are enclosing a letter from Paul Stanley, Gene Simmons and Bruce Kulick of Kiss that was sent to the "Letters to the Editor" section of *Rolling Stone*. The letter is in regards to the publication's omission of news of drummer Eric Carr's death. Because *Rolling Stone* edited the submitted letter—claiming space limitations—we are enclosing the letter in its original form. A statement from Kiss pertaining to the editing of the letter and the original omission of a Carr obituary is as follows:

"They [*Rolling Stone*] missed the main point: Editorial policy should have nothing to do with human kindness."

Gentlemen:

We were shocked and disappointed at your obvious choice to ignore the death of our drummer, Eric Carr, who fought a valiant and relentless yearlong battle with cancer.

During the past eleven years, while your editor has tried to deny our existence, Eric played over 800 concerts to millions of fans around the world and drummed on albums that sold over eight million copies. He brought joy to and touched the lives of so many people, that to not mention his passing in your January 9th issue (which featured the death of one rock notable and the illness of another) represents a sad statement about your misguided quest for "artistic purity."

The fact that contributing writers who work for your magazine have had reviews of our albums rejected or that others have told us that any article written about us will not be published does not concern us.

We thrive in spite of it....

Omitting the death of a musician of Eric Carr's stature, regardless of your personal views and tastes, is inexcusable, especially considering the coverage it received on CNN, MTV, network television and virtually every daily and weekly publication.

At a time that has seen *Rolling Stone* become everything it was started in opposition to, it would have been interesting for Jann Wenner to have met Eric Carr. He would have come face-to-face with someone who still lived and believed in the spirit of rock and roll—the same spirit the magazine was founded on, but has long forsaken. The chance of the two meeting was, of course, remote. Eric, you see, never saw rock and roll as a stepping stone to cocktail parties or society functions. He simply played the music he loved.

We loved him, the fans loved him, and he will never be forgotten.

—Paul Stanley, Gene Simmons and Bruce Kulick

**NIRVANA NATTERING**

First off I want to thank RIP magazine for printing one of the most enlightening articles on Nirvana ["Anarchy in the U.K." April '92] for all those f?!ks out there who suddenly went out and bought *Nevermind* because they saw the video on heavy rotation on MTV! I'm sure only a tenth of the people who bought the album were true fans who listened to their message. I see people running around in Nirvana "Sliver" shirts who probably don't even have the slightest idea what "Sliver" is. I really hope Kurt pisses off all you corporate-rock assholes out there who, after listening to *Nevermind*, pop in Firehouse, or worse, Trixter! Why don't you people get a clue? You are so blinded by MTV, shitty magazines like *Circus* and *Hit Parader*, and radio. Why don't you all send for a Sub Pop or C/Z Records catalog and see what real music is? One day I asked this jock if he knew what the song "Polly" was about. He said, "It's about being mean to a bird, right?" Ha ha ha! I wish they'd just ban the sale of *Nevermind*. I never want to see it again.

—Negative Creep

Yeah, here's another letter about Nirvana. I know that you're the wrong magazine to complain to, but Nirvana should have called *their* album *Bandwagonesque*. I mean, I think all of America has jumped on theirs. What's really funny is that other alternative bands are sitting around, going, "Shit, what the hell did they do to deserve this?" When they played here in New York last fall, no one talked about their favorite foods or marital status or any of the other crap they're now asked in interviews. Both *Bleach* and *Nevermind* show tremendous wordplay and killer music. The only thing I can't figure out is, why them? There are tons of really talented underground bands, like Mudhoney, Sonic Youth, Tad and L7. Why not them? Anyways, congratulations, Nirvana, you got what you never wanted.

—Jenn
Westchester, New York

### OPTIMISTICALLY SPEAKING

I have something to say: I'm sick of hearing all these whiners piss and moan about the state of rock and roll. It's f?!kin' ridiculous! These people need to open their eyes! How anybody could see the music biz going downhill is beyond me. Sure, there's corporate, plastic bullshit like C&C Music Factory or NKOTB, but that only serves as a basis of comparison, as an example of the worst this generation has to offer. If music is going downhill, how do you explain Seattle? I recently heard Soundgarden on an oldies station, which flipped my cookies. There is a new openness and honesty in heavy music that has never been seen before. Look at the Skid Row/Pantera tour. That sort of genre mixing would never have happened five years ago. The Anthrax/Public Enemy/Primus tour of last year is also a great example. So to all the whiners, take the cotton outta your mouth and put it in your ears —Franky R.

Woodland, Washington

### I AM WOMAN

Thanx so much for the article on the Nymphs ["Beauty Fights the Beast," May '92] and your coverage of groups like L7 and Lita Ford. Yours is the only metal magazine that's figured out women have more to contribute to rock 'n' roll than big tits and an easy lay. They don't get half the credit they deserve. Balls or not, we can rock just as hard as you can! A lot of readers will probably say I'm a feminist bitch—damn straight, and proud of it, man! On the inside cover of the Nymphs' debut there's this great quote by Rimbaud: "When the endless servitude of woman will be overthrown, when she will live for herself by herself, man, hitherto abominable, having given her her release, she will be a poet, she also! Women will discover some of the unknown! Will her worlds differ from ours? She will discover strange, unfathomable, repellent, delicious things; we shall take them, we shall comprehend them."

Rise up, sisters, and prove rock 'n' roll has no gender!

—E.V.

Los Angeles, California

### SLAYER, GOOD AND EVIL

To the girl who said Tom Araya and Slayer were choosing to write and sing about death ["Tweaking Tom," *Static*, April '92]: Has she really listened to their lyrics? No, she hasn't, nor does she care. She claims to know so much about reality, but all Slayer writes about, like most death-metal bands, is problems of the world and the death or decay of humanity. If it wasn't for them, I would not be a strong Christian. I would still be lacking in my faith. If you don't like them, shut your mouth. Who died and made you God, Anna G.? Slayer, like Barren Cross, are after the lost. If Anna really listened to what Kerry King wrote about, she would faint. All it's based on is how corrupt our world is because people chose Satan's teachings instead of Jesus'. Who's to say how they really feel? —Regina H.

Louisville, Kentucky

I'm responding to the "Tweaking Tom" letter in the April 1992 issue. You know, I gotta agree with Anna G. Tom and the rest of Slayer are just kidding themselves if they really think that the devil's on their side. You may be on *his* side, but he is only out for himself and is on *no one's* side. Hence the moniker "the father of lies." Take heed, Tom, he'll take your soul just as quick as he will anyone else's. —Someone Who Knows

Nashville, Tennessee

### QUEENSRYCHE QUESTIONS

I am writing in response to the "Big Man Tate" article [April '92] on Queensryche. My sister and I have admired Queensryche since they began about a decade ago, and they've always been our absolute favorite. We've respected their intellect and class since their start, but after we read the article, we were extremely disappointed. Geoff Tate's head seems to be getting as big as his ego. He ranted about being unhappy with fame and fortune and also stated that he "doesn't like giving autographs" because he's "never been a fan of anyone." Well, he seems to be forgetting that fans are the ones who've made him, and are the ones who pay his huge salary. (Not to mention that it was his fans who voted him "Best Vocalist" in RIP!) If he is so miserable with his wealth and celebrity, why doesn't he quit the band, sell all he owns, give the money to the poor and sail off into the sunset like he claims he'd like to? We were thrilled to see Queensryche finally appreciated after so many years, and we assumed Mr. Tate would've been too. I guess we were wrong.

—Queen Elizabeth and Sis

Rowland Heights, California

I want to thank RIP for their continued support of Queensryche. I really look forward to actually reading your articles (unlike most "rock" magazines, which may be sort of interesting to look at, but grow tiresome very quickly). I especially want to commend you on an article in the April '92 issue, "Big Man Tate." It was just what I needed! It is so hard to find a band like Queensryche. Even more rare is someone like Geoff Tate! Someone sensitive, outspoken, intelligent and extremely sexy! He seems like such an interesting person, who's actually aware of and concerned with important issues such as the environment. Unlike many others in the music business—whose biggest concern might be how to do their hair—Geoff seems honest and down to earth. We need more people like him. Such a shame he's already married. —Andie L.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

This is in response to your interview with Geoff Tate. Isn't the appropriate title "Big *Head* Tate"? How can Mr. Tate, who several months ago was so pleased with touring and success and seemed to care about the diehard 'Rychers, act as if he hates every aspect of the entire ordeal? If he doesn't like taking pictures or signing autographs, then he shouldn't, because he's just making the true Queensryche fans, like us, seem even more worthless than we already feel! Hey, Geoff, come down a thousand before someone drags you down!

—Terry and Rysh

San Antonio, Texas

### HOORAY FOR HALEN

I just saw Van Halen's new video, "Right Now," on MTV. I want to tell you that it is a great video. It addresses so many controversial subjects and is put together in a way that really makes you think. I love an intellectual video, especially when it goes with an intellectual song. They just inspired me to work harder on my keyboard and write some killer songs. I feel like jammin'. Van Halen, if you're reading this, thanx a million!

—Tucker M.

Ft. Wayne, Indiana

### PANTERA AND THE POLLS

Regarding the April 1992 issue of RIP, I must admit I was not at all surprised by the Readers' Poll votes. One day (maybe) people will stop voting for bands based solely on popularity and start considering talent. The Writers' Poll was a lot more impressive. It's great to see bands like Pantera, Jane's Addiction, Hole, Temple Of The Dog, Nirvana, Nine Inch Nails and Mother Love Bone getting some of the attention they deserve. I am especially happy to see Pantera mentioned. I've seen Pantera live at least eight times and had the absolute pleasure of meeting those crazy motherf?!kers, and they deserve every bit of recognition they've been getting or *will* get. They are really cool people, and they aren't worried about how their hair looks, etc. All they want to do is let out that "vulgar display of power" that is Pantera.

—Tabitha S.

New Orleans, Louisiana

### ALL FOR ALICE SAY, "AYE"

This letter is regarding a letter I read in your April '92 issue, saying that Alice In Chains were jackasses because they criticized Nelson ["Alice in Trouble"]. Why, if you were so pissed off at someone for criticizing someone else, did you go ahead and start criticizing Alice In Chains? I think you (Dawn and Missy) were the ones who opened your big mouths and stuck both your feet in. Also, saying that maybe Alice In Chains were criticizing Nelson because Alice can't get any girls—well, you are wrong! I know many girls who think Alice In Chains are good-looking and talented musicians. If you think there is no room on this earth for jealousy, then why did you even bother with the situation?

—A Major Fan of Alice In Chains

Southern California

In response to Dawn and Missy's letter in the April issue of RIP. I just want to say that everyone is entitled to their own opinion, and if Alice In Chains didn't think Nelson were cute, that is their right. The journalist obviously asked what bands they did and didn't like, and they answered accordingly. Also, when you two talk about the jealousies in the music industry and the terrible things in this world, I happen to know that Alice In Chains have played and organized charity benefits for dying and abused children, which is something I would judge a person's character by, not by your standards, which obviously are how cute a person looks or how many records they sell. But then again, that's just my opinion. —Jerry Cantrell's Sunglasses

Rego Park, New York

### SKID SUPPORTER

Bruce of Garden Grove, CA, are you there? I'd like to give you some feedback on the eloquent letter you wrote complaining that RIP should change its name to "Skid Row Monthly" ["Letter of the Month," May '92]. I hope this letter won't offend your obvious intelligence, being that I am one of those "brainless Skid Row fans" you mentioned, but as the wise philosopher Bas once told RIP, "Opinions are like assholes—everybody's got one." I've been reading RIP for a while, and I must have missed all the features you're complaining about. There was a terrific two-part interview of the Skids ["Wasted Days, Wasted Nights," February and March '92], but isn't in-depth coverage what RIP is about? That makes them a "mediocre," "butt-kissing" magazine? Funny, I thought it made them better. Anyway, with all the articles you seem to have read, you still do not know a damned thing about Skid Row. Those "talentless dirtbags" put tremendous amounts of energy and emotion in their music. You obviously haven't heard the lyrics of "Quicksand Jesus," and you definitely have never heard "Mudkicker," which applies directly to someone like yourself. The again, maybe you just don't understand them. Face it, Skid Row is going to be around for quite a while. You may not like it, but there are certainly more of us that do. One last thing, Bruce, if you ever decide to write to RIP again, you may want to ask someone for some help. See, words like "sissy," "dirtbags" and "butt-kissing" just don't cut it here. And you called *me* brainless....

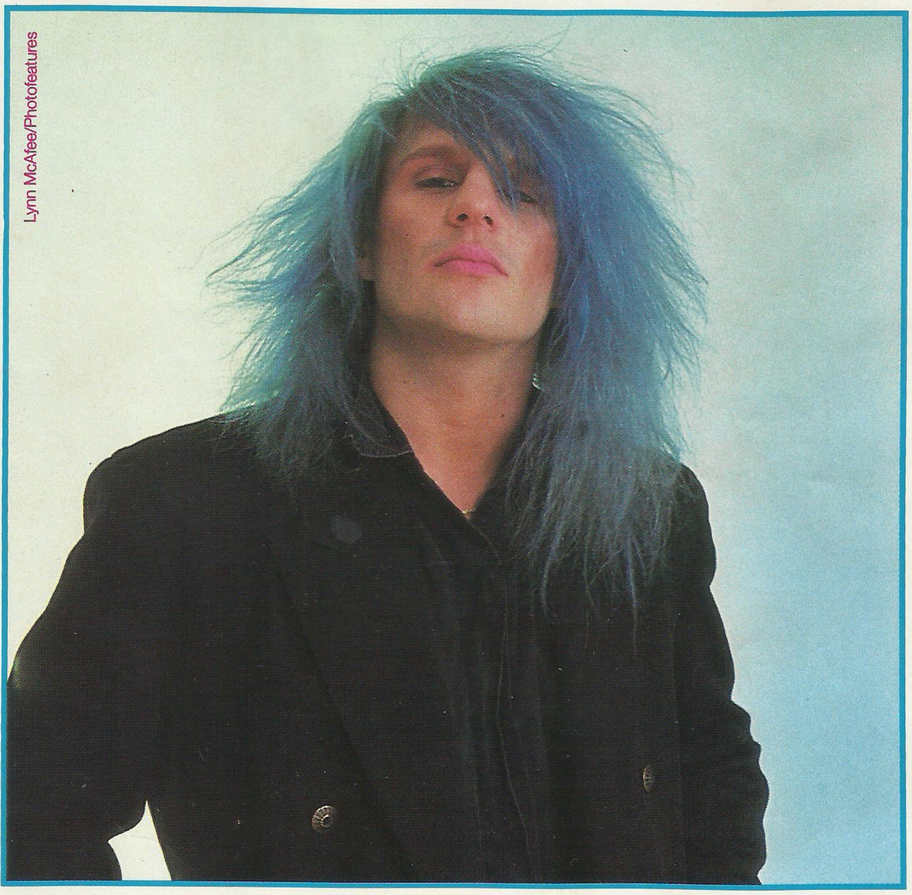
—Dawn D.

Chicago, Illinois

*Send your letters and questions to:*
**STATIC**, *c/o RIP, 9171 Wilshire Blvd.*
*Third Floor, Beverly Hills, CA 90210*

> ***"I figured if they were going to get upset with me over something like this, then it's time to leave. I officially quit Poison right afterwards, and the official reason was musical and personality differences."***

# C.C. DeVille



Lynn McAfee/Photofeatures

# GOODBYE POISON, HELLO WORLD

### By Tom Farrell

Every rose does indeed have its thorn, and over the last couple of years, guitarist C.C. DeVille began to feel its prick at the same time that the other members of Poison started to view C.C. as the painful element. Whoever or whatever was at fault, the situation came to a boil when DeVille announced his intention to leave a band that is currently one of the biggest in the world.

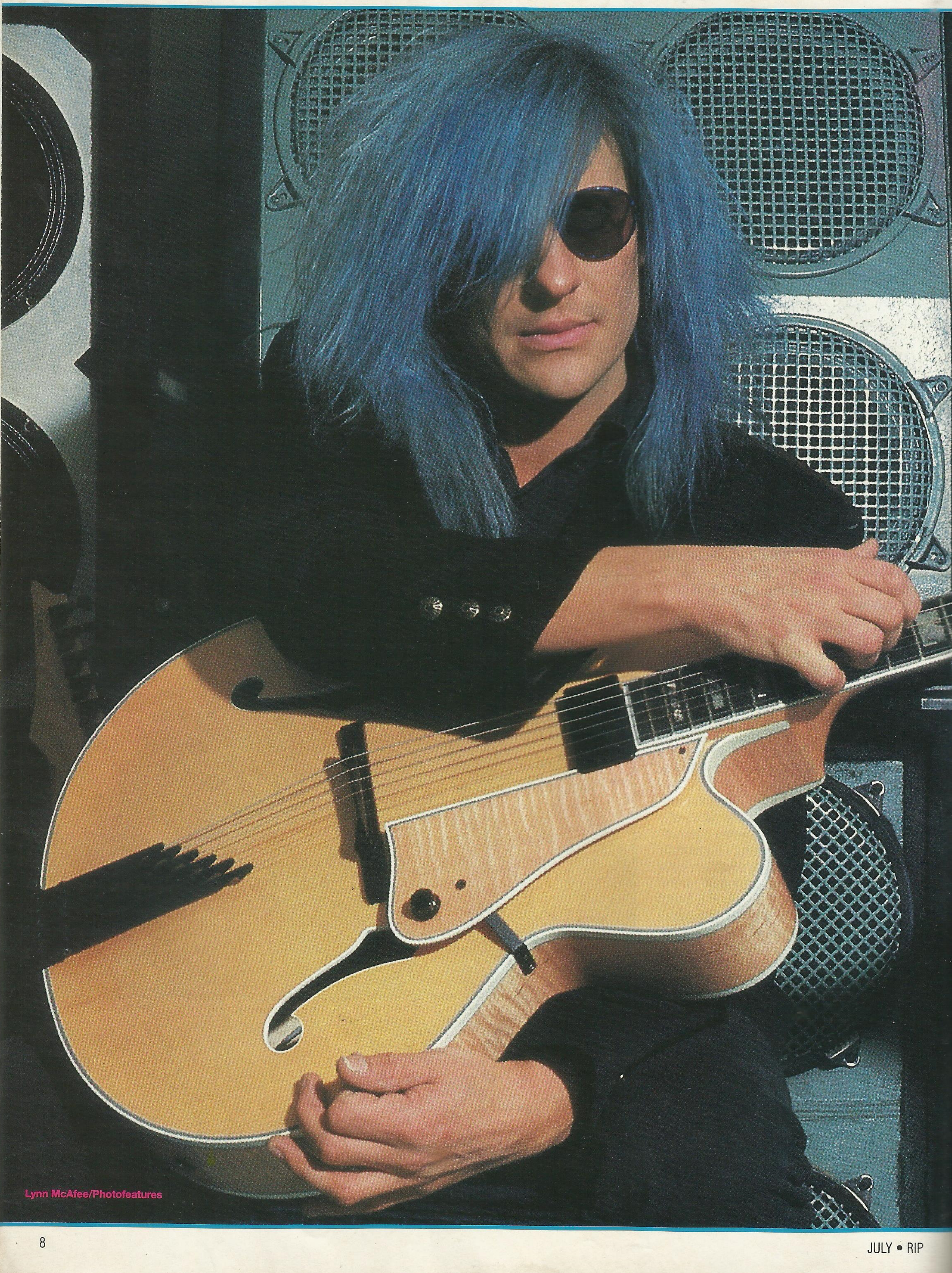
After seven years, four albums and all those tours, it's hard to believe the whole Poison *thing* crumbled so quickly. Their legions of fans were, to say the least, confused and shocked. RIP, having heard lead singer Bret Michaels' side of the story ("The Last Poison Interview?" January '92), thought it only fair that C.C. be allowed to speak his piece.

Standing in the living room of C.C.'s Hollywood Hills dwelling, I'm admiring what is probably the best view I've ever seen.

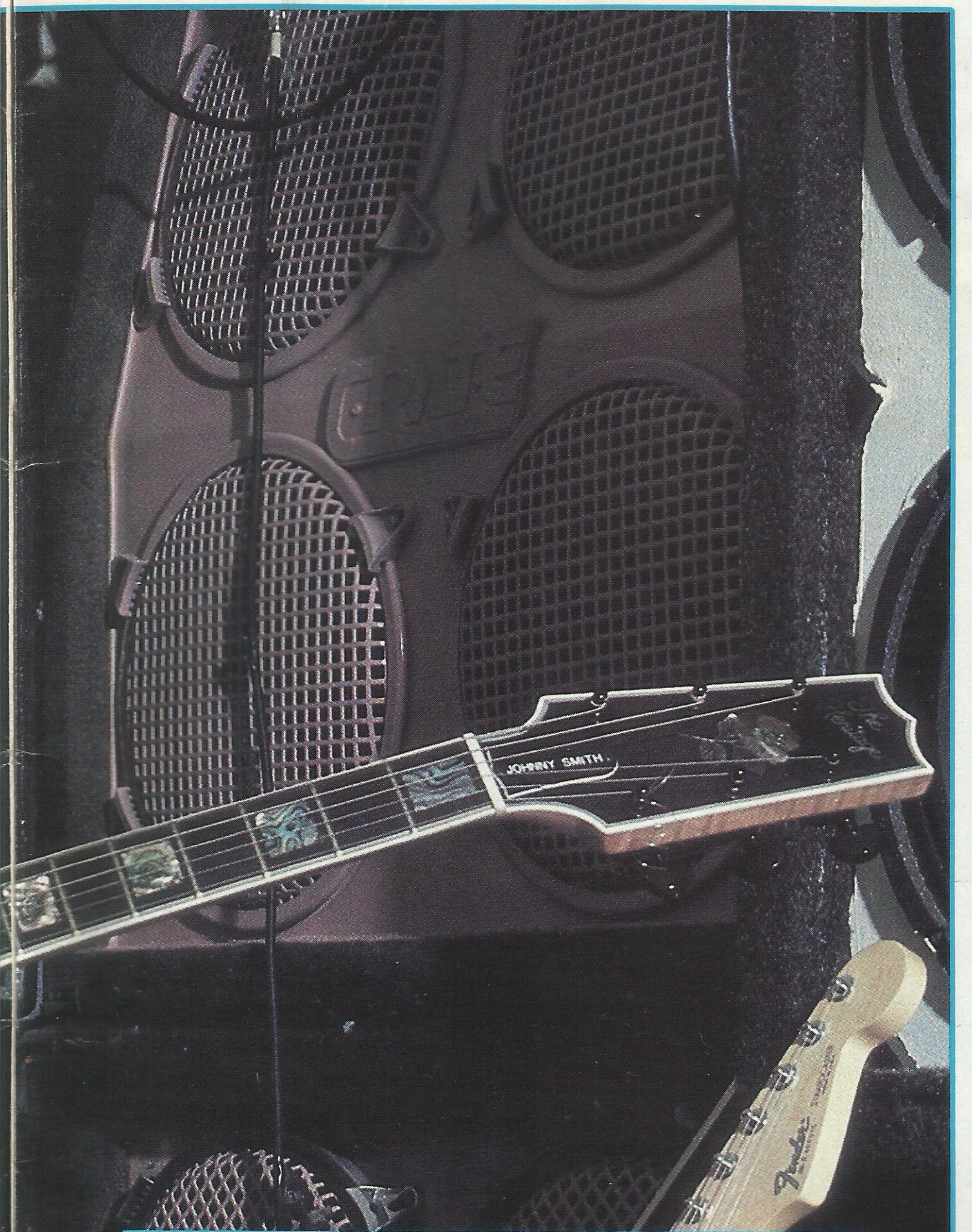
"Isn't it great? I can see everything!" comes a familiar shout from behind me. C.C., who turned 30 on May 14th, is his usual ebullient self, and quite a sight with his shocking blue hair. He shows both the sadness brought on by his sudden estrangement from his former bandmates and the excitement he feels about his new project, tentatively called the C.C. DeVille Experiment. It seems that all the recent changes in his life have left him a bit confused though. Yeah, he's got the dream house, his past success as a rock star and the challenges of his future, but what's it all mean, really?

"It's very tough to differentiate a star from a human being. There are no manuals on how to be a star," C.C. ponders, before adding that he does not consider himself a star. "A star is someone who is respected for what they do. I'm not respected, not yet, 'cause I really haven't done anything to be respected for, except sell a ton of records."

Winding down the spiral staircase to the sub-level, C.C. reflects back on the days when stormy seas first lashed at the Poison camp. "About two years ago—and, guys [to Poison], please don't take it personally, 'cause I still love you—being in Poison stopped being fun. Look at the first videos we did, 'Cry Tough,' 'Talk Dirty to Me' and 'I Want Action.' Those were fun, and Poison was about fun! From 'Every Rose Has Its Thorn' on, we lost it. We started becoming bluesy, and we



Lynn McAfee/Photofeatures



Lynn McAfee/Photofeatures

weren't a bluesy band. Those first two years were special, and then it stopped being special."

Going back a bit further, he recalls, "When I first met Poison [back in late-'84], they handed me a flier, and I threw it back at Bret, 'cause they looked like shit!" He laughs. "I thought, *These guys aren't happening*. Later on [in early '85] my friend Adam Bomb called me and said, 'C.C., the guitar player in Poison [Matt "Coco" Smith] just quit. Why don't you join the band, play for two months, quit, and then start your own band from the fame you get from playing with them?' "

C.C. took his friend's advice and joined Poison, and the gig wound up lasting quite a bit longer than two months. Within a year his songwriting coupled with the band's immense following and showmanship led to a recording contract. Poison shot to stardom. Even in those days, though, C.C. didn't seem to be one of the gang. When the band pooled their financial resources to get a house, C.C. resided elsewhere. "I was always different from Poison," he sighs. "[Bassist] Bobby Dall became my best friend—I was the best man at his wedding, and I still love him—but I was never really close to Bret and [drummer] Rikki [Rockett]. I don't think they wanted to hang out with me. Everyone wanted to make Bret a star. I would get calls for movie parts and guest veejay gigs, and I wouldn't even be told about them. I was always the outsider; I was always the other guy. Poison was three guys and 'him.' I have intelligence and good sense for music—why do you think they hired me?" C.C. asks in his usual forthright fashion.

As Poison's career progressed, the band's touring schedule got more and more hectic and began to have an effect on the boys. Living on a bus day after day in close quarters added frayed nerves to the general failing health brought on by fatigue and the party-hearty attitude that goes with life on the road. By 1990 Poison began to look weary, and it seemed they were caught in the same trap that has led to the demise of so many of their rock 'n' roll compatriots. Nasty rumors about some of C.C.'s less-than-sober antics began to filter out to the public. At times he almost seemed to be a bit of a scapegoat.

That's one thing C.C. couldn't swallow. "I was never really happy on the road. It was very rough, and I was miserable," he admits. "We sucked on some shows, but I could not take credit for it. No matter what anyone says, I was always the guy who took the band from whatever hell they were in and took them by the nose to get the show down. I'm gifted in that, and Bobby and Rikki will give me that, 'cause they know that's what I do. Bret has a hard time with that. He would blame me and say, 'Why are you f?!king up?' I'd say, 'People paid to see the show!' I really resent the fact that other members of Poison would say that I compromised a show. I'd tell Bret, 'Just go out there and shake your ass. No one listens to your voice anyways.' That's what we had a keyboard player for. I'm not going to lie to you; we sampled background vocals." Of course, a lot of bands do. And in a town where tinsel, plastic and sleight-of-hand are all employed to bring entertainment to the masses, you wouldn't expect a band whose motto was "Entertainment or Death" to leave any rabbits in the hat that would help them reach their goal. "There are things you just can't do onstage, but the audience expects you to do it regardless. My new band will have a keyboard player, too, but he'll be onstage."

Reflecting on the straw that broke the camel's back, C.C. states, "The final straw with Poison came at the MTV Awards, when the band got really upset at me for dying my hair shocking pink. All I knew was there was all these outrageous people there, like Madonna, Prince and Cher, doing outrageous things, wearing outrageous things. I doubled my fame in one night." C.C. is right, but it seems that type of fame, the shocking

*(continued on page 32)*

Joe Giron/Photofeatures

# WHITE ZOMBIE

Kevin Estrada/Photofeatures

# JOY TO THE WEIRD

### BY MIKE GITTER

"*Señor! Esta la casa de chop-chop?*" asks dreadlocked, tattooed beat-pariah Rob Zombie in mutilated Spanish. The workmen at the foot of Cielo Drive pretend to ignore the billionth visitors to the infamous "Manson house" this week. White Zombie, bastard love-children of Zodiac Mindwarp and Anton LaVey, are sightseeing in the Hollywood canyons. For the past half hour they've been driving through every cul-de-sac in a neighborhood so quiet that, 20 years ago, one of the Manson family killers said you could almost hear the sound of ice rattling in the cocktail shakers in the homes way down the hill.

The gate at the end of the winding, precarious road is shut tight. No telltale traces of Tex Watson's, Susan Atkins', Katie's, Patricia's and their pals' square-killin', pig-choppin' rampage one hot summer night two decades ago. None of Sharon Tate's blood smeared on the pavement. Nuthin'. "'Death to Pigs' isn't even written anywhere," groans Rob, mortally bummed. Bassist Sean Yseult stares at her guidebook to Hollyweird's weirdest sites in disbelief.

"To the Jayne Mansfield house, pronto!" fiendish sightseer Rob barks. Drummer Ivan DePrume executes a daring three-point turn that kicks up a ton of dust and nearly sends the van toppling over a cliff. They burn rubber, flyin' down the winding road like the original helter-skelter bunch did many years before. "Manson, Mansfield, same thing," Rob, the Zombies' voice of true evil, shrugs. "God, I love it here!"

Most bands move to Hollywood for the music. White Zombie, C.H.U.D.s from New York's scuzz-infested Lower East Side, loaded up the truck and moved to Beverly mainly for the movies—not to mention they were mind-numbingly bored with New York. "Music? Who gives a shit? There's a million movie theaters, and a million dead movie stars laying in cemeteries that you can go and sit on top of—and we have," Rob assures. "Alfalfa's grave with the little dog on top, Peter Lorre's, Bugsy Siegel's...."

"Rudolph Valentino, Darla," guitar-wieldin' necrophile Jay Yuenger pipes in cheerfully. "Let's face it, Hollywood's based on a real shallow concept: movies and entertainment. It's completely shallow and stupid—and totally great. Not to mention—"

"Free cable!" they all joyfully chime in.

Ah, the good things in life. White Zombie is the band that worships kitsch as much as Kiss; the band who took their moniker from a 1932 Bela Lugosi late-late-show flick. It makes sense that they love it here. They're mutants on the Sunset Strip, a band that's made for this town. They're also genuinely nice people who only look like monsters. Bigger than life and genially ghoulish, they resemble *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* clan with guitars.

"I prefer to think of us as *The Hills Have Eyes* with Marshalls," Rob declares, shaking his head of filthy Medusa locks and cackling. "All the other bands that break down in front of our apartment building, we eat 'em; take their infants and stew 'em up!" Is it any wonder they slapped a title like *La Sexorcisto: Devil Music Volume 1* on their Andy (Slayer, Nirvana) Wallace-produced, Geffen-backed major-label debut? Hell no! Better opportunity for 'em to really stab a pitchfork through Tipper Gore's morality mongering heart. Besides, think of all the free advertising.

"We've only been on the *700 Club* once. We want more exposure!" Sean complains. "We were playing in D.C., and they came up to us, saying that they were some local cable show and asking if they could film us. We thought it was some kind of rock show, so we said sure."

"The next thing we know, we're on the *700 Club*, being featured as one of the reasons why today's youth is going down the toilet!" Rob laughs. "Us, Whitesnake and Ice-T were all featured—okay, I agree with the Whitesnake part of it."

"And of course we want kids to commit suicide," Sean quips with a gleam in her eye. "Why else would we even be in a band?"

There may not be those sorts of subliminal messages in White Zombie's ghoulish, metallic scrapings, but one listen to *La Sexorcisto* might wrench you out of your somnambulistic slumber long enough to make you wanna get up (zombielike, natch) and kill. It's a grunging, gurgling, grooving phantasmagoria of sound and imagery, something like Black Sabbath being dismembered and then sewn and stapled back together with beatnik king Allen Ginsberg's brain transplanted into its skull. Its an electric funeral, with rabid Rob pouring a stream of deranged linguistics out of his glottis like Morton salt, a morbid mantra of sex, cars, tattoos, guns, sex, death—all the good stuff—spewed out like Linda Blair's projectile vomit. What else would you expect from a scary, shamanistic bagman from hell whose arms are covered with portraits of busty women in outer space, busty women as devils, busty women underwater, in cowboy regalia, etc.? "I prefer to think of it as a theme piece: 'Hooters Through the Ages,' " Zombie deadpans.

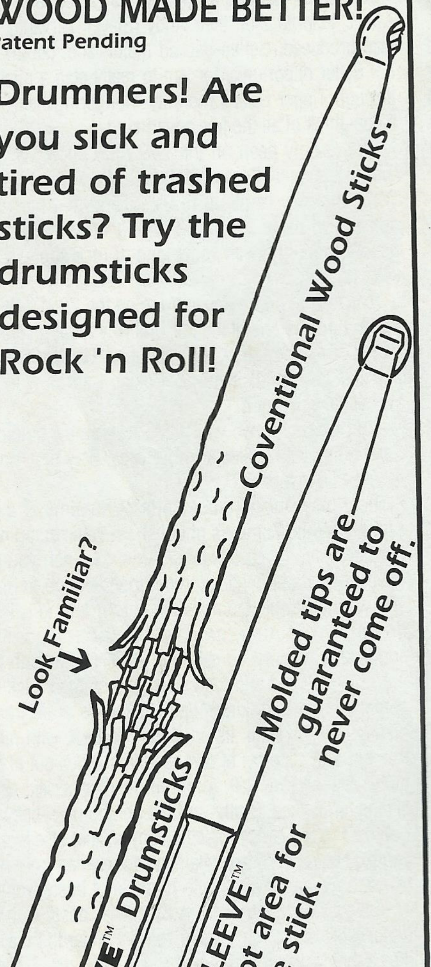
Laden with bloody sound bites sampled from everything from old episodes of *Batman* to current gore flicks like *Bride of Reanimator*, and boasting song titles like "Welcome to Planet Motherf?!ker/Psychoholic Slag" and "Cosmic Monsters Inc." White Zombie's devil music isn't pretty, but it's fun—in a savage, f?!ked-up kinda way. "Feedback on a record is one thing," comments Rob on the Zombies' sadistic sonics. "But feedback with someone talking about corpses rising from the grave! That a whole 'nother bucket of brains."

It's also the best record they've done since Rob and Sean met in art school, New York's Parsons School of Design, in 1985 and decided to form a band. "Back then I think our only goal was to be the loudest, noisiest band around," the Zombies' guttural growlster recalls of the days when they sounded a heckuva lot like a subway car full of idling lawnmowers. Their first recorded snarls—a couple of singles, a six-song EP titled *Psycho-Head Blowout*, and the vicious *Soul-Crusher* LP—were murderous, cacophonous slabs. "Back then it was like a competition between every band in town to see who could sound more f?!ked up," Rob laughs. White Zombie would regularly play the 2:00 a.m. "clean up" slot at New York's notorious CBGB's, taking the stage after such legendary noise outfits as Pussy Galore, Sonic Youth and Live Skull. "Then we started telling people that we were going heavy metal. That was just about the most offensive thing any band in that scene could do!"

**AQUARIAN POWER-SLEEVE™ DRUMSTICKS**

**WOOD MADE BETTER!**
Patent Pending

Drummers! Are you sick and tired of trashed sticks? Try the drumsticks designed for Rock 'n Roll!


Coventional Wood Sticks:
Look Familiar?
Molded tips are guaranteed to never come off.
POWER-SLEEVE™ Drumsticks
Molded POWER-SLEEVE™ protects the rimshot area for the entire life of the stick.

**Awesome rimshots, night after night!**

**MADE IN USA**

**AQUARIAN**ACCESSORIES
1140 N. Tustin Ave.
Anaheim, CA 92807
800-473-0231

Kevin Estrada/Photofeatures

"Going heavy metal" basically entailed getting a guitarist who could actually play. As they were gearing up to release 1989's *Make Them Die Slowly*, White Zombie found one: Chicago native and Rights Of The Accused axemeister Jay Yuenger. "People would come up to us and say, 'You guys sound soooo heavy. What note do you tune to?' " Sean recalls. "None of us ever knew. It was whatever our old guitarist Tom was tuned to that particular day!"

Truth is, for all the power of their grinding, churning metallic maelstrom, White Zombie's four mutant musos are just as influenced by movies. Old horror flicks, cartoons, Russ Meyer titty epics and tons and tons of TV all figure in somehow. "Between *Josie and the Pussycats* and *The Groovy Ghoulies*, I had no choice but to be in a band!" Sean laughs.

"I always thought it'd be cool to be like the kids in *Scooby Doo* and actually go on tour and have adventures like that. That'd be the shit," Jay pipes in.

If White Zombie were to be a TV show, what would it be?

"*The Partridge Family* meets *Dark Shadows*!" the guitarist laughs. "Maybe if Wile E. Coyote finally ate the f?!kin' Roadrunner!"

The van lurches to a halt outside another example of the Hollywood dream factory gone wrong: actress Jayne Mansfield's "Pink Palace." The house looms over a thick iron gate, just barely visible from Sunset Boulevard, imposingly and unsettlingly pink. Everyone gets out and tries to look over the fence, straining to catch a glimpse of the chesty and, sadly, deceased '60s starlet's infamous heart-shaped, pink pool. Word has it that she, along with other Hollywood luminaries—including "The Candy Man" himself, Sammy Davis Jr.—cavorted with none other Anton LaVey, author of *The Satanic Bible* and High Priest of the Church of Satan. Of course we know how poor Jayne ended up: decapitated in a car crash after her boyfriend threatened to expose LaVey as a charlatan.

Rob Zombie has his own theory about Jayne Mansfield's violent death. "Sammy was possessed by the devil. He put the ol' whamba-jamba on her, and the rest was history!" he declares from his perch on top of the van, and then suddenly lapses into a classic Spinal Tap-ism: "Of course, it all goes back to Frank [Sinatra]. Frank's calling the shots for all those guys. When you've lived and loved as much as Frank...."

Disgruntled that the front gate is the closest they can get to another of their new stomping grounds' strangest attractions, the Zombies pile back into the van and head back to the apartment they all share just a stone's throw from Sunset. It's a castle compared to Rob and Sean's old Rotten Apple digs—a dingy, closet-sized place they also used as an office for their day gigs as art directors and illustrators on porn mags. "It was the sort of thing where somebody would hand me the title to an article, like 'The Erotic Olympics,' " laughs Rob, who also did all the artwork on *La Sexorcisto*, "and I'd have to draw all these naked people doing sporting events! Ah, what a way to make a living!"

That, of course, changed. Enter Michael Alago, the Geffen A&R man who, years before, signed Metallica to Elektra, handed 'em a contract and $150,000 to make a record (a pittance by major-label standards), and wham! bang! the rest is history.

Sitting in his Hollywood apartment, surrounded by lurid '50s monster-movie posters bearing titles like *Die Zombie, Die!* and *Voodoo Love*, a few animal skulls and two gruesome, green, foam-rubber corpses, Rob Zombie couldn't be a happier man. He's transfixed by a video of the Japanese *Spider-Man* TV show, purchased at a horror-movie convention a couple weeks back. He's going on and on about his younger days, a time before he became the dreadlocked, adrenaline-soaked, devil-talking monster he is now. Back then he was just another kid who read too many *Creepy* comic books and somehow conned his dad into taking him to a drive-in showing of *Dawn of the Dead*.

"When I was like 15, me and my friends tried to make all these movies with this primitive video camera my parents gave me," Rob recounts, slightly embarrassed. "We did all this crazy shit, and the camera weighed a ton. There was our sequel to *Escape From New York*, a few *Planet of the Apes* spin-offs, even a sequel to *The Omega Man*, with me in the Charlton Heston role! Even now I still can't figure out who's cooler, him or Ozzy Osbourne!"

That certainly explains a lot. White Zombie, sci-fi geeks and horror junkies with big guitars and a bigger taste for blood, walk among us. Let *La Sexorcisto* begin! •

# BLUES SARACENO

"BLUES SARACENO IS THE KIND OF PLAYER YOU WANT TO PUNCH BECAUSE HE'S SO GOOD."
–DWEEZIL ZAPPA

BLUES SARACENO

## THE PLAID ALBUM

Guitar RECORDINGS.

AVAILABLE ON CD'S & CASSETTES

FOR MAIL ORDER CALL 1-800-331-5269

DISTRIBUTED BY RED

ALSO AVAILABLE, BLUES' DEBUT ALBUM, "NEVER LOOK BACK"

©1992 GUITAR RECORDINGS™. MADE IN THE U.S.A. PHOTO BY MARK WEISS/MWA.

Cro-Mags

ALPHA NOW AVAILABLE OMEGA

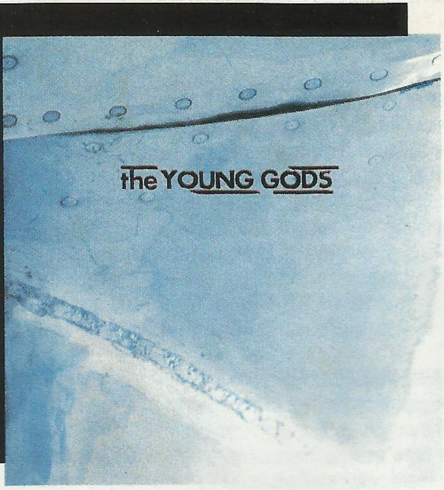
CENTURY MEDIA RECORDS

P.O. BOX 2218, VAN NUYS, CA 91404, FAX (818) 988-1406
A DIVISION OF THE CENTURY FAMILY, INC.

# EAR CANDY

**EDITED BY JANISS GARZA**

*Seeking free publicity or scathing criticism? All record companies, musicians and jus' plain recording fools can send their hot-wax tracks to **Ear Candy**, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, California 90210. We'll be glad you did . . .*



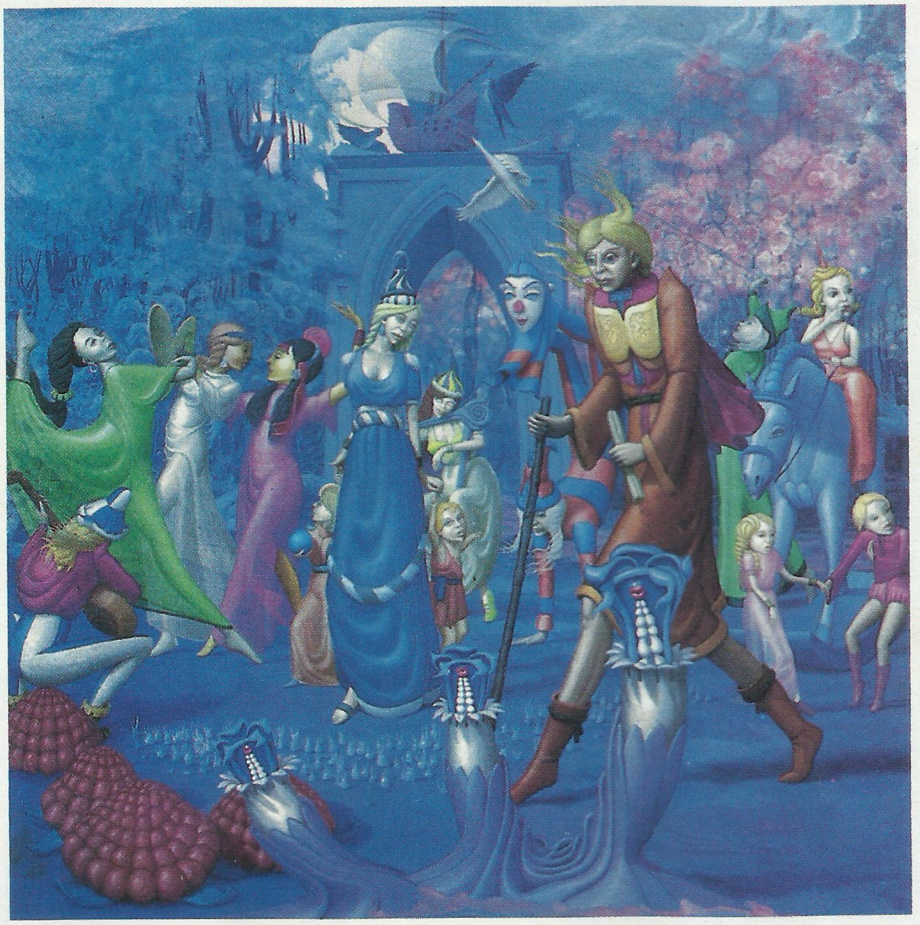
**THE YOUNG GODS:** ***T.V. Sky***
(Caroline) ††††

Switzerland's Young Gods have not only the best name, but also the best concept in rock today: New Sonic Architecture. It's high-tech and primitive, a bold sound that screams, "Rock is dead!" but offers a potent, magnificently aggressive solution: Smash the guitars! Every worthwhile note that could be wrenched out of 'em already has been, so let's get on with things, shall we? Since 1986 the Young Gods have been the only rock band on the planet doing just that, using technology to create some of the most imposing, physical rock known to man.

Their *modus killin' technology*? Sampling. Except the Young Gods are using it to an extent that no one dreamed possible before, constructing their music entirely out of reprocessed and abstracted material! So don't be surprised when the odd guitar blast off your favorite Guns N' Roses, Def Leppard or Faith No More record comes squealing by on *T.V. Sky*. It's bound to sound infinitely harder, ultimately stranger. Shit, musicians have been ripping each other off since the dawn of time. The Young Gods are only using their bass/drums/vocals/samplers setup to toss a monkey wrench into a very played-out equation. Give 'em half a chance, and these forward thinkin' clockmakers'd probably crush the skulls of back-to-basics clods like the Black Crowes!

With three equally heroic albums under their belt (*The Young Gods*, *L'eau Rouge—Red Water* and an eerie tribute to a legendary German composer, *The Young Gods Play Kurt Weill*), *T.V. Sky* is the band's most accessible offering to date, a chrome-plated dragster driven through the set of *Wayne's World* by Ministry's Al Jourgensen with ZZ Top as the pit crew. It's so deliberately crud metal, lead growlster Franz Reise has dropped his suave Swiss-French shtick for the deranged trucker-speak he spews all over "Gazoline Man." "Skin Flowers" is a cool, techno-physical drinking song, while "Summer Eyes" crushes together a relentless 20-minute guitar drone with Ray Manzarek keyboard snatches to suggest an idealized version of the Doors.

Rock is dead. The Young Gods are the sound of the future—now. —*Mike Gitter*



**CATHEDRAL:** ***Forest of Equilibrium***
(Earache/Relativity) †††

Somewhere it's raining. Somewhere someone is weeping. When the first riff comes crashing in slow and mulchingly heavy on the aptly titled "Commiserating the Celebration," you can almost hear Ozzy Osbourne belching up, "What is this that stands before me?" Truth is, Cathedral hate themselves ten times more. *Forest of Equilibrium* is the sound of music at the end of its rope: painfully slow, full of fear and self-loathing, spilling out cheerful sentiments like, "Our pleasures be joyless, doleful experiences. We seek not life's beauty, but cherish its funereal aspects." Heavy? Addicted to the noxious rush of classic Black Sabbath? Put it this way, Cathedral lost a drummer due to an argument over who was heavier, Candlemass or Trouble. Nothing halfway about it—just half-speed!

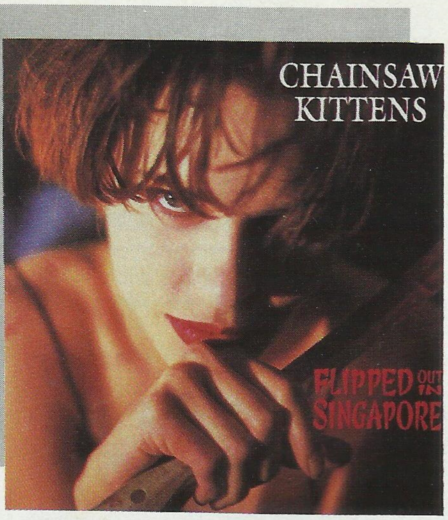
What's savagely ironic about Cathedral's humorless 2/2 tempos and low-frequency '70s retro mush is just who's at its helm: Lee Dorrian, erstwhile screamer with the self-proclaimed "fastest band in the world," Napalm Death. In Cathedral he's the world's saddest boy; the one who's seekin' to *be* destroyed. Instead of the low grunts and piercing screams of his Napalm days, he opens his mouth and moans pure pain over the Coventry, England-based quintet's brutal slow-grind. Ex-Acid Reign guitarists Gary "Gaz" Jennings and Adam Lehan keep the chords rolling in like black rain clouds, torturously slow, waiting for one to resolve before the next is struck. Cathedral is the sound of having your entire family, the family cat, and even your goldfish die in front of you, and being terminally bummed about it—for years.

Rather than letting individual paeans to woe stand out, *Forest of Equilibrium* is more a mood, a litany of lamentation, a truckload of tears. There's the occasional Iommi-inspired guitar flourish that flies up from Cathedral's despondency—on "A Funeral Request" for example—but the tone is singularly dank throughout. A one-, very-low-note affair, Cathedral are scraping the depths Black Sabbath can't even touch these days—and that's with R.J. Dio on hand. —*M.G.*

| | |
|---|---|
| *Lethal!* | ††††† |
| *Call the Paramedics* | †††† |
| *Heart Flutters* | ††† |
| *Mild Abrasion* | †† |
| *No Damage* | † |

**CHAINSAW KITTENS:** ***Flipped Out in Singapore***
(Mammoth) †††

Chainsaw Kittens exemplify everything wonderful and exciting about what rock 'n' roll is really meant to be. Okay, so they wear dresses and makeup while prancing around onstage, but don't dismiss them as frivolous or superficial. These guys are serious, and their music painfully real.



*Flipped Out in Singapore* is an intriguing journey through decadence and experimentalism, with vocalist Tyson Meade playing tour guide into the mayhem and excess of his delightfully decrepit mind. With influences dancing across the admirably diverse range between the New York Dolls, Cheap Trick, the Clash and back again, Chainsaw Kittens are a titillating potpourri of the modern and the psychedelic, and an almost perfect marriage between the fruits of commercialism and the best the underground has to offer.

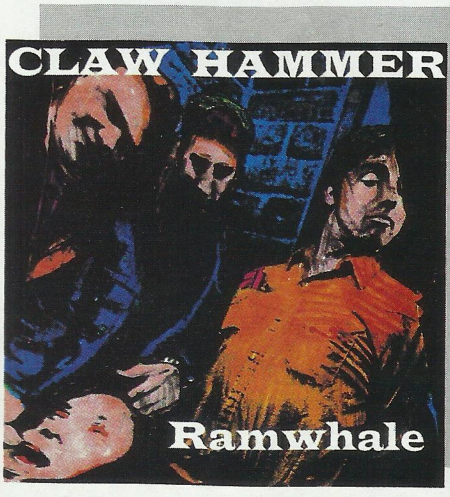
"High in High School" and "My Friend Delirium" are entrancing melanges of guitar-laced hard rock and English-flavored pop, while tracks like "Shannon's Favorite Fellini Movie" and "She Gets" have roots firmly planted in the soulful punk of days gone by.

Yet another feather in the cap of renowned producer Butch Vig (Nirvana, Smashing Pumpkins), *Flipped Out in Singapore* is food for the psyche. It's groovy and fearless, yet still intense enough for those discriminating lovers of music from the heavier end of the spectrum. And although there may be a just few too many ideas interjected throughout this disc for its own good, the band's tongue-in-cheek approach is refreshing and invigorating.

Maybe Chainsaw Kittens are just as confused as their music makes them seem, but where is it written that artistic expression has to be easily defined or, better yet, easy to understand? *—Ivette Ruiz*

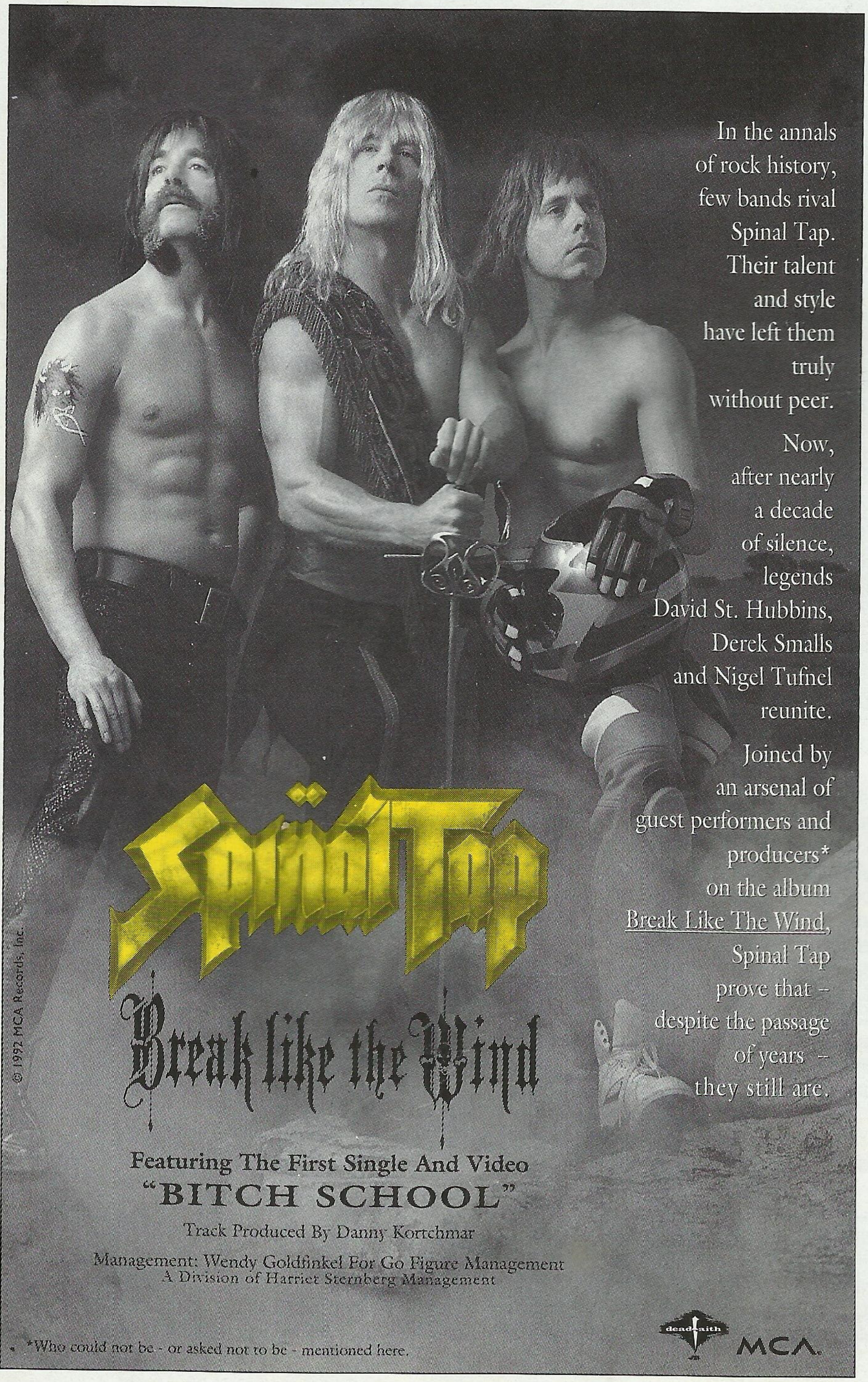
**CLAW HAMMER: *Ramwhale***
(Sympathy for the Record Industry) †††††

The mighty rock machine known as Claw Hammer has been making impressive records and tapes for a few years now, mostly for underground, singles-based labels such as Sympathy FTRI and Trigon. This new CD will further their burgeoning reputation and, who knows, maybe send them on their way toward becoming a household name.



The band's strongest asset, and most likely what has kept them underground, is the fact that they don't sound like anybody else. On the other hand their music is not some oddball conglomeration of avant-garde styles that would alienate the average joe. This is, to be sure, a band *comprised* of four average joes, who nonetheless have forged a sound all their own. Influences? None are obvious, but a look at their list of recorded covers over the years sheds some light: Captain Beefheart, Pere Ubu, Brian Eno, Patti Smith, and throw in the Stones for good measure. This is a band that recently released a cover version of Devo's debut LP *in its entirety*.

Their music's components are not revolutionary. Two guitars, bass and drums has been the stock rock 'n' roll setup since the '50s, yet it has endured due to the ability of artists to continually reinvent it (a la Sonic Youth, Metallica). Claw Hammer play their guitars loudly, forcefully, with no effects or processing and no overdubs. You hear Jon Wahl's and Chris Bagarozzi's guitars clanging out of the speakers hard right and left, interweaving, trading licks, carrying on a conversation. The swingin' bass of Robert Walther and the seemingly ambidextrous drumming of Bob Lee give lively support. Over all of this is Wahl's plaintive wail. His is a voice that sticks in your head as it varies from confused lover's coo to nagging grandmother's bark. Wahl also pens the majority of the songs, which range from the bluesy power of "Naked" to the boogie-jazz blow-down of "Succotash" to the hard-rockin', frantic "3:15," the latter cowritten with Bagarozzi. The writers avoid standard chord changes and arrangements; and this, coupled with Wahl's derailed-train-of-thought lyrics, makes for a hell of a ride.


In the annals of rock history, few bands rival Spinal Tap. Their talent and style have left them truly without peer.

Now, after nearly a decade of silence, legends David St. Hubbins, Derek Smalls and Nigel Tufnel reunite.

Joined by an arsenal of guest performers and producers* on the album Break Like The Wind, Spinal Tap prove that – despite the passage of years – they still are.

Spinal Tap
Break like the Wind

Featuring The First Single And Video
"BITCH SCHOOL"
Track Produced By Danny Kortchmar
Management: Wendy Goldfinkel For Go Figure Management
A Division of Harriet Sternberg Management

*Who could not be - or asked not to be - mentioned here.

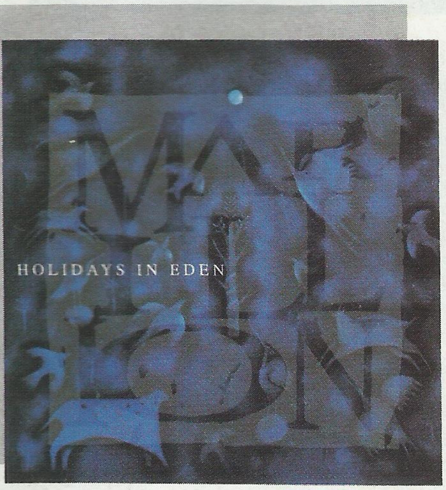
© 1992 MCA Records, Inc.
dead faith MCA

The band launches into some city-leveling grooves, only to break them down piece by piece in order to reconstruct them. Amazing. This record sounds great, too, with fancy fader pushing left behind for good ol' sonic clarity courtesy of producer Brett Gurewitz, who ya might also know as a guitarist in Bad Religion.

This is the next great American guitar band, or maybe the current one. —*S.L. Duff*

**MARILLION:** ***Holidays in Eden***
(IRS) ††††

With incredible global success under their belt, British quintet Marillion are still looking for their big American break. Not content with gold records and stadium-size crowds elsewhere, Marillion have set their collective sights on the U.S. with the overdue release of *Holidays in Eden*, an album the band set loose upon the rest of the world last year.



Despite the 1987 departure of Fish, their depressed, yet brilliantly theatrical original vocalist, the band has remained steadfast in their musical approach, layering accomplished guitar rock over a keyboard-thick base, all ignited by the soaring, almost dreamlike vocals of Steve Hogarth. This is probably similar to what Genesis would be playing if Peter Gabriel were still in that band.

The songs on *Holidays in Eden* are, for the most part, consistent with the music Marillion has made since their bow in 1983, though, like their 1989 release, *Season's End*, love and personal relationships are more prominent themes than on the band's early albums (*Holidays* is Marillion's 6th studio disc). On "Dry Land" the band deals with the struggle to initiate a love affair, weighing the fear of rejection with the obvious rewards of mutual attraction. Lead single "Cover My Eyes," with its U2-ish feel, conveys feelings that most of us have about "the girl in the movie...the girl on the TV." You can't always get what you want, but Marillion have a way of making everyday desires and shortcomings more acceptable and digestible.

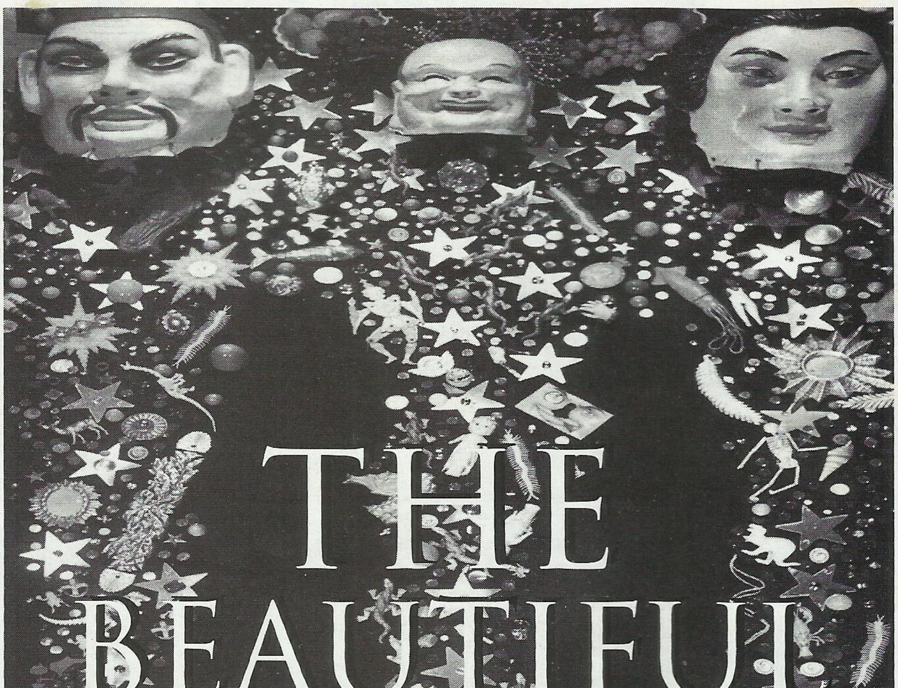
*Holidays in Eden* may or may not be the album that breaks Marillion in the States, but it is a thoughtful, talent-filled collection of songs that we can all relate to. It's heavy, but it's not metal (nor does it pretend to be), though its messages hit as hard as the loudest of metal bands. —*Troy J. Augusto*

**LOVE/HATE:** ***Wasted in America***
(Columbia) ††††

For everyone who grew up believing *Family Affair* was a real depiction of a loving American family, only to find out that Buffy eventually OD'd, this Love/Hate album is for you. *Wasted in America* is a biting ode to the confusion of the TV generation, with daredevil musical passages that leave you drunk and dizzy.

L/H don't just write a song, they tweak it, twist it, and turn it inside out, until it's so infectious, not even penicillin could relieve its effects. The sophomore L/H release sounds a little like a '90s version of Crue's second, *Shout at the Devil*, and marks the emergence of Jizzy Pearl's throat as a unique and expressive metal instrument. Meanwhile, Jon E. Love's guitar soars kamikaze circles around your head, while Skid's bouncy, yet brooding bass provides a marvelous musical balance between the psychedelic hard rock of "Spit" and the title track's pop-metal mockery of Neil Diamond's immigrant anthem "Coming to America." The plight of the inebriated.

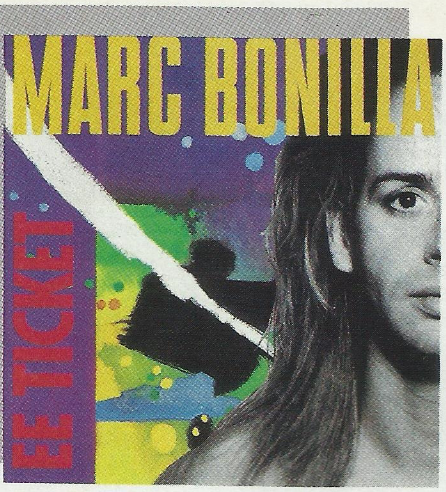
With curiosity rather than condescension, Love/Hate seeks to finds its place in the gutter alongside the nymphomaniacal hooker in

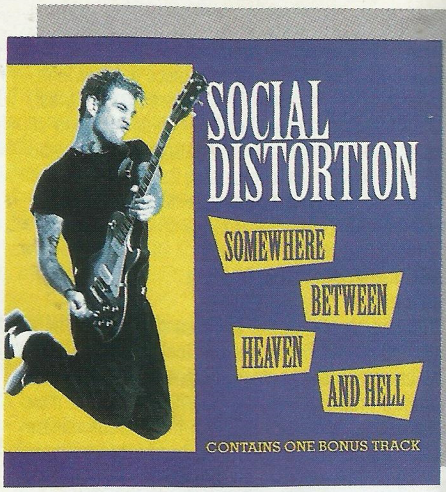

THE BEAUTIFUL
STORYBOOK

FINALLY.
MUSIC THAT DEFIES
DESCRIPTION.

AVAILABLE ON GIANT CASSETTES
AND COMPACT DISCS

giant ©1992 Giant Records. Recommended by a friend of a Friend. WB





"Cream" and the would-be killer of "Don't Be Afraid." Skid, the band's principle scenarist, never judges his characters. He meets them, gets to know them, and even joins them for a beer during the exhilarating "Happy Hour," until too much is said, and the ever-present "Evil Twin" arrives to end the album with a heavy-metal hangover that leaves you wondering on which side of the urban curb you stand and what happened to the rest of that six-pack. *—Scott Schalin*

**MARC BONILLA:** ***EE Ticket***
(Reprise)††

Like the precocious kid who sat in the front of the classroom and couldn't seem to keep his hand out of the air whenever the teacher asked anything, guitarist Marc Bonilla's talent, knowledge and ability may cause listeners to hate him. While the only felony he commits on his debut album, *EE Ticket*, is a wholesale slaughter of CCR's godlike "Locomotion" (here annoyingly titled "Commotion"), Bonilla still manages to grate when he should be great.

The bulk of the compositions on *EE* are well-thought-out, impeccably performed numbers that amply showcase Bonilla's frighteningly good guitaring. But, *jeez*! the meddling hand of sog-god Keith Emerson and corrupting stench of over-the-hill Ronnie Montrose may have tainted young Marky's good intentions. Particularly noxious, throwback jazz-rockisms occur in "Mannequin Highway," which leads nowhere, and "Hit and Run" is bound to give listeners a rhythmic rash. The sin isn't that Bonilla's playing is flat—it's fantastic. What's unfortunate is that instead of being a kick-ass musical ride, *EE Ticket* sells us the illusion that fusion is a contemporary musical genre. *—Jeff Moses*

**SOCIAL DISTORTION:** ***Somewhere Between Heaven and Hell***
(Epic) ††††

Even back in the first of their several heydays, Social Distortion never quite fit in; neither with the last vestiges of the late-'70s SoCal punk scene, nor with the chrome-domed, jackbooted pioneers of the hardcore movement that became their foster home for the next few years. But somehow their unlikely marriage of '50s-love-song sensibilities with punk/hardcore rage and rebellion accrued a legion of fans that's been growing steadily since their 1983 debut, *Mommy's Little Monster.* Since then Social D's been in and out of favor (in mainman Mike Ness' case, in and out of *jail*), disbanded and regrouped, and traded in their runny eyeliner and tattered *Some Like It Hot* T-shirts for slick pompadours, bowling shirts and varsity jackets.

The emergence of greaser/blues-punk flavors in Social D's music has made for one shitty album (*Prison Bound*), one good album (their self-titled 1990 Epic debut), and, now, arguably their finest work to date, *Somewhere Between Heaven and Hell.* Sure, there's nothing on the new one that anyone familiar with Ness, Danell and Co. hasn't heard before, but so what? In fact, that's the beauty of the rock 'n' roll-tradition-soaked licks and lyrics of "Bye Bye Baby," "99 to Life," "This Time Darling" and the other future classics on *Somewhere Between Heaven and Hell:* You swear you've heard 'em all before, but they've never sounded so good. Hell, I salute anyone who can pull off a lyric like, "When I was in school, you thought I was a fool" in 1992 (in a song called "Born to Lose," no less!) and keep me coming back for more.

Closing predictions: With the right video for "Bad Luck" and a cameo by Mike Ness on *Beverly Hills 90210* (as the black-sheep rocker brother that Dylan McKay never told his pals about before), 1992 will be Social Distortion's year. *—Steve Martin*

The **Mechanics of Metal**™
*A SOUND AND ORGANIZED APPROACH TO THE MASTERING OF HEAVY METAL GUITAR*

**For the price of one guitar lesson, you can receive a complete instruction package. For the price of 5 lessons, you can *master* the guitar.**

- No music reading necessary.
- Each lesson includes step-by-step instructions, understandable diagrams & cassette tape.
- For guitarists at any level — Advanced techniques & theory explained using a no-nonsense approach that even a beginner could understand.
- Critically acclaimed & endorsed by top music magazines.

*''The brainchild of a guitar whiz. . .these lessons are an obvious reflection of the author's dedication to teaching metal technique. The amount of information in each lesson is staggering. An informative course written in a clear & concise language.''* **— Rip Magazine**

*''Absolutely excellent! A metal guitar bible! Burning rhythms, killer licks, incredible sounding techniques all explained clearly & effectively. A must for metal guitarists at any level of playing.''* **— Hit Parader Magazine**

*''A well structured & explanatory catalog of all those neat things heard on record. Very thorough & comprehensive. An exhaustive exposition.''* **— Guitar World Magazine**

*''An amazing collection of every technique you might employ in any metal tune.''* **— Guitar School Magazine**

*''Mechanics of Metal is a detailed study of tricks & techniques of guitar heroes, carefully explained using step-by-step instructions, diagrams, photographs & audio cassettes.''* **— Circus Magazine**

*''A comprehensive survey of licks & tricks, and a solid music theory backround. Recommended.''* **— Guitar Player Magazine**

**Lesson 1: Metal Chord Guide** - Puts great rhythm playing right under your fingertips. You'll learn power chords in **every** position used by Metallica, Whitesnake, Aerosmith, Guns N' Roses, Extreme, Def Leppard, Skid Row, Slaughter & Anthrax. ''Eerie'' passing chords used by Lynch & Rhoads. Suspensions & variations used by Van Halen & Vai. All other chords behind today's hottest rhythms: triads, thirds, octave diads, open power chords, unusual fingerings, alternate tunings, barre chords, etc. **Plus** all aspects of chord theory . . . . $14.95

**Lesson 2: Total Scales & Modes** - Teaches you to **master** the fretboard. You'll learn to play over the entire neck from top to bottom. You'll also learn which scales to play over various chords for soloing. You'll learn about keys, modes & other important principles of music theory. Covers **every** scale in use today: blues scales & pentatonics used by Lynch, Hammett, Izzy & Slash. Minor & diminished scales used by Malmsteen, Rhoads & Mustaine. Major scales used by Bettencourt, Beach, Vandenberg & Bratta. Extended scales used by Vai, Van Halen & Paul Gilbert. Loads more . . . . . . . . . . $21.95

**Lesson 3: Technique & Exercises** - Once you've learned the necessary chords & scales, it's time to develop your fingers. You'll learn exercises to build lightning fast picking. Exercises to develop an enormous stretch. Exercises for strength & independence. Exercises using multiple hammer-ons and pull-offs. You'll learn the secrets behind a burning fret hand by practicing techniques used by Lynch, Vai, Rhoads, Satriani, Hammett, Malmsteen, Bratta, Bettencourt, Spitz, Jake E. Lee, Zaak Wylde, Paul Gilbert & others. **Plus** the 15 picking combinations, 24 finger combinations & **all** aspects of technique . . . . . . . . . . $21.95

**Lesson 4: Tricks** - Covers **every** trick & flash technique known to man. First you'll learn **every** way imaginable to get harmonics. Then all other fretboard pyrotechnics, growls & screams are explained: 2-hand tapping (including many variations), combining tapping & scales, 8-finger tapping, tapping with the pick, tapped slide, tapped trill, 2-hand slide, right hand plays behind left, other 2-hand techniques, tremolo bar antics, ''talking'' guitar, volume swells, feedback, raking, slapping, weird noises, effects devices & on... & on... & on . . . . . $24.95

**Lesson 5: 100 Versatile Licks & Runs** - Enough hot licks to last you a lifetime of burning guitar solos: ascending runs, descending runs, repeating-type speed licks, 2-handed riffs, modal licks, diminished licks, blues licks, open string licks, tons more . . . . . . . . . . . . $29.95

**In U.S. & Canada** - add $2.50 postage when ordering one lesson. Add $1.00 **each additional** lesson. Order all 5 lessons & the postage is **FREE!** N.Y. State residents add 8¼% sales tax **per** lesson.
**Foreign orders welcome** – send **U.S. funds only** & add $5 when ordering one lesson. Add $1.00 **each additional** lesson.
***Mechanics of Metal*™ *Publications*,** P.O. Box 162, Dept. RN, Howard Beach, N.Y. 11414

THE **BLUE GRAPE**
MERCHANDISING COMPANY

**FREE CATALOG!**
**UNDERGROUND METAL**
SEPULTURA, DEICIDE, OBITUARY, SADUS,
PESTILENCE, DEATH, TYPE-O-NEGATIVE,
*NEW SHIRTS AVAILABLE:*
PUNGENT STENCH, IMMOLATION, SUFFOCATION,
MALEVOLENT CREATION
SEND NAME AND ADDRESS: BLUE GRAPE MERCHANDISING
225 LAFAYETTE ST., SUITE 407, NEW YORK N.Y. 10012

D'ADDARIO'S

ROCKONTEST 2

GRAND PRIZE

- Paul Reed Smith Custom electric guitar featuring a curly maple top and mahogany back, rosewood fingerboard & a PRS patented tremolo system
- Marshall 30th Anniversary Limited Edition Combo which features 100 watt, all tube design (7-12AX7 preamp tubes), 3 totally independent channels and a custom Celestion speaker
- Calzone Escort (A.T.A.) guitar case with plush lined interior
- 100 sets of D'Addario strings
- 10 pack of guitar straps
- Custom imprinted picks with winners name
- D'Addario guitar polish & polishing cloth
- Assorted D'Addario logo wear

2nd PRIZE

- VALVESTATE® Micro Stack complete with a 10 watt micro head and 2 micro cabinets
- Calzone Proline 8 space rack case
- 10 pack of guitar straps
- 50 sets of D'Addario strings
- Assorted D'Addario logo wear

5-3rd PRIZES

- 30 sets of D'Addario strings
- Assorted D'Addario logo wear

CALZONE Case Co. D'Addario® Marshall® PRS PAUL REED SMITH®

D'ADDARIO'S ROCKONTEST 2/h

NAME __________

ADDRESS __________

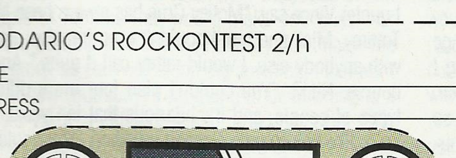
CITY ______ STATE ____ ZIP ______ COUNTRY ______

AGE ______ PHONE ______

**To Enter**

- **Record your hottest guitar solo on cassette at normal speed. Don't worry if it doesn't sound like it was recorded in a 24 track studio.**
- **Solos should be 60 seconds or less** (longer than 60 secs. will be disqualified).
- **Then cue the tape so your solo is ready to go, fill in the entry blank, attach it to your cassette, and mail it to:**
  **ROCKONTEST 2/h, PO Box J, 210 Route 109, E. Farmingdale, NY 11735**
- **This offer is limited to players not in receipt of a recording contract at time of entry.**
- **All entries will be judged by D'Addario endorsers.**

Contest subject to federal, state and local regulations and restrictions. Void where prohibited by law. For further information, contact your local D'Addario dealer or J. D'Addario & Company, Inc. at (516)391-5400.
All entries must be postmarked no later than June 30, 1992.



# MOTLEY CRUE

# WE, THE CRUEHEADS...

**As soon as the shocking news of Vince Neil's ouster from Motley Crue hit the streets, the RIP offices were inundated with stacks of mail from freaked-out fans. Some letters offered support for both Vince and the Crue, while others ranged from deep disappointment to horrified outrage. See for yourself—we've culled a few letters from our overflowing mailbags that illustrate the earthquake set off in the metal world by the Motley Crue split.**

Ross Halfin/Zlozower

**An open letter to Motley Crue:**

I'm sure that you could care less about the opinion of a teenager from the middle of nowhere, but it's important to me to say this. When I learned that Vince was leaving the band, I was devastated. At first I was in shock; then, after I realized it was not a cruel joke, I was extremely upset. I've now come to realize that you have only done what you knew was right in your hearts. No doubt you'll get plenty of hate mail, but I want you guys to know that I'm sure you have a large army of fans who, like me, support you no matter what.

I've been a fan since I was nine, and you've given me the best seven-and-a-half years of my life. When things were bad, I could seek solace in your music; when times were good, I could crank it up and jam into a frenzy. My peers and elders have never been appreciative of my enthusiastic passion for you, but I found the courage to turn my back and go against the grain, even if it meant being criticized and cast out. Now my little brother is a little Cruehead and going through the same thing. Small-town prejudices never change, I guess, but he's determined to grow up and "play the drums just like Tommy." I have only two regrets in my life: That I wasn't old enough in 1981 to know four unknowns who'd just gotten together in January and were going to call themselves Christmas, and that I was never fortunate enough to live near an arena where I could've seen you play.

Thanks for hearing me out. I love you guys, and no matter what happens, I'll continue to be "young and restless/living on the edge of a dream/when someone somewhere said, 'You gotta believe.' " No one can ever replace Vince, but I'll try to find room in my heart for whoever you deem worthy enough to attempt to fill his shoes.

Thanks for giving me the strength to believe.

—Lommy
Osborne, Kansas

Dear Nikki, Tommy and Mick:

Over the past eleven years of being a Cruehead, I never once considered the possibility that you guys would break up—not even after Vince's accident. After all you guys have been through, you always survived before. You always came through! I'm sure you know how us Crueheads feel about this, but I wanted to tell you anyway.

I grew up with Motley Crue. I've watched you change and change and change. Right from the beginning I knew Motley Crue was not a band ever to be forgotten. I always believed in you, especially because there is so little else in this world that you can believe in. Your music has always helped me up when I was down. I realize that Vince is only one-fourth of this band, but I wouldn't want to lose any of you. I mean, what would Aerosmith be like without Steven Tyler?

I watched you during the MTV *Rockumentary* (I have it on video, if you would like to see it), and I heard (and I quote) Vince say, "Motley Crue has always been Nikki, Tommy, Mick and me. I couldn't even imagine playing with anybody else. I would rather call it quits." And, of course, Nikki: "You couldn't plan four more different types of people, and it's hilarious that ten years later we're like this [hands clasped together]. You could run into us on a street corner somewhere when we're 90, and we'll all still be hanging out together." And again on *MTV's Most Wanted*, just a couple of months ago, you were all talking about how it was like a marriage,

Ross Halfin/Zlozower

and that you had to work at it to keep it exciting.

I don't understand what could have happened in just a couple of months that would make you guys tear apart the best band on earth! I honestly don't know the whole story, so I am not assuming anything. I just want to know why (truthfully) I am going to be listening to a different voice, a different sound. Nikki has said, "The first thing you hear is Vince's voice. No one has a voice like Vince," referring to what makes your songs stand out—that is, besides superior lyrics and music! Please don't tell me you've been lying all this time. I really couldn't stand that.

I could never desert Motley Crue, not even if you had another singer. I just want you to know how much that would suck! Please, for the sake of all the Crueheads (and I know there are so very many), try to work things out with Vince. My collection is going to look so strange with an outsider included all of a sudden. Did I say *outsider*? Yes, I did! Am I being a total bitch? I hope not. I will always love you guys! Please save me from total depression. Please, please, please bring Vince back! Did I mention that I want Vince back? Vince. Back. Please?

—Carol T.
Amityville, New York

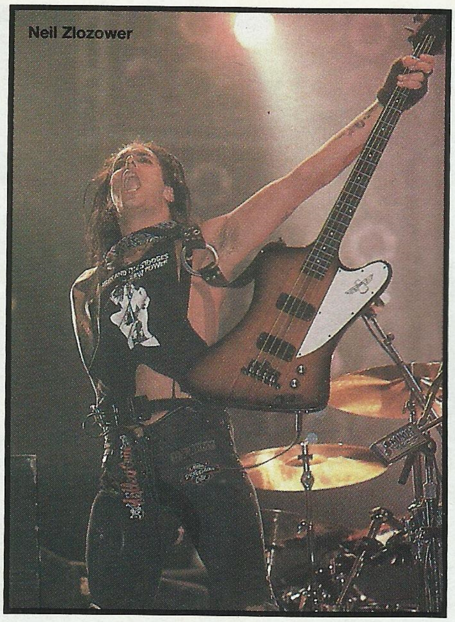
Is it true that Vince Neil quit the Crue? I heard it on *Headbangers Ball Europe*, and I felt like I died! I've been a fan since 1983, and to me Motley Crue are Nikki, Vince, Tommy and Mick! They've always been, and would always be. That's why the departure of Vince came as a complete shock! I've heard billions of interviews where the Crue have stated that if there weren't the four of them, there would be no Crue at all. I've heard Nikki say a zillion times that if it came to a member change, they wouldn't be the Crue, and they'd rather quit than change a member. Why the change of attitude? I mean, they've gone through so much together these past ten years, and they've been so strong fighting it. Now it all ends because Vince is more interested in drag racing (according to *H.B.*)? I'll still love the Crue, but I have to say I'm disappointed! I hope the guys read this and think about all the fans who've stuck with them since the beginning, and then come to their senses!

—Carina H.
Sweden

This letter is addressed to Vince Neil. I was devastated to hear you were fired from Motley Crue! This can't be possible! When I saw your concert two years ago, you were what made me fall in love with the band. Your voice was so beautiful, it made me cry during "Home Sweet Home." It was as if you were singing right to me. My opinion of you hasn't changed, but it's the rest of the band. I'm not sure if I understand their reason for what they did. All I know is that they had no right, and it was very wrong of them. I'm so hurt and angry.

Vince, I wanna let you know that I'm behind you all the way, and I completely support you in your solo career. I've always believed in you, and I believe you will go far on this one. You definitely have the voice to prove it! I don't care what anyone else thinks, either, because I totally love and respect you more than you'll ever know. I'm sorry they couldn't work things out with you! The Crue truly *were* the greatest. If this is the way it has to be, though, then let it be so. I guess things really do happen for a reason. Maybe right now this is the best thing for everyone. I still have high hopes for you!

—Brenetta K.
Mecca, Indiana


Neil Zlozower

I am writing this letter in reaction to the recent news of Vince Neil's breakup with the rest of Motley Crue. I have been a Crue fan from *Too Fast for Love* to *Decade of Decadence*. I was shocked to hear the Crue had "broken up." It seems ironic that Lonn M. Friend would mention, in the album credits of *Decade*, that 20 million worldwide record sales have given the Crue the freedom to say, "F?!k you!" Well, it looks like Vince has put racing in front of the band and fans, and has said, "F?!k you," to the never before ignored, taken for granted, or forgotten Crueheads. I just hope with all my heart the rest of the Crue will stay together and still kick ass. All of us Crueheads are still behind Tommy, Nikki and Mick. As far as Vince "Bon Jovi" Neil, good luck on the pop scene.

—Tom B.
Carroll, Iowa

I'm writing to express my thoughts about the separation of Vince Neil from Motley Crue. First of all, I must say that I have been a loyal Crue fan (Cruehead) for quite a long time and know that Motley just won't be the same without Vince. I love all the members of Motley and hate to see them break up after eleven years of great rock 'n' roll. When I first heard the news, I was hoping that it wasn't true, that it was a joke, but it isn't. I'm sure many Crueheads share my feelings, but we must not forget how the band feels about the separation. They are probably going through the same emotions that we now face. Hopefully Motley will cope with their problems and work it out together so there will be no need for a new vocalist. Remember, Motley, we love you—*all* of you.

—Aliah P.
Atwater, California

Dear Nikki Sixx:

What the f?!k is going on? On Friday I saw on *MTV News* that Vince Neil has left Motley Crue. Today I hear Vince say in a phone interview that he was fired, and that the rest of the Crue are looking for a new singer. I am pissed beyond belief! I mean, the Crue have weathered drugs, critics and assorted other bullshit, and now they're breaking up over musical differences? What gives? What happened to, "We're like brothers," and, "If one of us were to leave, that would be the end of Motley Crue," and, "I could never be in a band with anyone but these guys." Was this all just bullshit? I know I don't know all there is to know about the situation, but I don't care. Motley Crue is my favorite band ever! Other bands can and have broken up, but not Motley. They're supposed to last. A new singer fronting Motley Crue. Is that a joke? How can that even be thought of? Nikki, I've always seen you as the leader of the band—what the f?!k is going on?

—Joe K.
Rochester, New York

Yesterday I was watching *MTV News*, and Kurt Loder announced the disappointing news that Vince Neil was fired from Motley Crue. What a shame. Vince is such a great singer, I don't think anyone could replace him. I know other bands like Van Halen and Black Sabbath have changed singers (personally, I liked both those bands better with their original singers), but the Crue to me will always be Vince, Mick, Nikki and Tommy. I'll miss Vince with the Crue. I don't understand how, after eleven years, they could just kick him out. I think that really sucks. I just want Vince to know that I think he is a great singer, and whatever he decides to do, I'm behind him all the way.

—Jeff.H.
Kalamazoo, Michigan

I am so amazed that Motley Crue just fired Vince Neil! How could they do this? It will never be the same without Vince! Vince was not just a member of Motley, he was part of the fans' lives. I stuck with Motley Crue through the hard times, but this is an outrage! I can't even imagine what it would be like going to a Motley concert and not seeing Vince running wild onstage. I never thought this would happen! If the rest of the guys hire a different singer, they're crazy! They have been through so much together, and all of a sudden this happens. I wish they could just work things out and get back together.

—Andre
Denver, Colorado

A letter to the Crue:

So what's the deal, guys? We thought you were the only four who could ever make up Motley Crue. For years now we and all of our friends have been loyal fans, along with millions of others. In the last few years we've lost too many kick-ass bands for one reason or another, but nothing has affected us like the departure of Vince

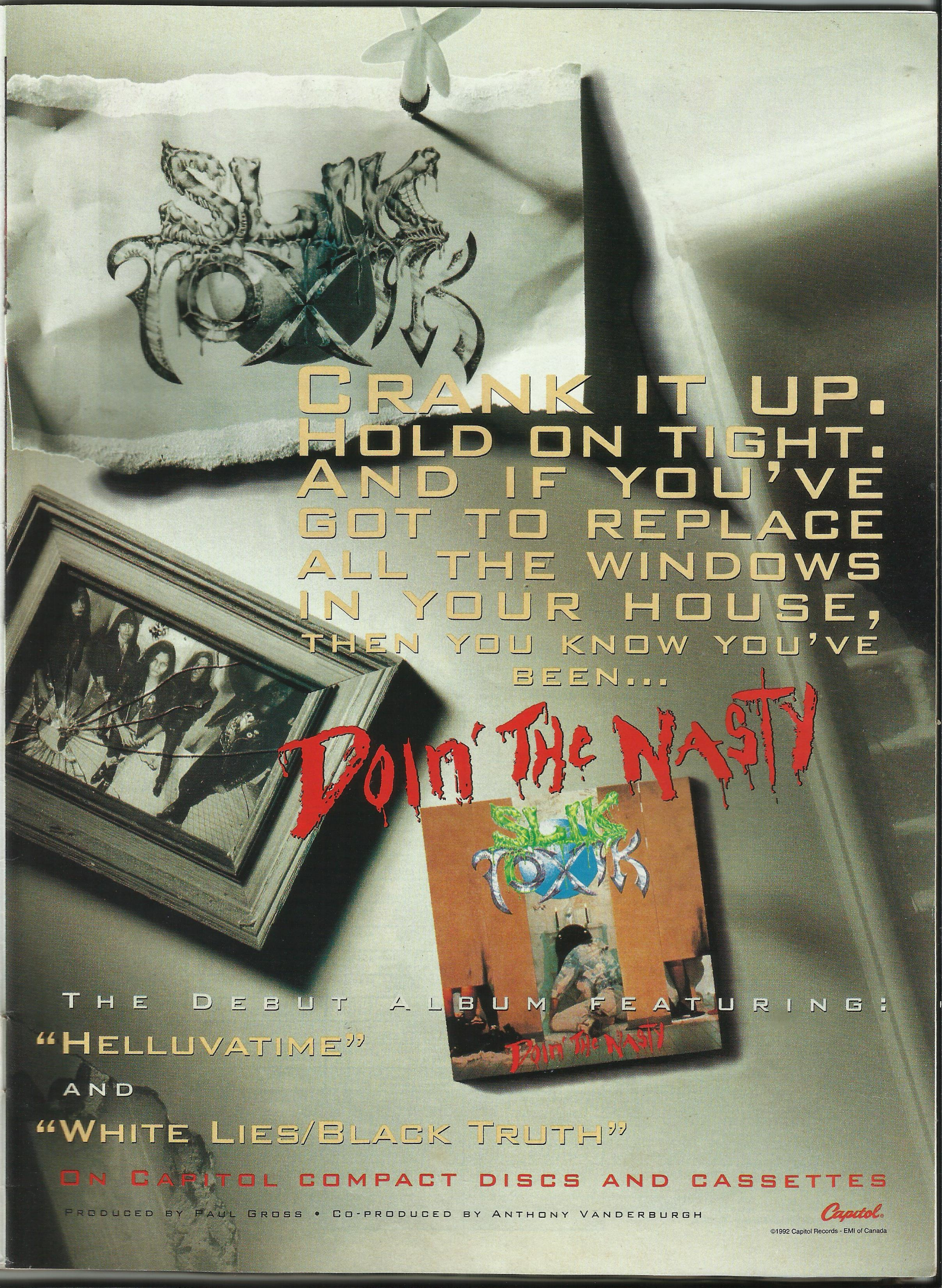
(continued on page 92)

DON'T GIVE MONEY TO STRANGERS.

Before you give to a heart organization, make sure it's one you trust: The American Heart Association. Since 1924 we've sponsored lifesaving education programs and funded $900 million in research. Others may copy us, but they can't hold a candle to our heart and torch. To learn more, contact the American Heart Association, 7320 Greenville Ave., Box 20, Dallas, TX 75231.
*You can help prevent heart disease. We can tell you how.*

American Heart Association

This space provided as a public service.



CRANK IT UP.
HOLD ON TIGHT.
AND IF YOU'VE
GOT TO REPLACE
ALL THE WINDOWS
IN YOUR HOUSE,
THEN YOU KNOW YOU'VE
BEEN...

DOIN' THE NASTY

THE DEBUT ALBUM FEATURING:
"HELLUVATIME"
AND
"WHITE LIES/BLACK TRUTH"

ON CAPITOL COMPACT DISCS AND CASSETTES

PRODUCED BY PAUL GROSS • CO-PRODUCED BY ANTHONY VANDERBURGH

Capitol

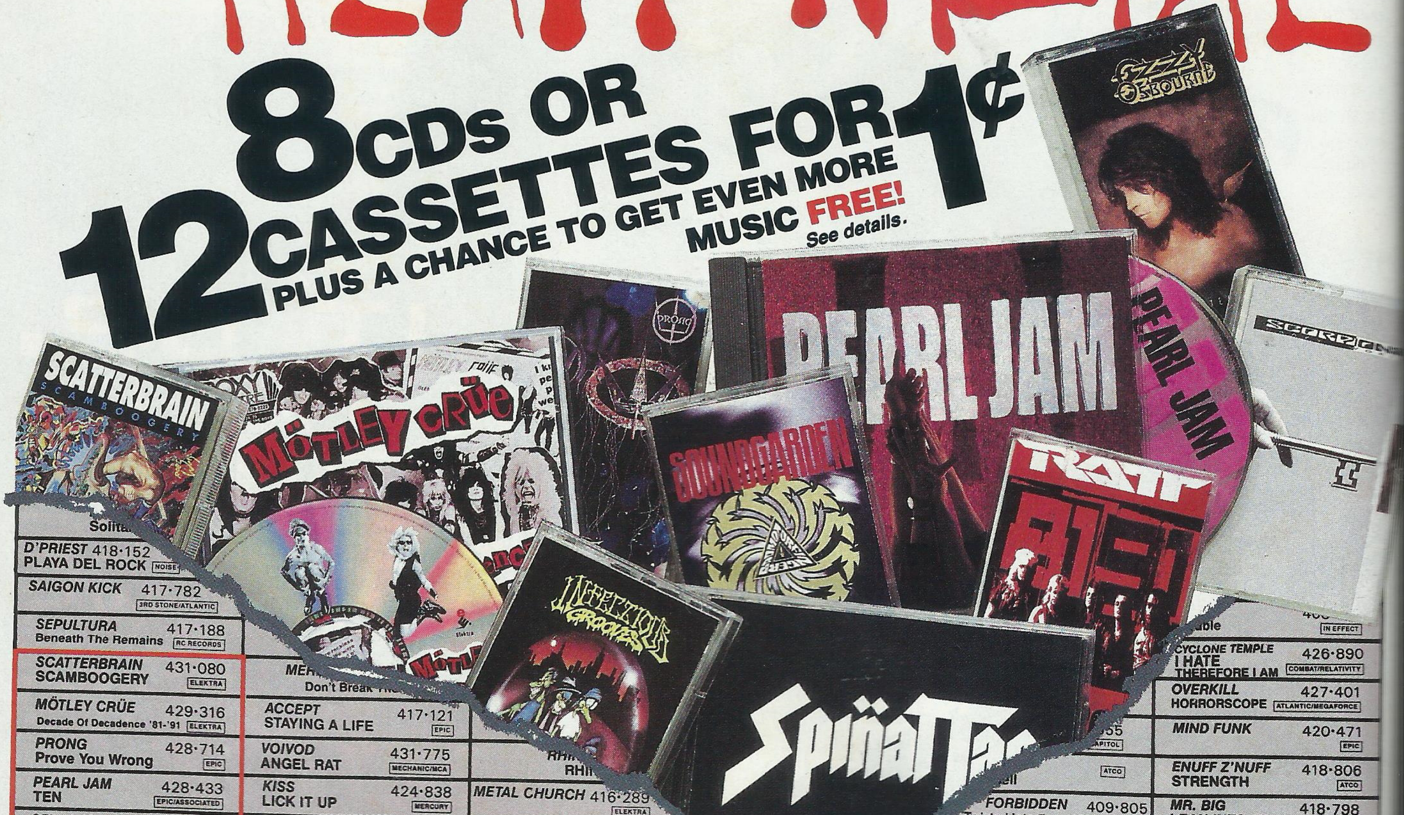
©1992 Capitol Records - EMI of Canada

# HEAVY METAL

## 8 CDs OR 12 CASSETTES FOR 1¢

PLUS A CHANCE TO GET EVEN MORE MUSIC FREE!

See details.



| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Solita | | | |
| D'PRIEST | PLAYA DEL ROCK | 418·152 | NOISE |
| SAIGON KICK | | 417·782 | 3RD STONE/ATLANTIC |
| SEPULTURA | Beneath The Remains | 417·188 | RC RECORDS |
| SCATTERBRAIN | SCAMBOOGERY | 431·080 | ELEKTRA |
| MÖTLEY CRÜE | Decade Of Decadence '81-'91 | 429·316 | ELEKTRA |
| PRONG | Prove You Wrong | 428·714 | EPIC |
| PEARL JAM | TEN | 428·433 | EPIC/ASSOCIATED |
| OZZY OSBOURNE | NO MORE TEARS | 428·128 | EPIC/ASSOCIATED |
| SCORPIONS | CRAZY WORLD | 423·608 | MERCURY |
| RATT | RATT & ROLL | 427·799 | ATLANTIC |
| ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK | SPINAL TAP | 424·705 | POLYDOR |
| SOUNDGARDEN | Bad Motorfinger | 428·250 | A&M |
| INFECTIOUS GROOVES | The Plague That Makes Your Booty Move? It's The Infectious Grooves | 428·599 | EPIC |
| YNGWIE MALMSTEEN | RISING FORCE | 426·049 | POLYDOR |
| YNGWIE MALMSTEEN | MARCHING OUT | 426·023 | POLYDOR |
| YNGWIE MALMSTEEN | ECLIPSE | 426·015 | POLYDOR |
| RAINBOW | Long Live Rock 'N' Roll | 425·967 | POLYDOR |
| RAINBOW | Straight Between The Eyes | 425·983 | MERCURY |
| RAINBOW | Difficult To Cure | 425·942 | POLYDOR |
| RAINBOW | Blackmore's Rainbow | 425·934 | POLYDOR |
| DEEP PURPLE | Perfect Strangers | 425·918 | MERCURY |
| DEEP PURPLE | Nobody's Perfect | 425·900 | MERCURY |
| VICIOUS RUMORS | Welcome To The Ball | 425·686 | ATLANTIC |
| KIX | HOT WIRE | 425·421 | EAST-WEST |
| KINGDOM COME | IN YOUR FACE | 424·879 | POLYDOR |
| SARAYA | When The Blackbird Sings... | 424·861 | POLYDOR |
| VINNIE MOORE | MELTDOWN | 431·452 | RELATIVITY |
| | | 7·162 | |
| MER | Don't Break | | |
| ACCEPT | STAYING A LIFE | 417·121 | EPIC |
| VOIVOD | ANGEL RAT | 431·775 | MECHANIC/MCA |
| KISS | LICK IT UP | 424·838 | MERCURY |
| KISS | | 424·820 | CASABLANCA |
| KISS | ANIMALIZE | 424·770 | MERCURY |
| KINGDOM COME | HANDS OF TIME | 424·713 | POLYDOR |
| CINDERELLA | Long Cold Winter | 424·564 | MERCURY |
| SCORPIONS | Love At First Sting | 424·549 | MERCURY |
| RHI | RHI | | |
| METAL CHURCH | | 416·289 | ELEKTRA |
| KING DIAMOND | THE EYE | 413·906 | ROADRACER |
| CORONER | MENTAL VORTEX | 431·569 | NOISE |
| SCORPIONS | Savage Amusement | 426·627 | POLYDOR |
| KISS | DESTROYER | 423·723 | CASABLANCA |
| KISS | ALIVE | †423·715<br>393·710 | CASABLANCA |
| TROU | | 882 | HRYSALIS |
| JUDAS PRIEST | STAINED CLASS | 412·817 | COLUMBIA |
| HELLOWEEN | The Best- The Rest- The Rare | 430·991 | NOISE |
| L.A. GUNS | | 426·569 | POLYDOR |
| | | 55 | APITOL |
| | ell | | ATCO |
| FORBIDDEN | Twisted Into Form | 409·805 | COMBAT/RELATIVITY |
| SAVATAGE | STREETS | 430·306 | ATLANTIC |
| LAST CRACK | BURNING TIME | 427·096 | ROADRACER |
| BANG TANGO | Dancin' On Coals | 422·071 | MECHANIC/MCA |
| ALICE COOPER | HEY STOOPID | 422·063 | EPIC |
| HEATHEN | Victims Of Deception | 421·883 | ROADRACER |
| | uble | 40 | IN EFFECT |
| CYCLONE TEMPLE | I HATE THEREFORE I AM | 426·890 | COMBAT/RELATIVITY |
| OVERKILL | HORRORSCOPE | 427·401 | ATLANTIC/MEGAFORCE |
| MIND FUNK | | 420·471 | EPIC |
| ENUFF Z'NUFF | STRENGTH | 418·806 | ATCO |
| MR. BIG | LEAN INTO IT | 418·798 | ATLANTIC |
| STEELHEART | | 418·095 | MCA |
| LOUDNESS | ON THE PROWL | 418·046 | ATCO |
| WHITE LION | Mane Attraction | 418·038 | ATLANTIC |
| BULLETBOYS | FREAKSHOW | 417·972 | WARNER BROS. |
| SAIGON KICK | | 417·782 | 3RD STONE/ATLANTIC |
| SEPULTURA | Beneath The Remains | 417·188 | RC RECORDS |
| ANNIHILATOR | Never, Neverland | 417·170 | ROADRACER |
| KING DIAMOND | ABIGAIL | 417·162 | ROADRACER |
| MERCYFUL FATE | Don't Break The Oath | 417·139 | RC RECORDS |
| MOTORHEAD | NO REMORSE | 417·097 | ROADRACERS |
| TANGIER | STRANDED | 416·883 | ATCO |
| WRATHCHILD AMERICA | 3-D | 416·867 | ATLANTIC |
| DANGEROUS TOYS | Hellacious Acres | 416·321 | COLUMBIA |
| METAL CHURCH | | 416·289 | ELEKTRA |
| METAL CHURCH | The Human Factor | 416·271 | EPIC |
| MOTORHEAD | 1916 | 415·950 | WTG |
| KREATOR | COMA OF SOULS | 414·524 | EPIC |
| KISS | Smashes, Thrashes And Hits | 423·731 | MERCURY |
| DEATH ANGEL | ACT III | 408·120 | GEFFEN |
| ELE | F | | |

## YOU CAN ALSO CHOOSE FROM THESE POWERFUL HITS

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| U2 | ACHTUNG BABY | 431·213 | ISLAND |
| URBAN DANCE SQUAD | Life 'n Perspectives Of A Genuine Crossover | 431·726 | ARISTA |
| MARIAH CAREY | | 407·510 | COLUMBIA |
| NEIL YOUNG | WELD | †430·645<br>390·641 | REPRISE |
| VARIOUS ARTISTS | TWO ROOMS (CELEBRATING THE SONGS OF ELTON JOHN & BERNIE TAUPIN) | 430·421 | POLYDOR |
| INXS | LIVE BABY LIVE | 430·298 | ATLANTIC |
| ERIC CLAPTON | 24 NIGHTS | †430·249<br>390·245 | REPRISE |
| JOHN MELLENCAMP | Whenever We Wanted | 430·231 | MERCURY |
| L.L. COOL J | MAMA SAID KNOCK YOU OUT | 411·165 | DEF JAM/COLUMBIA |
| TOM PETTY & THE HEARTBREAKERS | Into The Great Wide Open | 429·795 | MCA |
| THE ALLMAN BROTHERS BAND | A Decade Of Hits 1969-1979 | 430·439 | POLYDOR |
| BRYAN ADAMS | Waking Up The Neighbours | 429·779 | A&M |
| STEVIE RAY VAUGHAN & DOUBLE TROUBLE | The Sky Is Crying | 429·258 | EPIC |
| CHEAP TRICK | GREATEST HITS | 428·656 | EPIC |
| DIRE STRAITS | On Every Street | 428·359 | WARNER BROS. |
| MARIAH CAREY | EMOTIONS | 428·029 | COLUMBIA |
| PUBLIC ENEMY | APOCALYPSE 91. THE ENEMY STRIKES BLACK | 428·003 | DEF JAM/COLUMBIA |
| STEVIE NICKS | TIMESPACE: THE BEST OF STEVIE NICKS | 425·694 | MODERN |
| ROD STEWART | Downtown Train/ Greatest Hits | 425·322 | WARNER BROS. |
| RUSH | Moving Pictures | 423·798 | MERCURY |
| RUSH | CHRONICLES (GREATEST HITS) | †423·780<br>393·785 | MERCURY |
| RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS | Blood Sugar Sex Magik | 428·367 | WARNER BROS. |
| THE CULT | CEREMONY | 428·300 | SIRE/REPRISE |
| FOREIGNER | UNUSUAL HEAT | 423·160 | ATLANTIC |
| THE ALLMAN BROTHERS BAND | Shades Of Two Worlds | 422·212 | EPIC |
| PAULA ABDUL | SPELLBOUND | 420·257 | VIRGIN |
| JESUS JONES | DOUBT | 417·691 | SBK |
| C & C MUSIC FACTORY | Gonna Make You Sweat | 416·933 | COLUMBIA |
| MOLLY HATCHET | GREATEST HITS | 416·099 | EPIC |
| JIMI HENDRIX | RADIO ONE | †412·379<br>392·373 | RYKODISC |
| DAVID BOWIE | Changesbowie (Greatest Hits) | †412·247<br>392·241 | RYKODISC |
| LIVING COLOUR | TIME'S UP | 410·357 | EPIC |
| PRINCE AND THE NEW POWER GENERATION | Diamonds And Pearls | 427·419 | PAISLEY PARK |
| R.E.M. | OUT OF TIME | 417·923 | WARNER BROS. |
| JANE'S ADDICTION | Ritual De Lo Habitual | 407·098 | WARNER BROS. |
| DAMN YANKEES | | 405·886 | WARNER BROS. |
| EDDIE MONEY | Greatest Hits Sound Of Money | 403·428 | COLUMBIA |
| ALICE COOPER | SCHOOL'S OUT | 402·644 | WARNER BROS. |
| RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS | Mother's Milk | 389·205 | EMI |
| LYNYRD SKYNYRD BAND | Skynyrd's Innyrds / Their Greatest Hits | 381·129 | MCA |
| BEST OF THE DOORS | | †357·616<br>397·612 | ELEKTRA |
| ROLLING STONES | STICKY FINGERS | 350·645 | ROLLING STONES REC. |
| THE BEST OF KANSAS | | 327·742 | CBS ASSOC. |
| VAN HALEN | | 286·807 | WARNER BROS. |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| SCORPIONS | BLACKOUT | 424·531 | MERCURY |
| LIVING COLOUR | BISCUITS | 424·424 | EPIC |
| MEGADETH | Killing Is My Business... And Business Is Good! | 424·101 | COMBAT/RELATIVITY |
| ASPHALT BALLET | | 430·983 | VIRGIN |
| | | 063 | |
| KINGDOM COME | | 423·707 | POLYDOR |
| L.A. GUNS | Cocked And Loaded | 423·541 | VERTIGO |
| CINDERELLA | NIGHT SONGS | 423·434 | MERCURY |
| CINDERELLA | Heartbreak Station | 423·426 | MERCURY |
| WHITE TRASH | | 429·282 | ELEKTRA |
| BON JOVI | Slippery When Wet | 423·392 | MERCURY |
| DANGER DANGER | SCREW IT | 423·095 | EPIC/ASSOCIATED |
| KATMANDU | | 422·626 | EPIC |
| BADLANDS | VOODOO HIGHWAY | 422·246 | TITANIUM/ATLANTIC |
| L.A. GUNS | Hollywood Vampires | 424·697 | POLYDOR |
| KING OF THE HILL | | 421·537 | SBK |
| CONTRABAND | | 421·271 | IMPACT |
| SEPULTURA | ARISE | 420·810 | RC |
| ANTHRAX | Attack Of The Killer B's | 424·119 | ISLAND |
| SUICIDA | | | |

†Selections with two numbers count as two selections — written each number in a separate box.

© 1992, The Columbia House Company

# MANIA

SLAVE TO THE GRIND
VAN HALEN
FIREHOUSE
EXTREME II PORNOGRAFFITTI

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| **FLOTSAM/JETSAM** When The Storm Comes Down | | 407·072 | MCA |
| **SKID ROW** Slave To The Grind | | 422·220 | ATLANTIC |
| **VAN HALEN** For Unlawful Carnal Knowledge | | 420·273 | WARNER BROS. |
| **FIREHOUSE** | | 414·318 | EPIC |
| **EXTREME** PORNOGRAFFITTI | | 409·003 | A&M |
| **JUDAS PRIEST** STAINED CLASS | | 412·817 | COLUMBIA |
| **THE LYNCH MOB** Wicked Sensation | | 412·577 | ELEKTRA |
| **IRON MAIDEN** No Prayer For The Dying | | 411·835 | EPIC |
| **BLACK SABBATH** TYR | | 411·470 | I.R.S. |
| **ANTHRAX** Persistence Of Time | | 411·108 | ISLAND |
| **AC/DC** The Razor's Edge | | 410·662 | ATCO |
| **RATT** DETONATOR | | 410·456 | ATLANTIC |
| **PANTERA** Cowboys From Hell | | 410·332 | ATCO |
| **SCORPIONS** Best Of Rockers 'N' Ballads | | 423·590 | MERCURY |
| | | 95 | COLUMBIA |
| **KING DIAMOND** THE EYE | | 413·906 | ROADRACER |
| **TRIXTER** | | 410·266 | MECHANIC |
| **DEATH** Spiritual Healing | | 408·997 | COMBAT/RELATIVITY |
| **SUICIDAL TENDENCIES** Lights...Camera...Revolution | | 409·714 | EPIC |
| **SCATTERBRAIN** Here Comes Trouble | | 408·351 | IN EFFECT |
| **THE RIVERDOGS** | | 408·161 | EPIC |
| **STEVE VAI** Passion & Warfare | | 408·104 | RELATIVITY |
| **ELECTRIC BOYS** Funk-O-Metal Carpet Ride | | 407·783 | ATCO |
| **DIO** Lock Up The Wolves | | 407·114 | REPRISE |
| **WINGER** In The Heart Of The Young | | 406·678 | ATLANTIC |
| **BRUCE DICKINSON** Tattooed Millionaire | | 406·629 | COLUMBIA |
| **MELIAH RAGE** Solitary Solitude | | 406·371 | EPIC |
| **BON JOVI** NEW JERSEY | | 423·384 | MERCURY |
| | | 21 | EPIC |
| **AC/DC** BACK IN BLACK | | 305·045 | ATLANTIC |
| **VICIOUS RUMORS** | | 405·860 | ATLANTIC |
| **LOVE/HATE** Black Out In The Red Room | | 405·324 | COLUMBIA |
| **FAITH NO MORE** Introduce Yourself | | 405·183 | SLASH |
| **KILLER DWARFS** DIRTY WEAPONS | | 404·921 | EPIC |
| **SANCTUARY** Into The Mirror Black | | 404·913 | EPIC |
| **BLUE ÖYSTER CULT** Career Of Evil: The Metal Years | | 404·871 | COLUMBIA |
| **SAVATAGE** GUTTER BALLET | | 404·855 | ATLANTIC |
| **PRONG** BEG TO DIFFER | | 404·699 | EPIC |
| **VOIVOD** NOTHINGFACE | | 402·982 | MECHANIC |
| **BILLY SHEEHAN** The Talas Years | | 402·008 | RELATIVITY |
| **CRIMSON GLORY** Transcendence | | 401·935 | MCA |
| **FASTER PUSSYCAT** Wake Me When It's Over | | 401·786 | ELEKTRA |
| **ALICE IN CHAINS** FACELIFT | | 414·292 | COLUMBIA |
| ears | | 871 | COLUMBIA |
| **VOIVOD** NOTHINGFACE | | 402·982 | MECHANIC |
| **BILLY SHEEHAN** The Talas Years | | 402·008 | RELATIVITY |
| **KING'S X** Faith Hope Love | | 413·039 | ATLANTIC/MEGAFORCE |
| **OVERKILL** Years Of Decay | | 401·307 | MEGAFORCE WW |
| **OZZY OSBOURNE** JUST SAY OZZY | | 401·265 | CBS ASSOCIATED |
| **JOE SATRIANI** Flying In A Blue Dream | | 400·655 | RELATIVITY |
| **KING DIAMOND** CONSPIRACY | | 400·283 | ROADRACERS |
| **VAIN** NO RESPECT | | 389·742 | ISLAND |
| **BRITNY FOX** BOYS IN HEAT | | 388·421 | COLUMBIA |
| **STEVE VAI** FLEXABLE | | 388·256 | COMBAT/RELATIVITY |
| **JOE SATRIANI** Not Of This Earth | | 387·985 | RELATIVITY |
| **JOE SATRIANI** Surfing With The Alien | | 387·969 | RELATIVITY |
| **FAITH NO MORE** THE REAL THING | | 387·399 | REPRISE / SLASH |
| **KING'S X** Gretchen Goes To Nebraska | | 387·019 | MEGAFORCE WW |
| **BANG TANGO** PSYCHO CAFE | | 386·300 | MECHANIC |
| **KREATOR** Extreme Aggression | | 386·219 | EPIC |
| **TESTAMENT** Practice What You Preach | | 386·102 | MEGAFORCE WW |
| **WARRANT** CHERRY PIE | | 411·389 | COLUMBIA |
| **SLEEZE BEEZ** Screwed Blued & Tattooed | | 407·627 | ATLANTIC |
| | | | IN EFFECT |
| ecay | | 307 | MEGAFORCE WW |
| **ACE FREHLEY** Trouble Walkin' | | 401·299 | MEGAFORCE WW |
| **TESTAMENT** SOULS OF BLACK | | 412·973 | ATLANTIC/MEGAFORCE |
| **TANGIER** FOUR WINDS | | 386·011 | ATCO |
| **BADLANDS** | | 384·388 | ATLANTIC |
| **DANGER DANGER** | | 383·398 | IMAGINE |
| **BLACK SABBATH** HEADLESS CROSS | | 383·109 | I.R.S. |
| **DANGEROUS TOYS** | | 382·903 | COLUMBIA |
| **WHITE LION** BIG GAME | | 382·820 | ATLANTIC |
| **MR. BIG** | | 382·812 | ATLANTIC |
| **ALICE COOPER** TRASH | | 382·366 | EPIC |
| **EXTREME** | | 382·242 | A&M |
| **WARRANT:** Dirty Rotten Filthy Stinking Rich | | 379·644 | COLUMBIA |
| **SKID ROW** | | 379·602 | ATLANTIC |
| **METAL CHURCH** Blessing In Disguise | | 378·166 | ELEKTRA |
| **BEST OF VANDENBERG** | | 377·838 | ATCO |
| **DOKKEN** Beast From East | | †376·228<br>396·226 | ELEKTRA |
| **KIX** BLOW MY FUSE | | 375·832 | ATLANTIC |
| **RATT** Reach For The Sky | | 375·071 | ATLANTIC |
| **SUICIDAL TENDENCIES** How Will I Laugh Tomorrow When I Can't Even Smile Today | | 374·710 | EPIC |
| **WINGER** | | 374·652 | ATLANTIC |
| **JUDAS PRIEST** PAINKILLER | | 411·116 | COLUMBIA |
| **BABYLON A.D.** | | 400·630 | ARISTA |
| | | | ROADRACERS |
| **MÖTLEY CRÜE** DR. FEELGOOD | | 387·944 | ELEKTRA |
| **ANTHRAX** State Of Euphoria | | 374·264 | MEGAFORCE WW |
| **OZZY OSBOURNE** No Rest For The Wicked | | 373·308 | EPIC |
| **TESTAMENT** THE NEW ORDER | | 373·175 | AL/MEGAFORCE WW |
| **METALLICA** And Justice For All | | †372·805<br>392·803 | ELEKTRA |
| **ANTHRAX** Spreading The Disease | | 369·686 | MEGAFORCE WW |
| **METALLICA** KILL 'EM ALL | | 363·812 | ELEKTRA |
| **DOKKEN** Back For The Attack | | 363·457 | ELEKTRA |
| **METALLICA** The $5.98 EP - Garage Days Re-revisited | | 361·196 | ELEKTRA |
| **MÖTLEY CRÜE** Girls, Girls, Girls | | 355·990 | ELEKTRA |
| **ANTHRAX** Among The Living | | 355·842 | MEGAFORCE WW |
| **OZZY OSBOURNE** RANDY RHOADS TRIBUTE | | †355·636<br>395·632 | CBS ASSOC. |
| **AC/DC** WHO MADE WHO | | 345·371 | ATLANTIC |
| **METALLICA** Master Of Puppets | | 344·366 | ELEKTRA |
| **DOKKEN** Under Lock And Key | | 340·661 | ELEKTRA |
| **OZZY OSBOURNE** ULTIMATE SIN | | 335·844 | CBS ASSOC. |
| **RATT** Out Of The Cellar | | 325·738 | ATLANTIC |
| **MÖTLEY CRÜE** Too Fast For Love | | 324·749 | ELEKTRA |
| **MÖTLEY CRÜE** Shout At The Devil | | 323·444 | ELEKTRA |
| **DIO** HOLY DIVER | | 320·853 | WARNER BROS. |
| **OZZY OSBOURNE** Blizzard Of Ozz | | 309·120 | JET |
| **BLACK SABBATH** Heaven And Hell | | 303·776 | WARNER BROS. |
| **METALLICA** Ride The Lightning | | 405·217 | ELEKTRA |
| **ANNIHILATOR** ALICE IN HELL | | 400·275 | ROADRACERS |
| **BRUC** Tatt | | | |

**HERE'S HOW TO GET YOUR 8 CDs FOR 1¢...**

- Just mail the coupon together with check or money order for $1.86 (that's 1¢ for your first 8 CDs, plus $1.85 for shipping and handling).

# HEAD BANGIN' SAVINGS

## 12 ISSUES ONLY

## $22.95

RIP
BRAND NEW GN'R PINUPS!
WORLD EXCLUSIVE! ALL THE WAY FROM DUBLIN!
ENTER THE BEST-EVER LED ZEPPELIN CONTEST AND WIN YOUR VERY OWN STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN
DEF LEPPARD
THE HIGHS, THE LOWS, THE HITS
SLAYER • TESLA • VAN HALEN • NYMPHS • SAVATAGE

**Save Over $19 Off The Cover Price!**

NAME ______________________

ADDRESS ______________________

CITY/STATE/ZIP ______________________

☐PAYMENT ENCLOSED CHARGE MY ☐VISA ☐MC

# ______________________ EXP. ________

SIGNATURE ______________________

MONEY BACK ON UNMAILED PORTIONS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS IF NOT SATISFIED! Make checks payable to L.F.P. Inc. Foreign add $10. Your first issue will arrive in 6 to 8 weeks. WATCH FOR IT!

OFFER EXPIRES AUGUST 26, 1992 California Residents Add 8.25% Sales Tax. DMTRR

e Ave., P.O. Box 1130, Terre Haute, IN 47811-1130

r the terms outlined. I am enclosing check or money order
$1.85 for shipping and handling). I agree to buy 6 CDs, at
may cancel membership anytime after doing so.

☐ No Do you have a credit card? (03) ☐ Yes ☐ No

...and I'm entitled to this extra CD FREE!

osing check or money order for $1.86 (that's 1¢ for my first
ng). Please enroll me under the terms outlined. I agree to buy
years—and may cancel membership anytime after doing so.

es ☐ No Do you have a credit card? (03) ☐ Yes ☐ No

60%
additional

This discount purchase also entitles me to these 2 extra cassettes FREE!

ne): *(But I may always choose from any category)*

Top
Men
rne
bers
emy
ugh

☐ **Light Sounds:** *Bette Midler, James Taylor*
☐ **Classical:** *Vladimir Horowitz, Jean-Pierre Rampal*
☐ **Dance/Pop:** *C&C Music Factory, Jody Watley*
☐ **Easy Listening:** *Frank Sinatra, Ray Conniff*
☐ **Country:** *Garth Brooks, Reba McEntire*

ial ______ Last Name ______ Age ______

______ Apt. ______

City ______ State ______ Zip ______

Fruitridge Avenue, Terre Haute, Indiana 47811-1130.

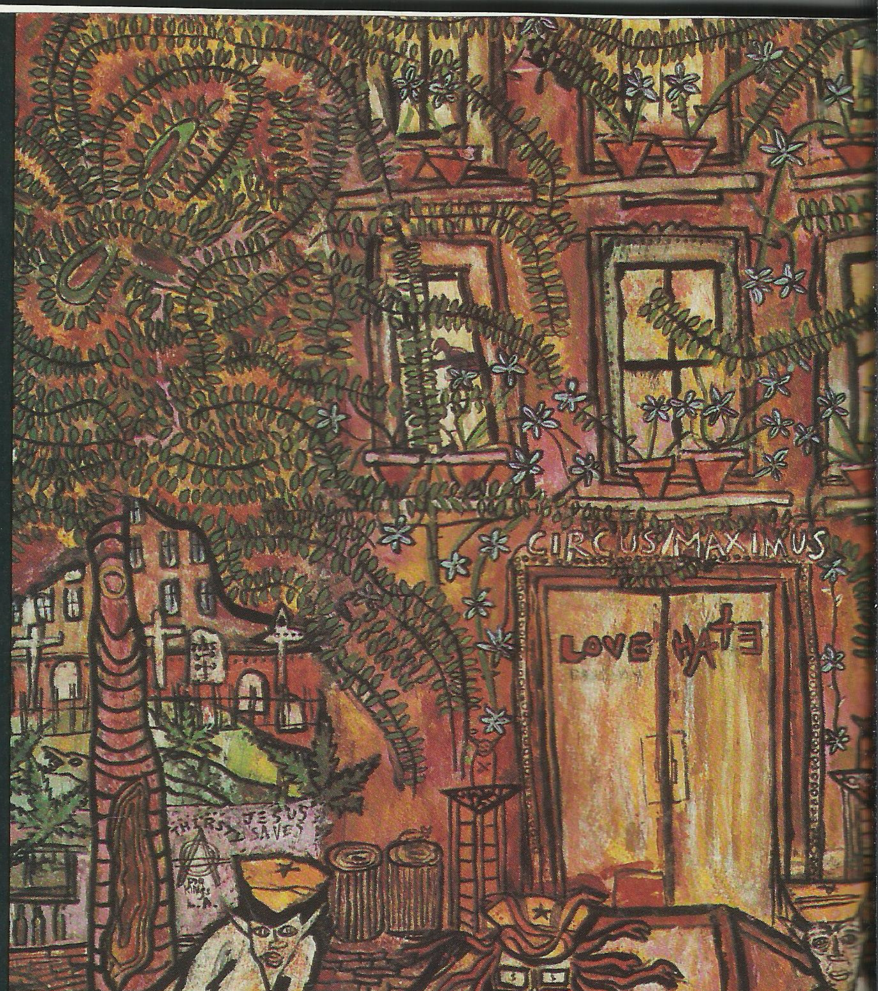
COLUMBIA HOUSE: We Entertain America... One Person At A Time.

Note: we reserve the right to reject any application or cancel any membership. These offers not available in APO, FPO, Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico; write for details of alternative offer. Canadian residents serviced from Toronto. Applicable sales tax added to all orders.

HQ7-8F-RN-WS-EM
721/S92

LOVE/HATE

## "Wasted In America"



Kerrang! magazine called their debut release "Kataklysmik!" Love/Hate called it "Blackout In The Red Room" — the album that blew the lights out all over the U.K. and made them cult favorites in America as they toured with AC/DC and DIO.

Now, after a reckless European tour with Skid Row, Love/Hate raises the ante with a permanent all-nighter: "Wasted In America," the new album, featuring Happy Hour, Miss America, and Wasted In America.

Red, white and brutal.

**COLUMBIA**

Produced by Jon Jansen.
Direction: Tom Consolo for Baruck/Consolo Management.
"Columbia" Reg. U.S. Pat. & Tm. Off. Marca Registrada.
© 1992 Sony Music Entertainment Inc.

**RIP MAGAZINE • P.O. Box 16598 • N. Hollywood, CA 91615-9962**

YES! Sign me up for 12 issues of RIP for only $22.95. I'll save $19 off the cover price and get a FREE Love/Hate 2 song cassette sampler.* Offer expires August 26, 1992

☐ PAYMENT ENCLOSED  CHARGE MY ☐ VISA ☐ MC

signature ____________ card # ____________ exp. ____________

name ____________

address ____________ city ____________ state ____________ zip ____________

Money back on all unmailed issues if not satisfied. Foreign add $10. Make checks payable to L.F.P. Inc. Your first issue will arrive in 6 to 8 weeks. *While supplies last. CMTRX

# FRESH BLOOD

**WILDSIDE**

Sirens wail. A report of a crime in progress comes over the police radio, spittin' distance from this band's Hollywood apartment, from which they can also see the Capitol Records building. Many's the night they've stood on their balcony, staring at that stack of singles on steroids and fantasizing about signing to the label someday. That night's crime scene develops—sirens, police and all—into the song "Hang on Lucy." Penned by Wildside singer Drew Hannah after he met a streetwalker working her corner in his neighborhood, "Hang on Lucy" is life on the edge, on the street, exploding in your face—life on the Wildside.

If Drew's parents thought moving the family up to Seattle from L.A. eleven years ago would keep their son out of trouble, they had another thing comin'. In L.A. Drew spent his time surfing, skateboarding and listening to music instead of in school. But though Seattle was—and is—a clean, wholesome place to raise a family, Drew was—and is—a rocker.

His interest in music grew. When a keg of beer could be found in a backyard, so could Drew, playing bass and guitar with his garage band. Drew admits he never got good enough on guitar, so he switched to vocals instead in '83. Rhythm guitarist Benny Rhynedance hooked up with Drew after they graduated high school that year, and their band played Top 40 bars during the mid-'80s, slipping in a few originals when they could. Frustrated with the limited Seattle music scene, they moved to L.A. in May of '86. By October the band had broken up, but Drew and Benny were prepared to stick it out.

The two went through players right and left, always keeping their eyes and ears on ever-tasteful lead guitarist Brent Woods, who practiced next door to them and was taught by axe-meister Randy Rhoads. After two years of gigging around town, they lured Brent to the band, followed by the hot rhythm section of bassist Marc Simon and drummer Jimmy D. By 1990 Brent and Drew were a happenin' songwriting duo. The band played Sunset Strip clubs enough to gain a following, and they nailed that elusive contract from the record company they'd gazed at from their balcony.

Although not every song on Wildside's debut album, *Under the Influence*, opens with a siren, you can count on each one to come on strong at the intro and grab you with big, heavy rhythms, high energy and meaty arrangements. You can almost see the fists in the air on "Clock Strikes," a Paul Stanley collaboration with Brent. "The reason I'm playing guitar to begin with is because of Kiss and Paul Stanley," says Brent, who first picked up the instrument after getting Kiss' *Destroyer* album in '76. Paul and Brent's songwriting partnership is one that clicked, as is true of relations on the whole Wildside team. "We're all really close," says Drew, "but we're no angels. We fight like hell. We argue and throw shit at each other. We call each other the worst names possible." In spite of these misdemeanors, Drew says the band alliance is a solid one and, "It wouldn't work if you took away any one of our members."

And it just wouldn't be life on the Wildside without an occasional "temporary insanity" plea.

—*Laurel Fishman*

Think Memphis, Tennessee, and you think cheesy souvenirs from Elvis Presley's Graceland, Beale Street blues and barbecued ribs. But lately it's also a been a source of slam-bang hard rock, with Tora Tora, the Eric Gales Band and Every Mother's Nightmare all on major labels.

Now there's Roxy Blue, signed to Geffen and managed by Doug Thaler of Motley Crue fame. Their record company has flown a whole batch of press folk down to see them play their local Beale Street dive, the Daisy. The assembled Roxys are milling around the lobby of Memphis' oldest and fanciest hotel, the Peabody, trying to not look out of place amid the red carpets, grand pianos and chandeliers. Guitarist Sid "Boogie" Fletcher admits his girlfriend bought him the orange and black shirt that's his only concession to playing dress-up.

But don't let the good ol' boy attitude fool you. Lead vocalist Todd Poole will tell you confidently that he wants a platinum record out of the box, and you get the idea there's a steely-eyed business sense behind those Southern accents.

Of the group, Todd has the most experience, having slogged for a while on the regional cover-band circuit. "I played drums at the time," the singer recalls. "We were with this agency and played everywhere. We never had any money. One time we had to drive from Iowa to Phoenix, and we had to sneak out of the motel. And then, on the way there, we got caught in an awful snowstorm in Flagstaff!"

Todd grew increasingly tired of playing covers. Enter Guitar Institute of Technology graduate Fletcher, who first got an inkling of life in music from his father, a concert pianist. Piano didn't grab Sid, but he did take classical guitar at GIT. "I probably know more theory than people think," he says. "But with my personality, when I went home, all I wanted to do is crank up the Van Halen. The blues guys on Beale Street don't know any theory; it's all from the heart—and I love that stuff."

Sid recruited his old high-school buddy, bassist Josh Weil, to join him at GIT. "Josh was a total hippie," he laughs. "But when we got together, we rocked for about eight hours straight."

Sid and Josh had never been in a band before hooking up with Todd. "I was holding out for something good," says Josh, "but I really didn't think it would happen this quick." In fact, the band was signed almost immediately after replacing their original drummer with Scotty T, a proud former member of the McDonald's All-American High School Marching Band (honest!) who was playing in five bands simultaneously when Roxy Blue beckoned.

The original drummer didn't take it well, which led to the lyrics of "Talk of the Town," from Roxy Blue's *Want Some?* debut. "People are always talking shit about you," says Josh. "He was holding the band back."

It's this kind of music-biz backstabbing that makes the Roxy Blue guys swear they'll always live in their hometown, at least part-time. "Memphis helps you keep your feet on the ground," says Sid. "L.A.—I've never seen a city that has so much money, and money can mess people up. I'm not trying to put anybody down, but it seems like people are a little nicer down South."

*—Daina Darzin*

## BANGALORE CHOIR

Sometimes the best meals are leftovers, those spiced-up combinations that positively erupt into tasty morsels when reheated. Although they're hardly sealed in Tupperware in the fridge, Bangalore Choir are the perfect example of what happens when the best musicians are plucked from their respective bands to form a new one. Before you cry, "Leftovers *again*?" rest assured this re-formed unit has a sound, a look and an attitude all their own. Combining raw rhythms with memorable melodies in a not overly polished package, Bangalore Choir manage to carry the Bon Jovi-esque sounds of the '80s into the more aggressive musical era of the '90s.

The first ingredient for this souped-up recipe was vocalist David Reece, who is perhaps best known for his work with Teutonic rockers Accept (in fact, his fiery vocals were partially responsible for their last album's gold status). Leaving that fold, he sought musicians who shared his sense of heavy melodic rhythms. He found them in bassist Ian Mayo and drummer Jackie Ramos, the rhythm section of Hurricane Alice.

The search for a lead guitarist proved a tad more difficult. "I took ads out for a lead guitarist and ended up getting over 2,000 tapes," Reece recalls. "Everyone began to sound alike. I was looking for someone that was influenced by Jimi Hendrix, Stevie Ray Vaughan and Michael Schenker. When I heard Curt Mitchell, I knew he was the one. He's definitely the 'gunslinger' of the '90s."

Curt shared guitar duties with rhythm player John Kirk in a Reno, Nevada-based outfit called Razor Maid. Bringing Kirk into the fold rounded out the band, which they dubbed Bangalore Choir. "Both of these guys," says Reece, referring to Kirk's and Mitchell's playing techniques, "can make the skin stand up on the back of your neck."

Their debut disc, *On Target* (Giant), offers up ten tunes (one, "Doin' the Dance," was written by Jon Bon Jovi and Aldo Nova, and another, "Angel in Black," by Autograph's Steve Plunkett) that display their playing prowess. But the true test will be when they hit the road this summer. In the face of the ever-popular Seattle Scene, Bangalore Choir seek to deliver music that is currently out of vogue with the hip set. But there's room for everyone out there, and they just want their piece of the proverbial pie...even if it's leftovers.

*—Adrianne Stone*

# BUZZZ...

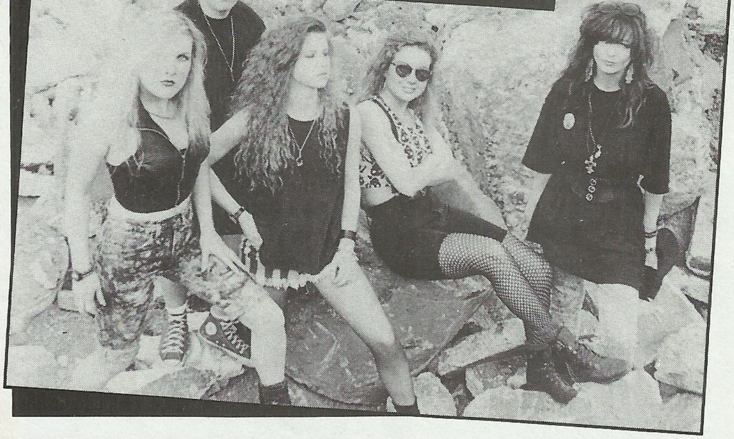
Edited by
Shari Sloane and
Katherine Turman

LITTLE MISS DIVINE

**WEST COAST:**

Greetings, Earthlings! Want more bang for your buck? Make that six bucks, and send it off to **Murder Bay** for a six-song EP. The L.A.-based rockers are commercial, yet tough and cool. Send a check or money order to: Murder Bay, 11333 Moorpark St., Box 423, North Hollywood, CA 91602. Info hotline: (818) 955-6559.... **Atom Seed** is outta London (England, that is), and though they're not West Coast *or* unsigned, they rock! The quartet has opened for the likes of Love/Hate and the Chili Peppers and are heading Stateside.... Members of T.S.O.L. have a cool side project known as **Orange Wedge**. The Wedge opened for Circus Of Power and Cadillac Tramps at the Whisky, and T.S.O.L. vocalist Joe Wood got a call to audition for the Crue after Vince's departure.... Following two indie releases on Einstein Records, **Ten Inch Men** are working on their debut for JVC's Victory Music label, the company that's home to Tin Machine and House Of Lords.... North o' L.A. is home to **Little Miss Divine**, a female-fronted hard-rock lineup who've been getting justifiably rave reviews for their brand of energetic hard rock. Singer Peg Speers has a classic rock voice along the lines of Chrysalis Records' act Chrissy Steele, and a sexy, yet tough appeal. For info write the Divine ones at: P.O. Box 161535, Cupertino, CA 95016-1535.... The band **Duh** sent along the the funniest biography I've seen in ages. Their *Blowhard* album is more literate than the bio, though I can't say the trio's funny, loud, punk stylings are exactly hit-bound. They're on Boner Records, which boasts bands such as **The Melvins** (who Nirvana are always yakking about), **Steel Pole Bath Tub** and **The Spermbirds**. And, boy, does Boner have some *really* cool T-shirts! Write to any of the big Boner acts at Boner Records, P.O. Box 2081, Berkeley, CA 94702-0081.... **Failure**, a hella-cool and heavy trio outta L.A., just got a deal with Slash Records (home of L7), and their debut should be out momentarily.... **Tomorrow's Child** got signed to Arista, but the quartet left as a result of "creative differences" before their album was released—or even done! They're now shopping a new, six-song tape.... The Great White North's **Thick As Thieves** have been busy boys. In addition to playing around L.A., TAT have done a vid for "Kings of the Radio" and were featured on *Hard 'N' Heavy*. Somewhere they've also found time to do a very worthwhile 13-song album, *You Want More?* (Trust me, you do.) Write to TAT at: Management West International, 14 Sumach St., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.... L.A.'s cool Shamrock club is closing, but good shows in their final days included MCA's **Dead, White And Blue**, **Snailface** and **Rage Against The Machine**, who most certainly will have a deal by the time you read this—they've been wined and dined by L.A.'s best A&R ears.... The opening night of downtown L.A.'s Hell's Kitchen club featured a great set by the all-black metal-rap band **Frija?**. With their very powerful and charismatic frontman, look for these guys to have record companies all over 'em soon.... Lest you think all rockers are untrained hair farmers, listen to **Mark Wood**. This metal violinist has released *Voodoo Violince*, plus he also composed 16 pieces of music that were used during the Winter Olympics on CBS. The New York-based Wood has also marketed a six-string flying-V violin.... **Slammin' Gladys** have finished their self-titled debut for Priority Records, executive-produced by Warrant frontman Jani Lane, who joined the band onstage at the Troubadour in L.A. recently.... That's it from Tinseltown!

—*Katherine Turman*

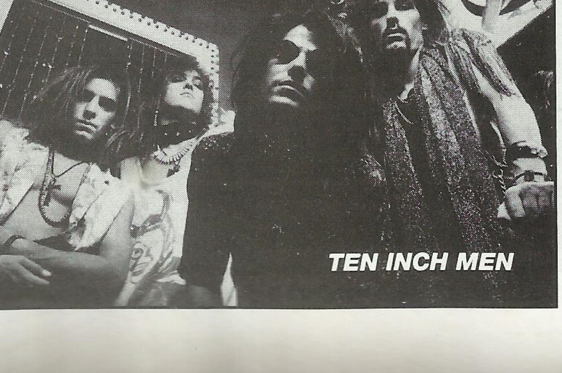

NO MAN'S LAND

**EAST COAST:**

The Springfield, Massachusetts, band **Maniax** is functioning again at full speed now that their guitarist, Denny Balicki, has finished a worldwide tour with the best terminally young Canadian garage band, **Helix**. The band recently recorded new material and is gearing up for their next assault, working with producer Jim Faraci (L.A. Guns, Poison, Ratt). Look for a major-label contract in the near future.... The five-piece commercial-metal outfit **Raquel**, from Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, is making quite a name for themselves with the release of a new eight-song demo. Up till now the group's claim to fame was their appearance in a commercial for the Art Institute's music and video business program, with their song "Pop Goes the Music." You may have caught it on MTV. Check the tape out by contacting the fan club at 6393 Penn Ave., Suite 191, Pittsburg, PA · 15206.... The NYC club scene is alive and kicking these days with the appearance of **The Diamondbacks**, fresh up from Florida. This is a six-piece band boasting the talents of former Princess Pang guitarist Andy Tjernberg. After making a pilgrimage to New York at the urging of Bo Diddley, the band released their self-titled, six-song debut on Metropolis Records. Keep a close eye on these guys!

**DOWN SOUTH:**

**Aristaya** from Dallas, Texas, have released their second demo and have been touring the U.S. and Canada since late 1989. The quintet has had a constant flow of attention from several major labels, and all are confident that there is surely a very successful future in store for these hard-working guys.... From Arlington, Texas, comes **Aska**, a four-member outfit that doubles by day as the packing and distribution department of the *Star-Telegram* local newspaper. The lads like to refer to their music as "Zonian," resulting from the fact that they were all born in Central America's Panama Canal Zone.

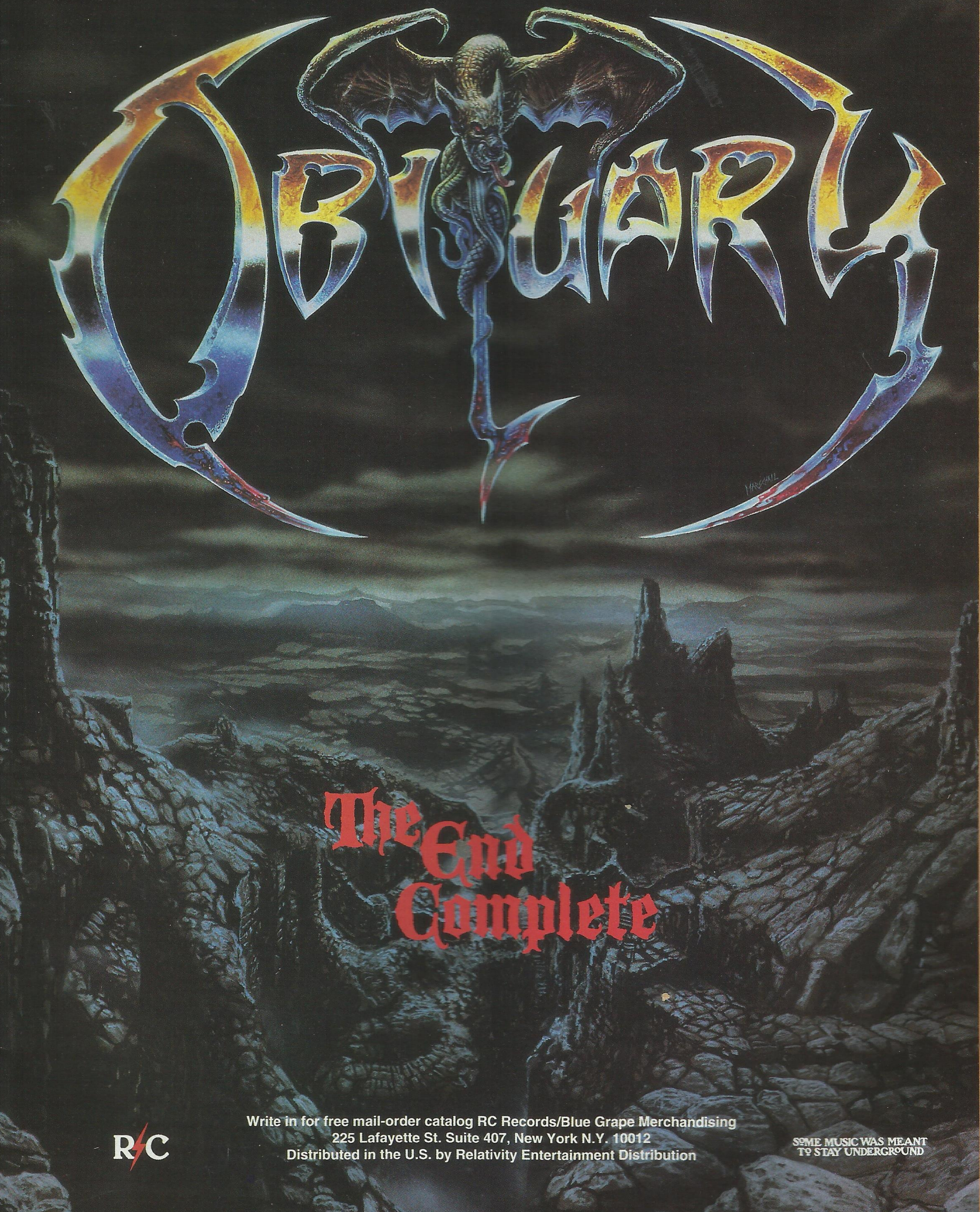

TEN INCH MEN

**MID-AMERICA:**

The five-piece female band **No Man's Land**, from Minneapolis, have just released their second record, *We Are Becoming*, on the independent PMS Platinum label. This act has opened up for quite an impressive list of major-label artists and was voted one of the top six out of the 200 bands at the 1991 Mid-Coast Music Conference.... The apocalyptic speed-metal band **Wicked Ways**, from Charlotte, North Carolina, has just released a real cool eight-song compilation of material—their first, I believe. Get your hands on a copy by writing the band at 6700 Rolling Ridge Drive, Charlotte, NC 28211.

—*Shari Sloane*

# THE END IS *HERE*


OBITUARY
MARSHALL
The End Complete

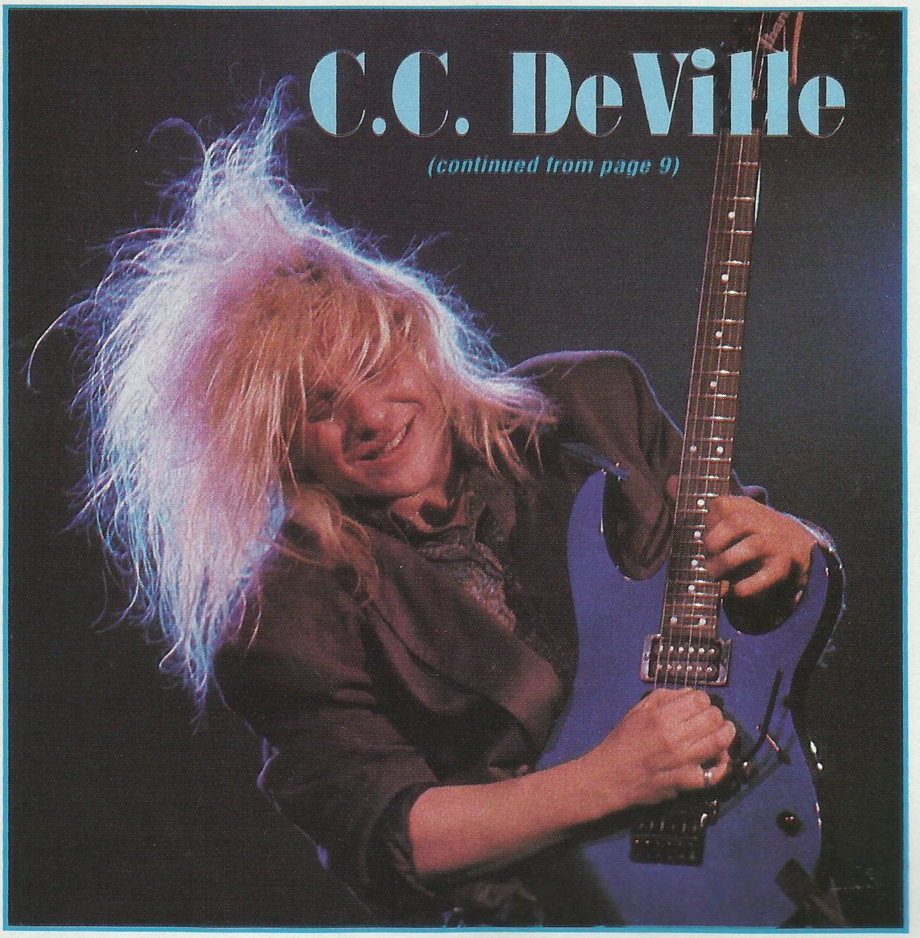
R/C

Write in for free mail-order catalog RC Records/Blue Grape Merchandising
225 Lafayette St. Suite 407, New York N.Y. 10012
Distributed in the U.S. by Relativity Entertainment Distribution

SOME MUSIC WAS MEANT
TO STAY UNDERGROUND

# C.C. DeVille

(continued from page 9)



Steve Jennings

kind, was a thing Poison felt they'd outgrown; and C.C.'s attempt to be the most outrageous looking dude in a visual three-ring circus of revealing outfits, backless trousers and outlandish hairstyles attracted the kind of attention Poison didn't want. "They were really upset, and I knew they were going to get upset," recalls C.C. "I did it intentionally. I figured if they were going to get upset with me over something like this, then it's time to leave. I officially quit Poison right afterwards, and the official reason was musical and personality differences."

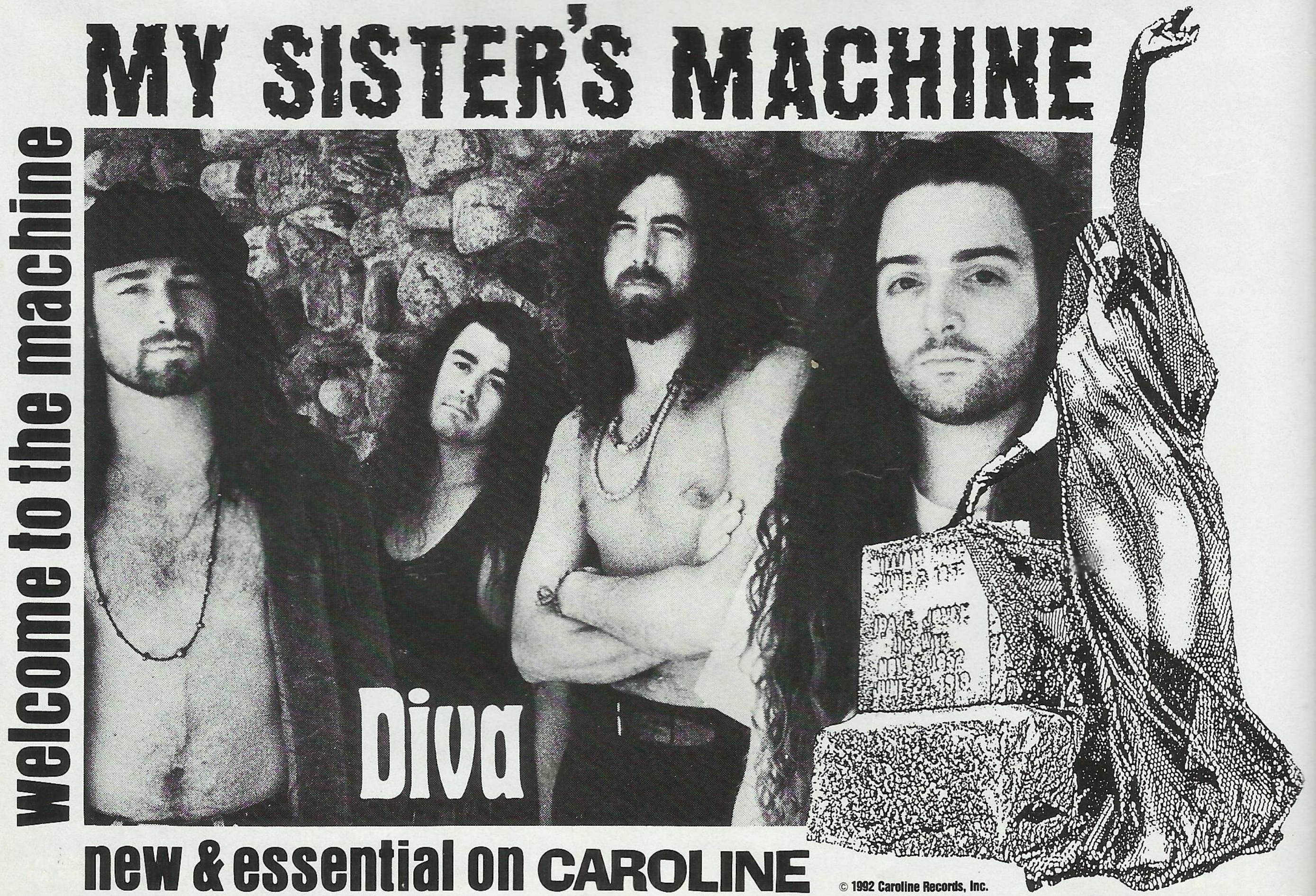
After a brief fling with Carmine Appice and Jimmy Bain, C.C. opted to form his own group with young unknowns. Filing into the band's cramped rehearsal space, C.C. introduces the other members of the C.C. DeVille Experiment. "Joey C. Jones is my singer, and all I can say is that if my soul had a voice, it would sound like him." The young, blond Texan achieved brief fame with his own band, Sweet Savage, which is how he attracted C.C.'s attention. In fact, Bobby and C.C. were going to produce a tape for the now-defunct outfit. Bassist Chris Torak used to go by the name Crstyal T. Roxx in the Hollywood-based group Liquor Sweet. "I met C.C. at a bachelor party the night after I moved out here from Cleveland. We were jamming at the party, and things took off from there." C.C. then picked up drummer Adam Hamilton (a friend of Jones') from his Texas-based band, and herded the young musicians together.

"It's going to be great," smiles C.C., "and a lot of fun! I've always made fun of the rock 'n' roll business!"

As for Poison, it looks like they'll continue their career by adding a new guitar wiz (all kinds of names are being tossed about) to replace DeVille.

And then there are those persistent rumors that C.C. may actually rejoin the band at some point.

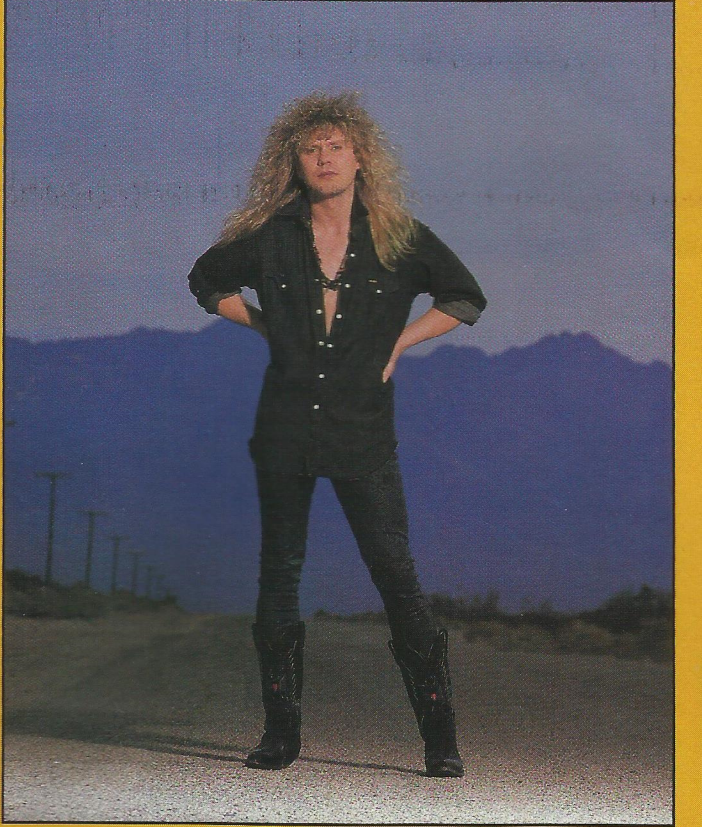
Swallow that. •



© 1992 Caroline Records, Inc.

# KILLER KWOTES

**Edited by Katherine Turman**


Ross Halfin/Zlozower

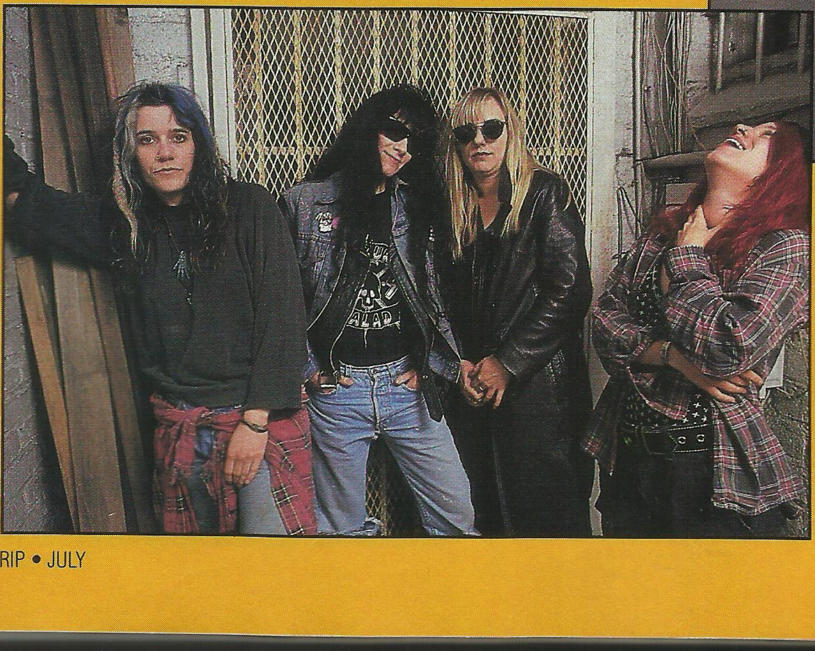
"We're all amusement-park freaks. What else could we possibly mean? If people think something else, they must have dirty minds." (Ex-Hanoi Rocks guitarist **Andy McCoy** on how his new band arrived at the name Shooting Gallery. Yeah, right.)

"Shriveled Clump of Flesh." (The oh-so-tasty name of **Carcass**' fan club. Please, Mommy, can I join?)

"We have been, and always will be, the black sheep of rock 'n' roll. Don't expect to ever see us in the rock 'n' roll hall of fame. The establishment won't let it happen." (Kiss' **Gene Simmons** lamenting his band's legacy, despite worldwide record sales of more than 70 million.) →

"Politics remains the control of wealth and power—now more so than ever. Register, vote, piss on the system. Make your stand, hold your ground. It's your future. The choice is ours." (Wise election-year advice from **Karl Agell** of Corrosion Of Conformity.)

"Hey, if it helps us sell records, you can categorize us any way you like." (Electric Love Hogs bassist **Kelly LeMieux** with a word of wisdom for journalists.)


Joe Giron/Photofeatures

"It was the only thing somebody didn't turn around and say, 'It sucks,' about." (Def ← Lep's **Rick Savage** on how the band arrived at the album title *Adrenalize*, which, FYI, isn't even a word.)

Glen LaFerman

"People say to us, 'Why is it different now than it was then?' Our answer is, Now we have to shave. Now we have driver's licenses instead of learner's permits. Jay was 15 when our first record came out." (Bad Religion guitarist **Brett Gurewitz** on his 12-year-old band.)

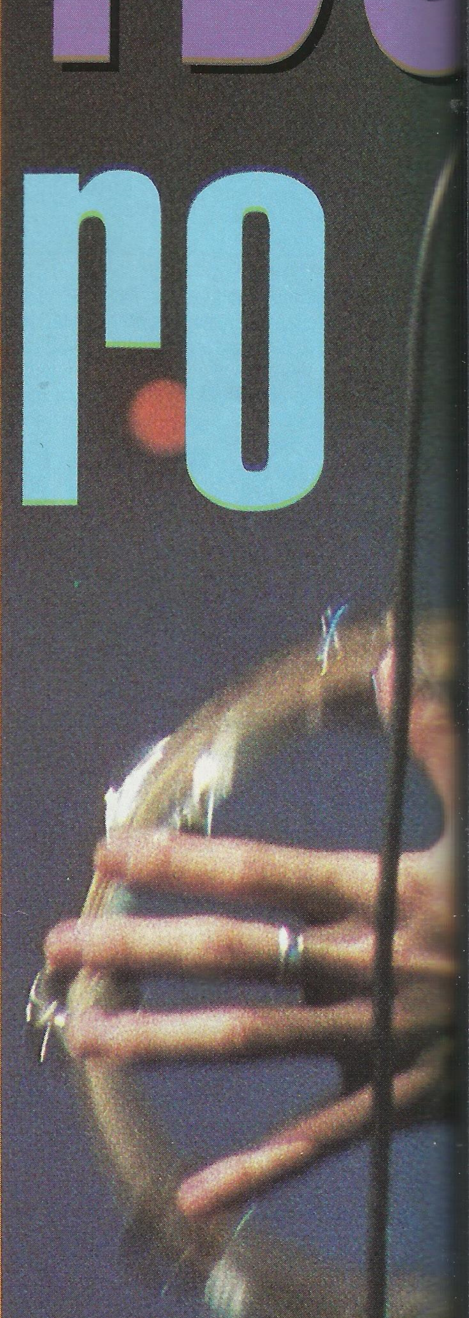
"We lied and said we had a bunch of songs. Actually, we only had ← one song ready." (L7 bassist **Jennifer Finch** on the little white lie they told their record label, Slash, before they signed the band.)

"L.A. is built on a facade. I mean, it's in a desert. It's not supposed to be there." (Long, tall Texan **Charlie Sexton** on the city that should not be.)

# IAN ASTBU

## cult hero

### by S.L. Duff



*We're all familiar with the Cult and their music. After five albums (*Dreamtime, Love, Electric, Sonic Temple *and* Ceremony*) and countless tours, we better be. The band's resting now, refueling, and when I spoke recently to vocalist/shaman Ian Astbury, I found him to be in somewhat of a reflective mood. I think you'll agree that the following interview is a little different from the usual rehash of material you've seen a thousand times before. Freed from having to hype new product or whatever, Astbury let his guard down a bit and shed some light on the ideas and experiences that shaped him as a person and a performer.*

*At the point we step into this, Astbury is discussing how he enjoys checking out local record stores, coffee shops and residents of the various cities the Cult stops in on tour. My first potentially stupid question follows.*

**RIP:** I always wondered why more people didn't do that, because you're getting one of the best travel opportunities of your life.

**IAN ASTBURY:** Sometimes you're too tired. You really, really are tired. I mean, I love traveling on buses and planes and stuff, but it's a very uncomfortable way of traveling. You don't really get the rest your body needs. Especially if you're performing at a really high adrenaline rate every night, it's very difficult to replenish the body. I know some people who just get absolutely trashed every night. If you spend all your nights doing shows, and then you go spend your time in nightclubs till six or seven o'clock in the morning.... You gotta rest. That's what I was doing for a long time. I was a mess. I never got any sleep. Performances became shoddy, voice went, the whole thing just fell apart.

**RIP:** Just pushing yourself too hard, partying too much, that kind of thing?

**ASTBURY:** It wasn't so much I was partying; I was trying to kill myself—that's what I really wanted to do, I think.

**RIP:** Why?

**ASTBURY:** I guess I was kind of fed up with everything.

**RIP:** Fed up with the music business, the band itself?

**ASTBURY:** The business, I think. The business and the bullshit that goes along with it. Also, a lot of the lyrical subjects I deal with come from experience, and I deal with those things head-on. I express myself in a certain way, and I get a lot of criticism for it. A lot of people consider what I do to be very pretentious and self-indulgent.

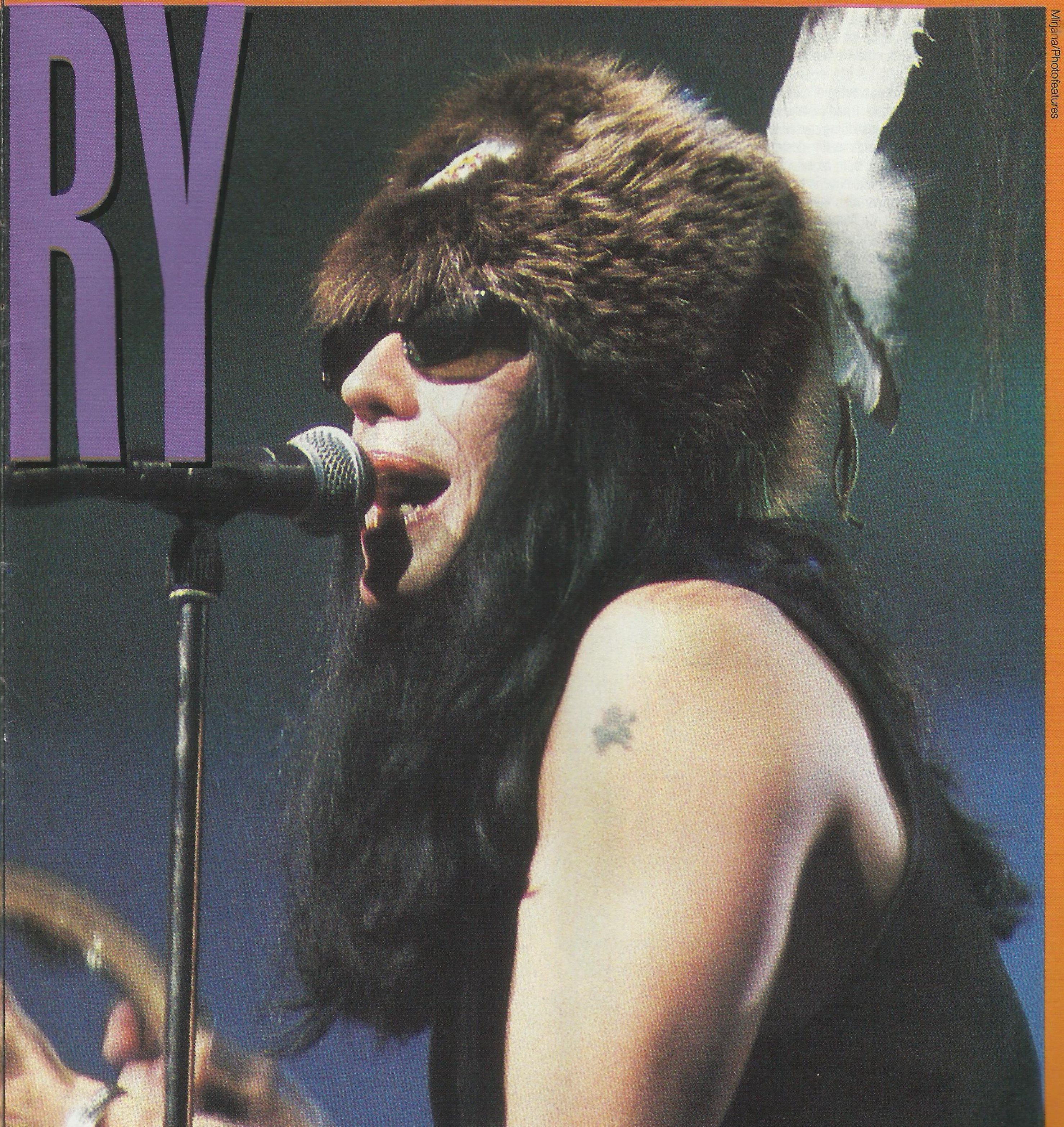
**RIP:** Are you talking about when you quit drinking in the middle of a tour?

**ASTBURY:** No, I quit drinking in '89.

**RIP:** But you were out on the road, right?

**ASTBURY:** Yeah, yeah.

# RY


Mirjana/Photofeatures

**RIP:** Everything I read about that, it's sort of glossed over. I mean, when you're out on the road, there's booze everywhere. That seems like the hardest environment to quit drinking in.

**ASTBURY:** Well, my father was dying of cancer. That's good incentive, there and then. I had to take stock of my own life, and I realized I was killing myself and destroying—maybe through fear as well—destroying a gift I'd been given, and abusing it, to an extent. My father was living a very humble existence in an industrial town in Canada. Here's this poor man watching his own body deteriorate. His son comes home and has all this adulation, and his son's still unhappy and miserable. He can't f?!kin' stick two sentences together because he's drunk as a skunk. I looked at myself, my integrity, and thought, *I'm really blowin' this.* The gift of life is such an incredible thing.

**RIP:** What were people around you saying? Were they saying, "Ian, you're f?!king up?" Or were they like, "Well, as long as he makes it to the show and gets out there, who cares?"

**ASTBURY:** Some people were like that. People close to me, like Billy [Duffy, guitarist], were very concerned about how I was. But it's difficult. It's something you have to realize yourself. I'm quite headstrong that way. I really had to find out for myself. I think when I saw my father deteriorate, I began to realize I didn't want to be an underachiever and a mediocrity. I thought it was time to fight back. F?!k it. If people don't get what I'm saying and don't accept the way I am as a person, that's too bad. I have to deal with it.

**RIP:** When you quit drinking, did that put things in better focus for you?

**ASTBURY:** It took a while; it took a long while.

**RIP:** So, for a while you were just dealing with not drinking?

Peter Dokus/NGI

**ASTBURY:** I was dealing with day to day, plus I had more things to worry about, you know. There was a professional performance each day, the pressure of having to look after my father, the pressure of having to have a smile on my face. At the end of the day, when I felt a bit dodgy and just wanted to have a drink and forget about everything and just blast it out of the way, I couldn't. I basically just had to chew on it. I had to reinvent myself in a lot of ways. I did martial arts for awhile.

**RIP:** Was that a diversion, something else to focus on?

**ASTBURY:** Well, it became great, because it gave me my self-esteem back. I began to say, "F?!k this, I don't care what anyone says." I'm not as vulnerable now as I was when I was 26 years old.

**RIP:** Did you get involved in any kind of recovery program, or did you just do it on your own?

**ASTBURY:** I just did it on my own.

**RIP:** Because of your situation at the time?

**ASTBURY:** I didn't want to go from one crutch to another.

**RIP:** Which is a good point.

**ASTBURY:** That was my own pride. I said, "If I'm going to kick this, I'm going to kick it how I want to. Do it myself." I don't want anyone telling me. I've always been that way.

**RIP:** One thing I have to confess is, until I read all the press on you, I didn't realize that the Gathering Of The Tribes—that whole idea of a festival with exhibits, food, lots of different kinds of music—was your idea. I had no idea you'd come up with that.

**ASTBURY:** It was. I envisioned my people, the rock community, going, "Yeah, it's time for us to do something," because rock music, I think, to a large degree, is still regarded as some kind of really ignorant, stupid, dumb art form. A lot of the supposed critics of fine art and what is supposed to have strong social implications still consider rock music to be dumb.

**RIP:** Well, it's a popular art, made for the everyman, but that's not to say it's not valid.

**ASTBURY:** You must see that. You must see a lot of condescending—rockers are really condescended against.

**RIP:** Sure, I even get it for writing for RIP.

**ASTBURY:** I'll bet you do. And there's no difference

GIANT

DON'T WASTE ANOTHER SECOND.

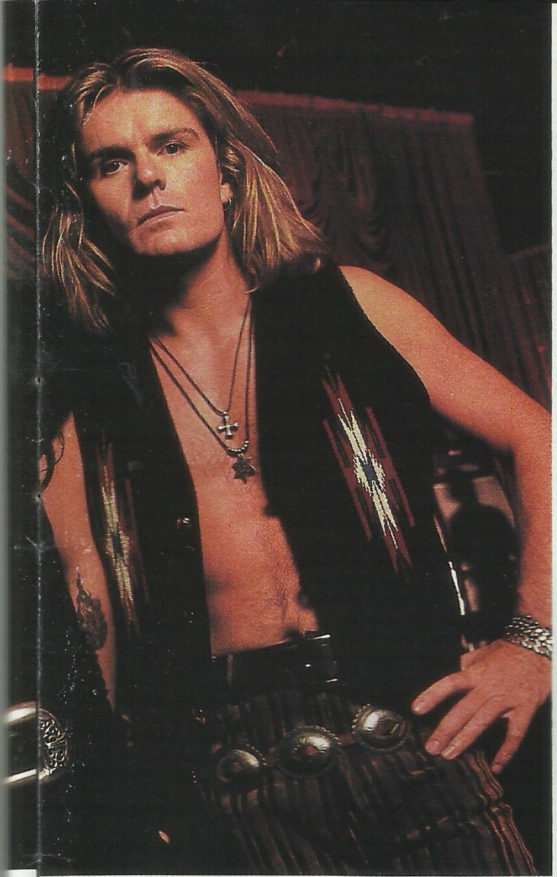
"TIME TO BURN" IS THE GUITAR-DRIVEN FOLLOW-UP TO GIANT'S HIT DEBUT ALBUM "LAST OF THE RUNAWAYS." PRODUCED BY TERRY THOMAS (FOREIGNER, BAD COMPANY), THE NEW ALBUM FEATURES "CHAINED," A TRACK BOUND TO TAKE HOLD OF EVERYONE AND A SHOWCASE FOR THE POWERFUL VOCALS AND PHENOMENAL LEAD GUITAR OF BANDLEADER DANN HUFF. AFTER CONTRIBUTING TO SMASH ALBUMS BY BOB SEGER, DAVID BOWIE, ELTON JOHN, AND WHITESNAKE, THE MEMBERS OF GIANT ARE BACK AND BIGGER THAN EVER.

TIME TO BURN

MANAGEMENT: BUD PRAGER
E.S.P. MANAGEMENT

"EPIC" REG. U.S. PAT. & TM. OFF. MARCA REGISTRADA. / ≡ IS A TRADEMARK OF SONY MUSIC ENTERTAINMENT INC./© 1992 SONY MUSIC ENTERTAINMENT INC.

epic



between writing for RIP and the Smithsonian f?!king Institute. They're both sociological papers. That's why I thought a lot of rockers would come forward and say, you know, "Let's get this thing on. Let's reclaim our throne." Because, to me, the implication of what a lot of rock music is about is very far-reaching, very important. I think there's a lot of really important issues being addressed by a lot of writers.

**RIP:** When Lollapalooza came out, did you feel flattered or slightly ripped-off?

**ASTBURY:** At first I was extremely flattered. I thought, *Wow, incredible, let's get it on. Something's happening. I've tapped into something, and I've made a good observation. I've given something back to the community.* I felt really good about that. As that thing developed, it was great. It went across the country and was the most successful tour of last summer. And then, at the end of the day, all the critical acclaim and praise comes in: Perry Farrell, man of the year; Perry Farrell, visionary genius; Perry Farrell, incredible human being; and, "Wow, he should be nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize." I felt like saying, "Whoa, whoa." You know, my own ego was saying, "Hey, wait a minute." It was the same thing happening again. I didn't feel ripped off; I just felt a bit neglected. Because we really did set it out to be an ideological event. I mean, to put the Indigo Girls and Soundgarden on the same bill is a feat in itself. To see groups like the Quireboys and Soundgarden playing along with groups as eclectic as the Charlatans and the Cramps and Iggy Pop and Ice-T, it was a pretty amazing event. But the thing was, there was a focus to it. We knew exactly what we were trying to do. We were trying to give something back to the community, saying, "You do have freedom of choice. The music is there for you." I never saw any word in the whole Lollapalooza thing being articulated in terms of what the festival was about. It was just kind of like a neat idea. We billed the Gathering Of The Tribes as a festival of music, unity, consciousness and communication.

**RIP:** With your lyrics being sort of spiritual—which is some of the stuff, I guess, you're saying you've been ribbed about—I was curious, what was your religious upbringing as a kid?

**ASTBURY:** There wasn't any.

**RIP:** No focus at all in the family on that?

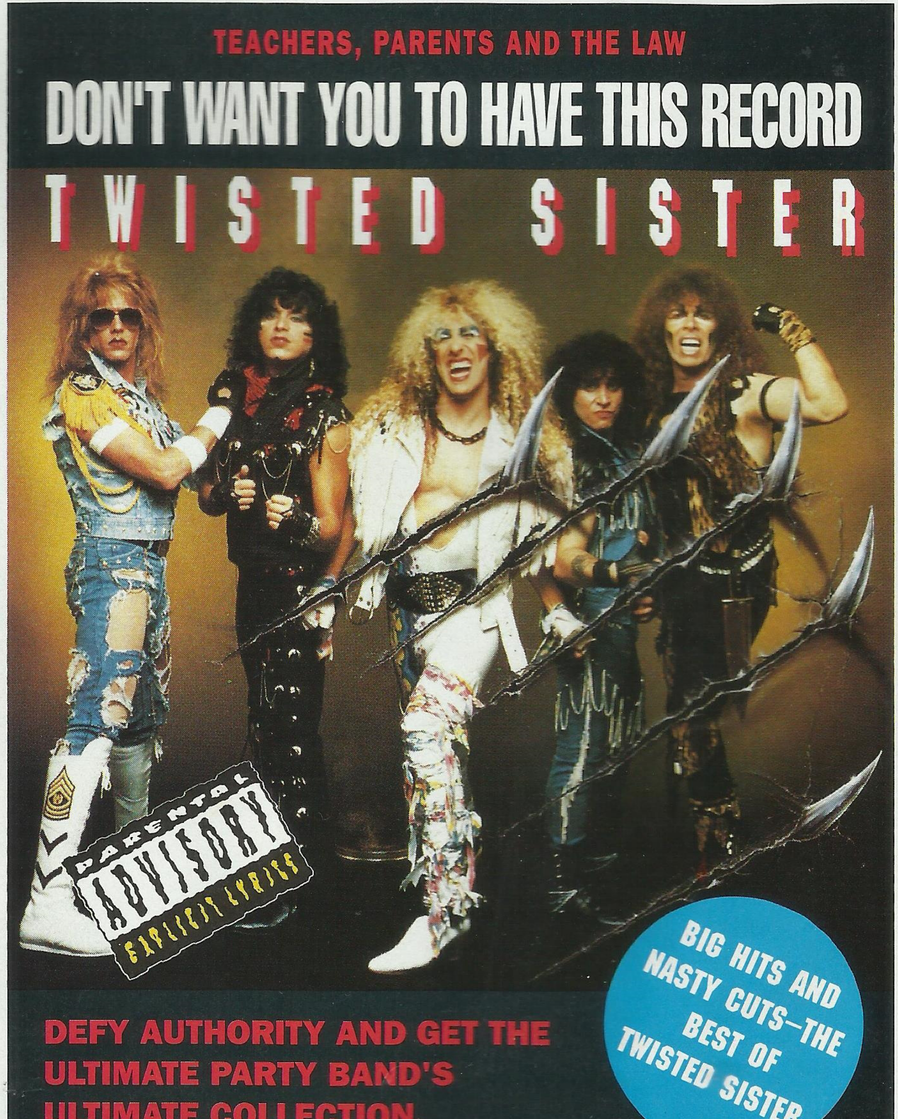
**ASTBURY:** No. My father was quite anti established religions, really. He was more into painters. Van Gogh, that was his thing. He was an amateur boxer, he was a merchant sailor, and he was a refrigeration engineer, but his passion was painting. He looked like a boxer. He had the nose, the ears, 'cause he'd been fighting as a kid, fractured his skull. Bit of a nut case, bit of a street fighter.

**RIP:** Since being a kid, have you gravitated towards any particular religion or thought?

**ASTBURY:** Just the realization that man belongs to the earth and is a mystery of life that's far beyond our comprehension; and exploring that, exploring the mystery of life. You know, I'm sure you've been sitting up—everyone does it—you're sittin' around with your friends at five o'clock in the morning, and the conversation starts—the meaning of life, working out the problems of the world. We all get to that kind of head space. That's a lot of what I like to address in the lyrical content.

**RIP:** Do you believe in reincarnation?

**ASTBURY:** I believe more in the sense that past lives come from what you carry in your DNA. I mean, if you trace your relatives back, there's just certain primeval things within yourself that are implanted in your DNA. I would think that memories also get implanted in your DNA. So when your parents conceive a child, I think that the sperm and the egg come together, and the DNA is carried over from your parents, and their parents, and their parents. So some of the memories that people have of their past lives are from their natural relatives' past lives. Why do kids sit in the dirt, digging holes? They just do. It's a natural thing to do. It's in your DNA to do it. It's in your DNA to run around the streets with dogs and climb trees. •



TEACHERS, PARENTS AND THE LAW

DON'T WANT YOU TO HAVE THIS RECORD

TWISTED SISTER

PARENTAL ADVISORY EXPLICIT LYRICS

BIG HITS AND NASTY CUTS—THE BEST OF TWISTED SISTER

DEFY AUTHORITY AND GET THE ULTIMATE PARTY BAND'S ULTIMATE COLLECTION.

Featuring their greatest hits and previously unreleased live cuts.

BUY THE CD AND GET 2 BONUS TRACKS!!

Includes the monstrous "We're Not Gonna Take It," "Shoot 'Em Down" and "You Can't Stop Rock 'N' Roll."

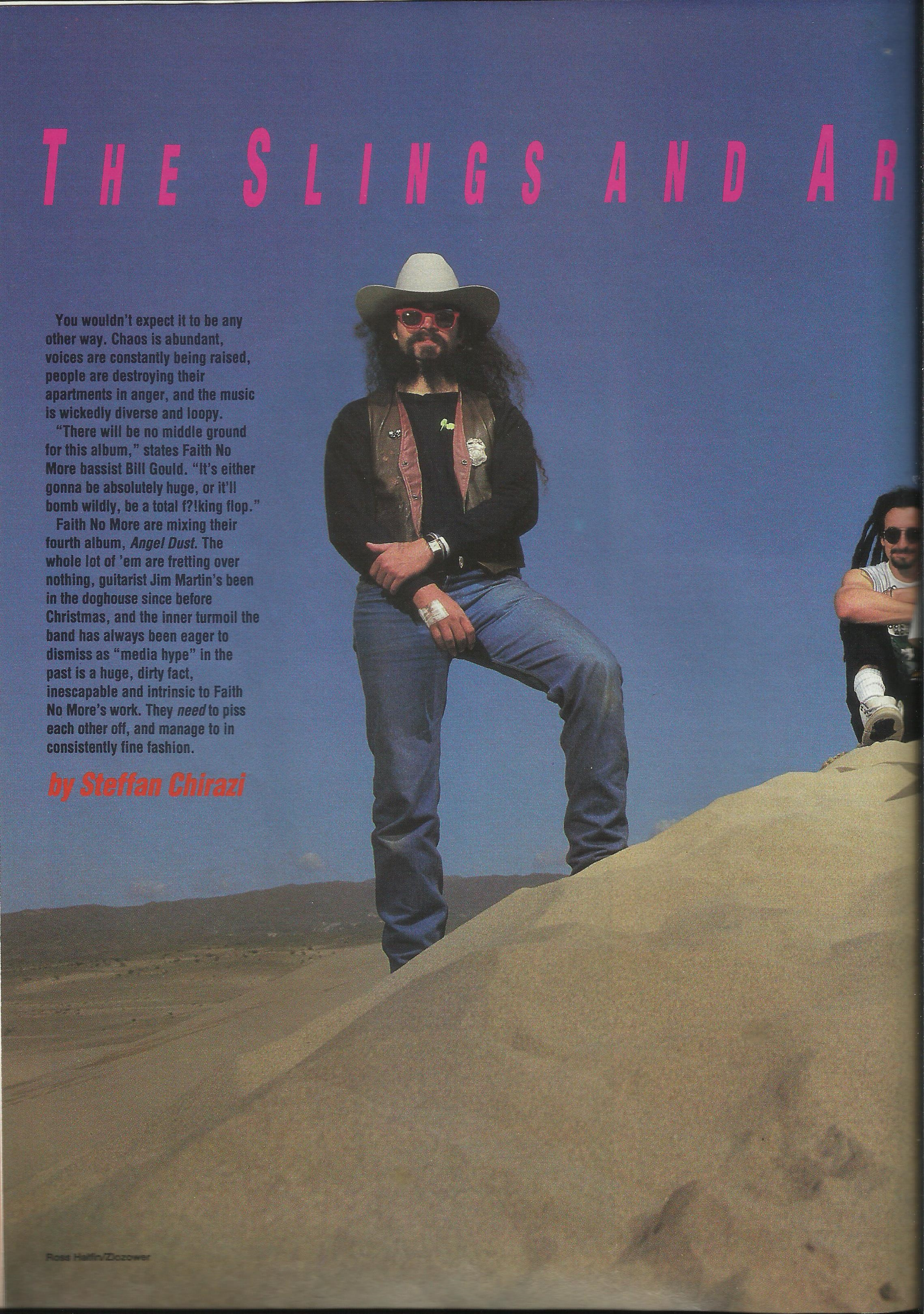
Compilation Produced by Jay Jay French

TWISTED FOREVER
FOREVER TWISTED

ATLANTIC

© 1992 Atlantic Recording Corp. A Time Warner Company

# THE SLINGS AND AR



You wouldn't expect it to be any other way. Chaos is abundant, voices are constantly being raised, people are destroying their apartments in anger, and the music is wickedly diverse and loopy.

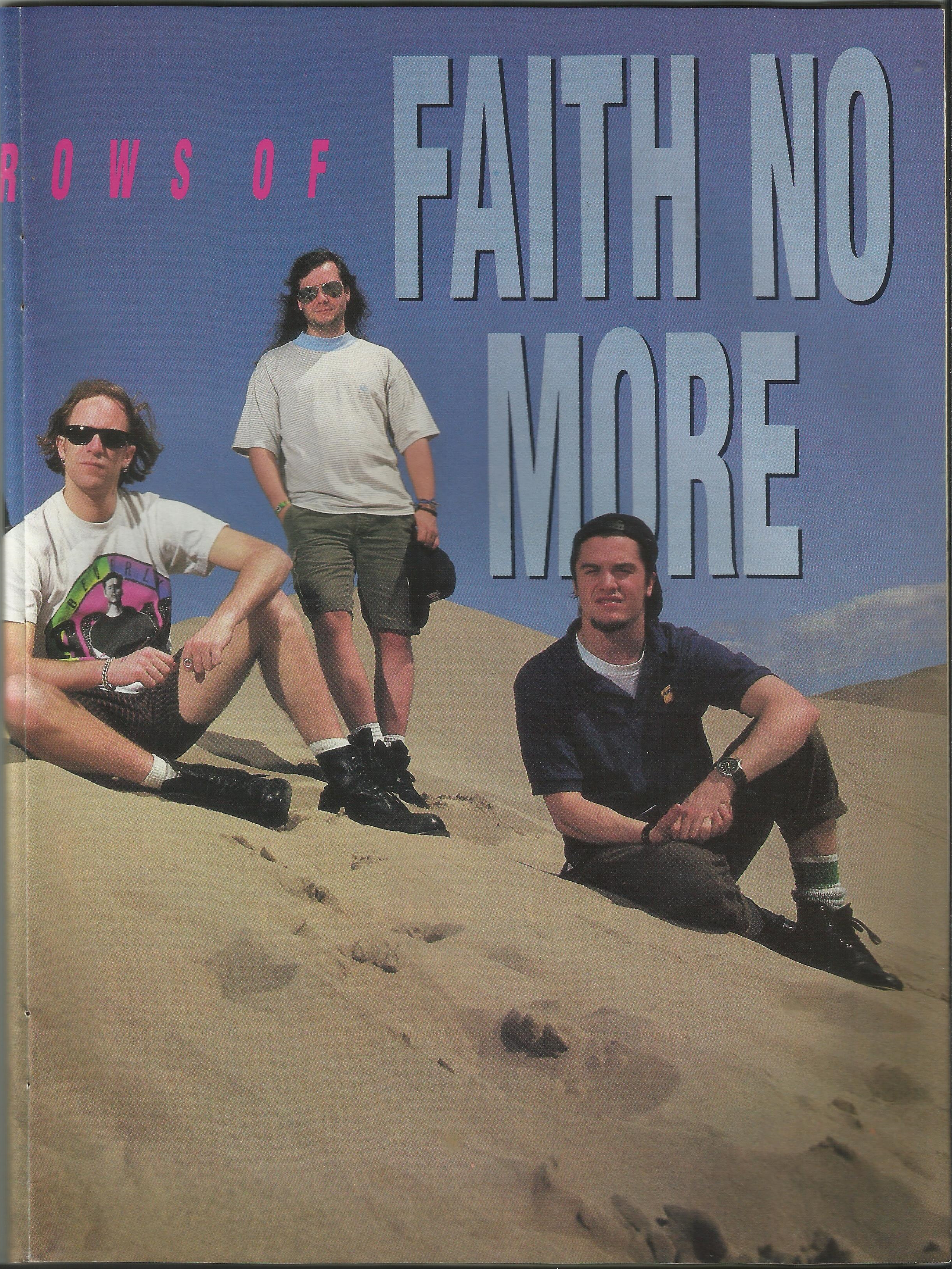
"There will be no middle ground for this album," states Faith No More bassist Bill Gould. "It's either gonna be absolutely huge, or it'll bomb wildly, be a total f?!king flop."

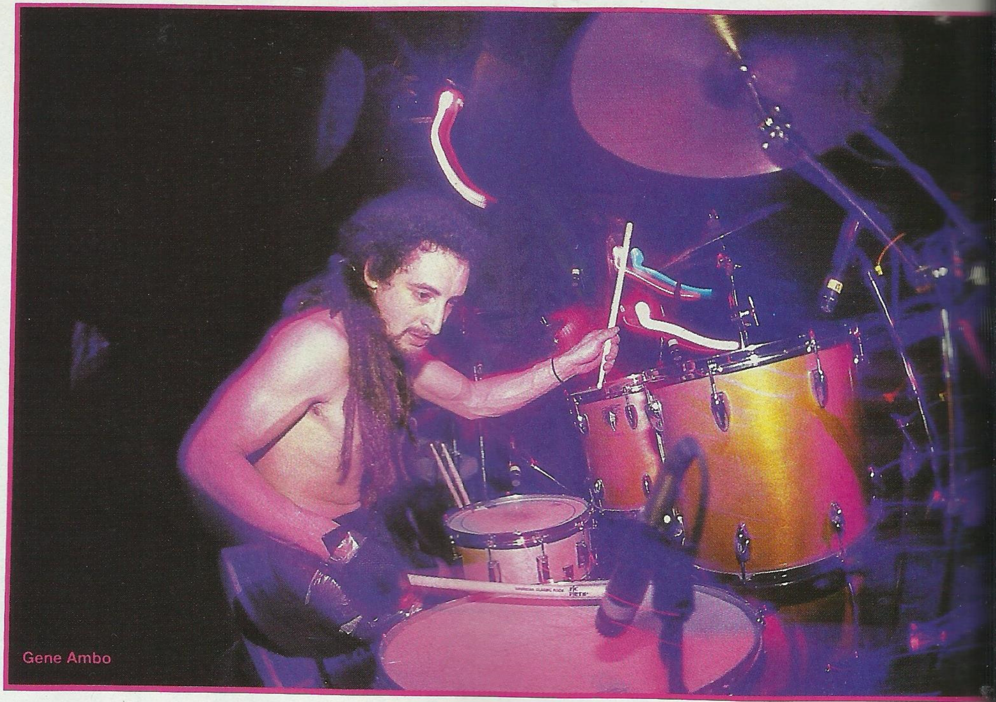
Faith No More are mixing their fourth album, *Angel Dust*. The whole lot of 'em are fretting over nothing, guitarist Jim Martin's been in the doghouse since before Christmas, and the inner turmoil the band has always been eager to dismiss as "media hype" in the past is a huge, dirty fact, inescapable and intrinsic to Faith No More's work. They *need* to piss each other off, and manage to in consistently fine fashion.

### *by Steffan Chirazi*

Ross Halfin/Ziozower

# ROWS OF FAITH NO MORE




Gene Ambo

In a small dive bar around the corner from San Francisco's Coast Recorders, Bill Gould, keyboardist Roddy Bottum, producer Matt "Beanhead" Wallace and I sit at a table, drinking cheap beers and engaging in cheap talk. I first ask them about the pressure involved in following up a hugely successful album.

"Everyone's pretty much left us alone," sighs Roddy. "I think it was from ourselves more than anybody else. The record company and management were worried about what we were going to do, but they kept their worries from us."

"In the past we've always stuck together because we were totally broke and we needed to put out another album for the union scale money," furthers Gould. "After this last tour we split and went our separate ways, and we haven't been in any real rush to get back together. Part of the pressure in the past was economic adversity, being stuck with these people and knowing you had to stick with them because it was your only way out."

Isn't there pressure to avoid doing the same record you did last time, taking the easy option?

"No, no," Gould continues. "That was easy, because we were sick of doing that stuff. We'd just toured it for the last two years, so we knew we didn't want that."

So when it came to putting the material together for this album, you tended to keep it as far as possible from what was expected?

"I don't know if you can think about it like that," says the fired-up little Gould. "You just get sick of doing something for a year-and-a-half, and reading—look, even if you don't pay attention to what they say, this whole 'funk metal' thing is really disgusting. The last thing I ever want to be in is a funk-metal band. So it's not like we're gonna try to do exactly the opposite, just anything except *that*, y'know."

People will still want to hear the old songs live though.

"But those are just songs," Gould emphasizes. "They're *not* funk metal—f?!k that! It's a disgusting label for a band, and I would say that any band that plays funk metal, I hate. I would safely say that most of the band feels the same way."

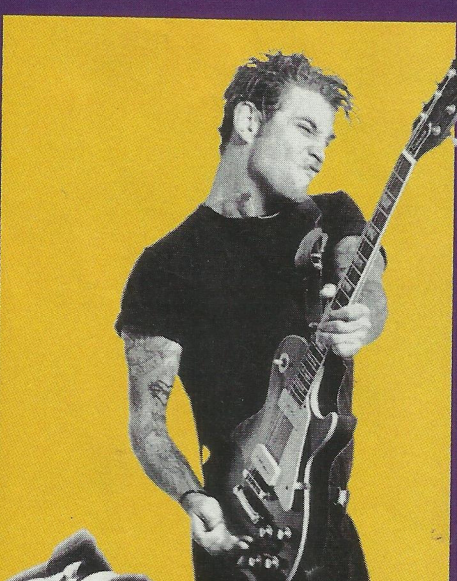
When it comes to Mike Patton's lyrics, do you get involved? Do you want to know what he's writing about?

"We pretty much leave it to him," says Roddy. "I mean, that's his job in the band. Everyone has their input, and words are his."

"He's really into his words," Gould adds, "and as long as he's into them...."

You don't care?

"No, I do care," Roddy says, quickly. "I care what he sings about, sure. He's probably gonna get a lot of flak



SOCIAL DISTORTION

SOMEWHERE

BETWEE

HEAVEN

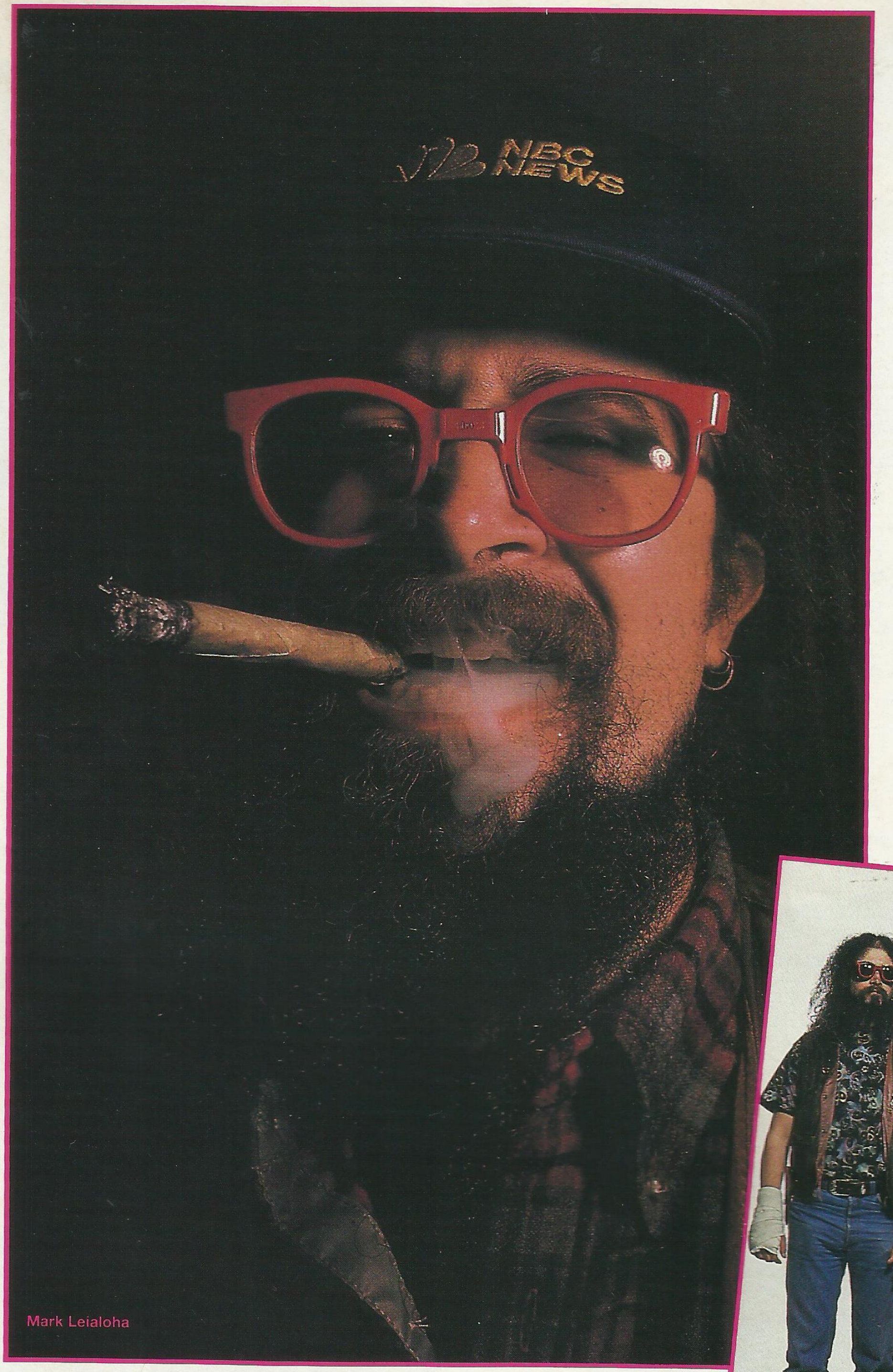
AND HELL

SOCIAL DISTORTION JOURNEYS TO REALITY'S EDGE.
"SOMEWHERE BETWEEN HEAVEN AND HELL,"
THE UNCOMPROMISING FOLLOW-UP TO
THEIR SELF-TITLED DEBUT EPIC ALBUM.
FEATURING "BAD LUCK,"
"COLD FEELINGS," "BORN TO LOSE,"
"WHEN SHE BEGINS," AND "SOMETIMES I DO."

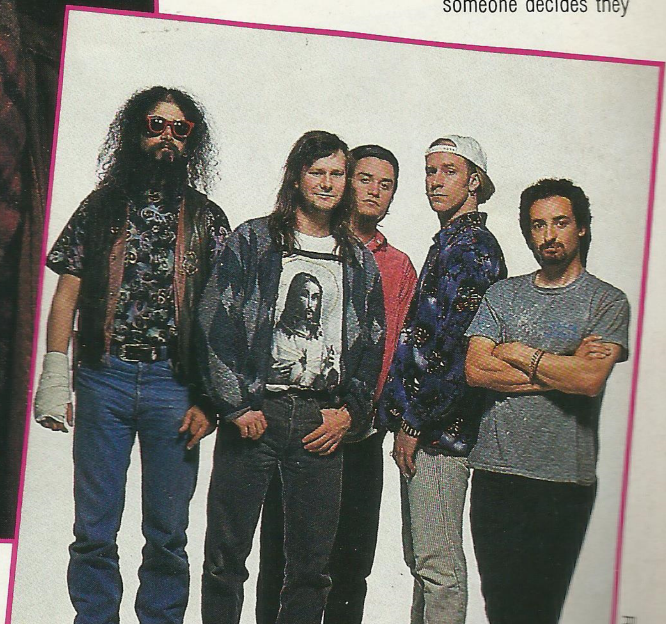
ON TOUR NOW.

epic

Produced and Mixed by Dave Jerden. Management: Jim Guerinot/Larry Weintraub for Rebel Waltz Management.
"Epic" Reg. U.S. Pat. & Tm. Off. Marca Registrada./ ≡ is a trademark of Sony Music Entertainment Inc./© 1992 Sony Music Entertainment Inc.



Mark Leialoha



Ross Halfin/Zlozower

this time around for what he's singing about. He's gonna offend a lot of people, and I think it's great. I think if singers wanna do something like that, then they should be able to, in the same way that actors who take on really sleazy roles don't get shit for it, don't get shit for portraying some sort of derelict, bad person."

What songs could be considered offensive?

"Well, I wrote some good lyrics for him on one song, which he'll probably get some flak for," Roddy says. "It's about swallowing."

Time to cough.

"It's more along the lines of a character thing," he continues. "It's not even about offending anyone. It's just trying out different characters and being challenging."

"Characters can be offensive to people, but entertainment as a medium really can't be offensive, because it's aesthetics," Gould explains. "It can't be wrong or right, only offensive or inoffensive."

How has the writing come together? Have you found that you've been bitching at each other like you always do?

"Some things are easier than before," says Gould. "Actually, it was a lot harder when I think about it."

"Jim's getting a lot more comfortable with the songs now," furthers Roddy. "He's uncomfortable rehearsing the songs with us. He'd rather have a tape of the finished product and work on it at home. He likes separating and doing it by himself."

"It makes for a weird tension," Gould says. "You visualize everything, including the guitar, when you write the song, and then it comes back different from your perception. I guess if the person isn't there from day one, they can't be expected to read your mind."

It seems like you lot always bicker like grannies at the bus stop.

"Yeah, it's just another manifestation of the same old story," Gould sighs. "It'll all work out though."

Leaving the bar, I track down the aforementioned Mr. Martin, ace guitarist and sometimes grouch. He's more than ready to offer up his thoughts on the new album. First off, has it been a pleasant experience, recording and all?

"Absolutely not. It's been an unpleasant experience from the very beginning," Jim says. "It's been very unpleasant, which is not really much different from my experience in making records with Faith No More before. It's always been an unpleasant experience—a lot of people scrambling to get henchmen on their side, to play silly games, to blow smoke on a situation, to diffuse situations, amplifying situations that don't exist, manipulating others...."

That's always been the way things are, huh?

"More than ever now."

Is it pressure showing itself?

"I'm not sure if it's that, or if it's more one's desire to be a teen idol. Things really don't seem that much different. It's a little worse, because certain members of the band seem worried."

You're not worried about things though, right?

"No, not at this point. I was at one point. There was a problem, because everyone seemed so frightened, I wondered if we'd be able to do anything. At this point there's no worry on my part at all though."

How is it that you don't work with the rest of the band in person when writing and rehearsing?

"Because usually I have to drive a long way. I get there, and we'll play something, then all of a sudden someone decides they wanna leave, or somebody decides they're not having a nice day, or whatever. They decide they wanna blow it off, and I've driven all that way to get there. I dunno. I'm not too agreeable to begin with, so that stokes the flames a bit."

How do you view the band's musical direction?

"I'm just trying to play these songs the way I see 'em, the way it should go. It's not like we're trying to do any-

(continued on page 67)

# RIP

Gene Kirkland

**T**he September issue of RIP is one that any true **Guns N' Roses** fan dare not miss. As you read this, five hours of tape containing an exclusive chat with **W. Axl Rose** are being transcribed and shaped into what promises to be the heaviest interview of the year. GN'R's top gun shared so much info with RIP that the story will have to be presented in two (maybe three) installments. "This is one of the first extensive interviews I've done in a long time," explains Rose. "RIP has always treated us fair and with respect as human beings. RIP has been a friend, rather than a parasite or an exploitation rag that really doesn't give a f?!k about our lives."

**I**n the most bombastically punk move since Johnny Rotten pulled out his willy and relieved himself on the front row at Winterland back in the mid-'70s, the **Nymphs**' Inger Lorre recently entered the "shock rock" record books with a piece of her own performance art at the Marquee club in Westminster, California. Near the end of the hour-long set Inger brought her boyfriend onstage and proceeded to remove his trousers and...well, you get the idea. Said action continued until the crowd went berserk and the boyfriend freaked out and ran offstage. To put it bluntly, the audience of 200 were totally *blown* away.

Joe Giron/Photofeatures

**M**ore Motley news: The Scream's lead screamer, **John Corabi**, has been actively rehearsing with **Motley Crue** at a secluded studio in Los Angeles, and he's reportedly sounding pretty good. So good, in fact, that by the time you read this, he may have nailed the hottest front spot in metal. It's ironic that this blessed fate has come to the young vocalist, since his band's debut LP, *Let It Scream*, on Hollywood Records, is that fledgling label's first bonafide hit. If Corabi does indeed get the Motley gig, word has it the Scream will continue with a new singer. As always, stay tuned.

Rick Gould/ICP

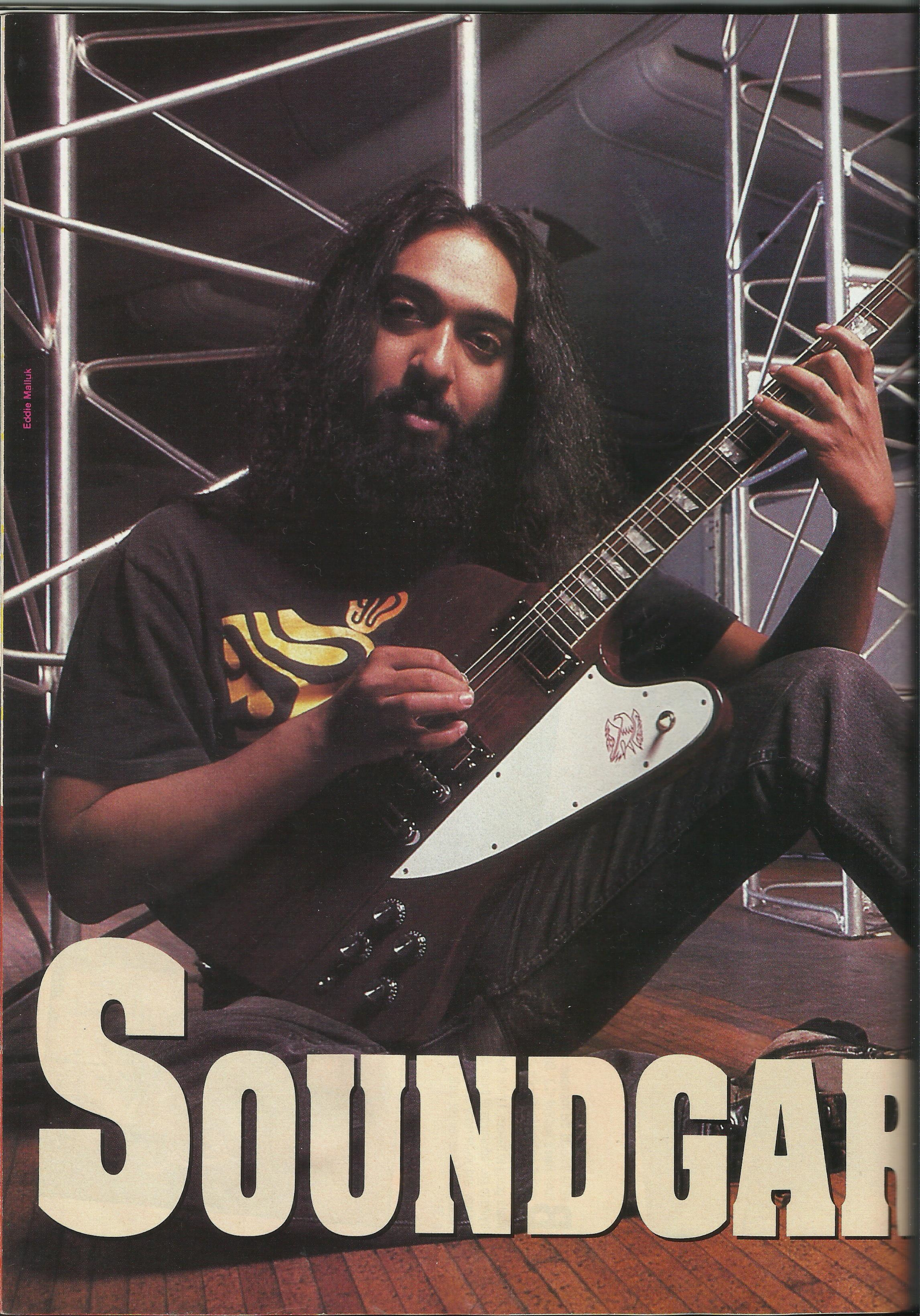
Gene Ambo

**H**ot on the heels of the shocking Vince Neil/Motley Crue split comes the news that **Anthrax** have parted ways with *their* lead singer, Joey Belladonna. Citing "musical differences," the band decided a new frontman was necessary as their career kicks into overdrive with a $7.5 million Elektra deal and platinum hopes for their first LP for the new label, to be released this fall. Word around the Anthrax camp is that Joey "was the only one who didn't fit in." Apparently Joey wasn't happy with the situation either, and welcomed the split. At press time Anthrax were auditioning potential vocalists, among them Liquid Jesus' Buck Murphy. We'll let you know what happens.

**B**etcha thought the members of **Firehouse** didn't have any political opinions, huh? Here's vocalist C.J. Snare on date rape: "It seems like there's all these women coming forth—the Judge Thomas thing and the Kennedy thing and the Mike Tyson thing. These girls, they go with these guys, and they pretty much know what's going to happen. I think they're maybe trying to capitalize on this, like they're trying to take advantage of these guys. I can't see getting this far with a guy, goin' all the way, and you're ready and hot and heavy, and they say stop. I think it's very money motivated." So remember, girls, if you're going backstage, bring your big brother. Or a .38.

Joe Giron/Photofeatures

# RAP



Eddie Malluk

# SOUNDGAR

# HEROES ...AND HEROIN

# DEN

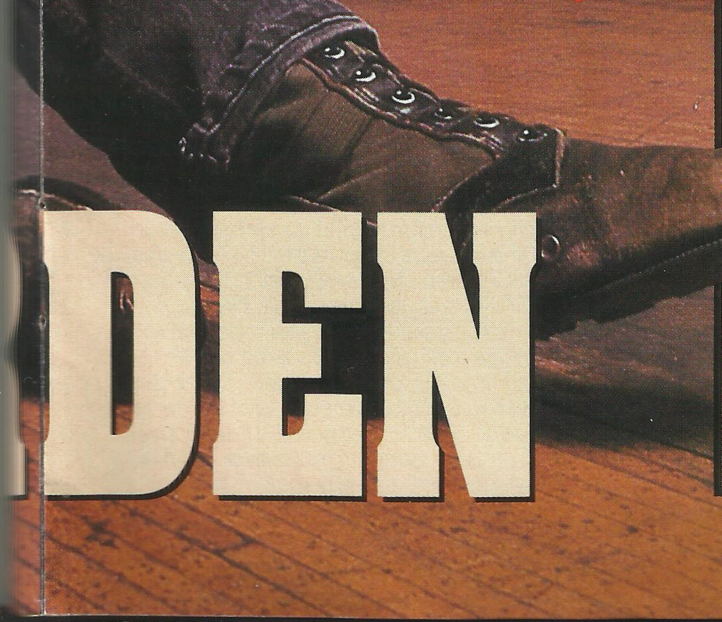
Chris Cornell is bathed in white light. Maybe it's just a trick of the lamp on my Denver hotel room's dresser, but I swear, there's something special about his presence. (I know it sounds loony, but afford me a little literary latitude here.) Clad in a pair of standard Seattle below-the-knee baggy shorts, a Guns N' Roses T-shirt and black Doc Martens (even though they're dirty, they somehow shine like they've been recently spit-polished), he sips a diet Coke and relaxes in a chair, fully prepared for my journalistic bombardment. Chris' wife/manager, Susan Silver, has briefed the dark-haired, hazel-eyed vocalist that your humble editor has not traveled a thousand miles just to make idle chitchat. I want something more.

## By Lonn M. Friend

Neil Zlozower

Soundgarden has fought its way from the humble halls of Sub Pop all the way to big label (A&M) gold. With this new visibility comes the scrutiny of the metal and mainstream masses, who now hunger for the whys and wherefores of this exceptional rock band. They want to hear their take on the world and its wonders. I've got my own agenda for this interview though. I've chosen to focus on something considerably less glamorous than MTV rotation and screaming arena crowds, but profoundly heavy in its relation to the torrent of amazing music that's poured down from the great Northwest over the past year. I could have called this article "What Price Grunge?" but why dance around the issue? Read on and discover, through the eyes and minds of Soundgarden's iconoclastic singer, Chris Cornell, and opinionated guitarist, Kim Thayil, the dark cloud that hangs over the Emerald City.

Four incredible songs put Seattle on the modern hard-rock map: Alice In Chains' "Man in the Box," Nirvana's "Smells Like Teen Spirit," Pearl Jam's "Alive" and Soundgarden's "Outshined." Each awesome track, in its own way, tells of psychological struggle and youthful angst, yet each bears the personal stamp of the band that created it. Fabulous success has come to those who penned and marketed these songs and the LPs to which they're attached. Nirvana's *Nevermind* alone has eclipsed four million in domestic sales and shows no signs of slowing



down. The Seattle scene is the focus of the rock world and, as we speak, countless "grungy" clone bands are being signed with hopes that others can capitalize on this movement. (I don't call it a fad or trend, because this music is too real, too heavy, to be a commercially motivated creation.) And while all eyes are on Seattle, one band sits back and observes the phenomenon that they are not only a part of now, but were also instigators of in the beginning.

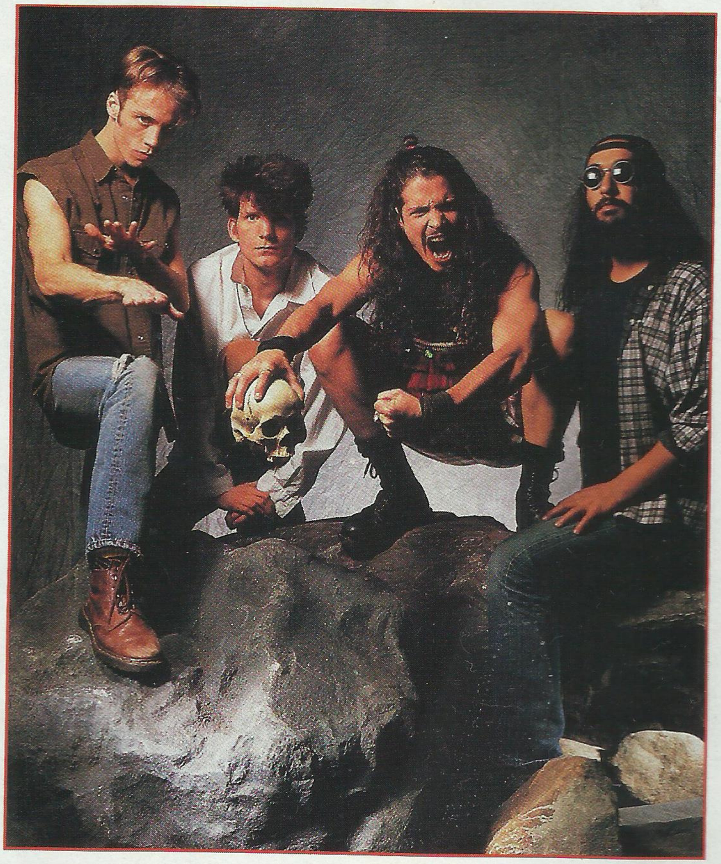
A brief history lesson from Chris Cornell. "The Seattle scene, if you want to call it that, started with four bands," he remembers. "Green River, the Melvins, Malfunkshun and Soundgarden. The Melvins are still together in San Francisco. They began in, like, '83. Their bass player ended up in Mudhoney. Green River ended up being Mudhoney, Mother Love Bone and Pearl Jam. Andy Wood, from Mother Love Bone, was originally in Malfunkshun. The first record released by a Seattle band was *Come on Down*, by Green River, on Homestead Records. Slash Records was trying to pursue Green River at the same time we had a Homestead and a Sub Pop record coming out. A&M got a copy of this compilation of 12 bands sent out by a local radio station, KCMU. They liked the song we had on it and started coming up to check out the scene, seeing us play and stuff. We put out an EP [Soundgarden released two EPs, *Screaming Life* in '87 and *Fopp* in '88], and, well, that's it in a nutshell."

Soundgarden have been called the Godfathers of Grunge, and for good reason. Their longevity and consistency are an example to the successful acts that have come along since their inception. Their 1989 A&M debut LP, *Louder Than Love*, was critically acclaimed, and sold well enough to set them up for hit status with the release of last year's magnificent *Badmotorfinger*. Examining the opening guitar strains of "Swallow My Pride," from *Fopp*, one can't help but hear the similarity to the now-classic intro riff of "Smells Like Teen Spirit."

Soundgarden, however, is not just a musical cornerstone of the Seattle scene. The lives of its bandmembers are intertwined with what is transpiring up there right now. And herein lies the rub: There is a pall hovering over the city, despite its artistic boom-town feel and natural beauty. A serious drug-abuse problem is festering in the streets. Heroin use among young adults in Seattle is among the highest of any city in the United States, and some of this abuse is taking place in the rock community. It's not just fledgling bands looking for a record deal that find solace in the needle. Tragically, the monkey is riding the backs of several of Seattle's brightest stars. Out of respect for the privacy of those individuals currently grappling with drug problems (names you would certainly recognize), I'm choosing to keep their identities secret. These unfortunates are well known to Chris and Kim, though, who view their plight with thoughtful compassion.

"I don't do drugs, and the band doesn't do drugs," says Chris firmly. "It's sort of helped us stay together. We all had, and still have, friends that do that shit. It just creates a different world for the person who's using. You can't really function or coexist in someone else's world if they're on drugs and you're not. It isn't that I'm necessarily a really together guy and that I can handle stress better than somebody who's using drugs, it's just that I choose not to do it. It's nothing but self-destruction. I think the pressure of success, or striving for that success, sometimes causes you to implode. It's like, it's really great playing shows, making records and writing songs; and then you're successful, and you say, 'Now what do we do?' That drive to succeed is part anger and part determination. The end of that, sometimes, drives a person to drugs.

"From eleven to 14, I did drugs every single day," Chris admits. "I grew up with the guys that had the nervous twitches and half their brains dead because of all the shit they did. In Seattle, when I was young, the drug culture wasn't the same as in San Francisco in the '60s. It wasn't really a philosophy of, 'Free your mind with drugs.' It was more like, 'F?!k up your mind with drugs.' To create alternate realities doesn't necessarily help you understand your own reality. To me, music is recreation. Music is my drug. I realized this at 15. I was lucky to see it then."



Backstage at Denver's McNichol's Arena, Soundgarden guitarist Kim Thayil is unwinding after the band's set. They've been chewing up the road for eight months now, on a marathon trek that included the opening spot on Guns N' Roses' massive "Get in the Ring" tour. "Spending time with Ax! on the Guns tour, I realized how much stuff written about them is really bullshit," Chris told me back at the hotel. "They treated us better than any band ever has." Tonight, though, they are on a bill with Skid Row and Pantera. Clutching a Budweiser, SG's bearded axe shuts the dressing-room door and sits down on a tattered sofa that looks like it might have been there when Hendrix played (another Seattle-ite). "It's not tragic, it's a cartoon," he observes about Seattle's drug scene. "I think it's more a deplorable situation than a true tragedy. I don't know if anyone is a great hero done in by their own weakness, in the Greek tragic sense. I think it's just a cartoon—albeit, a dark cartoon.

"I'm not being flippant or disregarding the issue," Kim adds emphatically. "The issue troubles me deeply, but I must assume that people are intelligent. They can make decisions regarding their lives themselves—although am constantly shown that they can't."

The heroin problem in Seattle was brought to media attention by the death of Andy Wood in March of 1990. Mother Love Bone's charismatic frontman was beloved by many in the Seattle scene. His death from a heroin overdose at age 24 shook up the local rock community. It even inspired an incredibly emotional collaboration LP, *Temple of the Dog*. The title of the A&M release was taken from Andy's words in an MLB song. The band featured Jeff Ament and Stone Gossard, formerly of Love Bone (and currently of Pearl Jam), Eddie Vedder and Mike McCready of Pearl Jam, and Matt Cameron and Chris Cornell of Soundgarden.

Everybody knew Andy, but, as Chris recalls, his untimely passing did little to shock the needles out of the arms of the addicted. "I knew several people who were doing smack when Andy died," Chris remembers. "A few of them were like, 'This is it. I don't want to die. Let's start going to meetings and kick this shit.' But just as many were out there on a bender somewhere, because of what happened. Lots of people had opposite reactions. They'd say to themselves, 'He's dead because of something that could kill me, and I'm doing it because I can't deal with his death. So I'm just going to go out and do more.'

"I felt really alone when Andy died," Chris continues. "I spent a lot of time with him and tried to work out his pain creatively. Most of the time I really didn't know Andy was using. I offered to have him live with me, because he had just gotten out of treatment. He was going to live on the island with his parents, where he grew up. I thought that would be harder for him. Most of the time it was me watching him struggle not to shoot up, not to drink. It wasn't like observing Andy's high; it was more like experiencing him squirming."

"The last time I cried was when Andy died," sighs Kim. "Actually, that's not true. I cried the whole week, every time I thought about it. I missed him so much. And it wasn't because of the heroin. He could've been mountain climbing. He could have been driving his car real fast. Andy did drugs because he enjoyed doing it. It made him feel good. I remember teasing him about the marks in his arms. 'Say, what ya got there, man, a rash?' He started laughing, 'Yeah, a little rash.' We worked together at a cafe. I never said, 'What the f?!k is wrong with you?' I'm sure there were enough people in his life saying that to him. There were people that didn't want him to drink. I remember a night when we were at a Nirvana show at a small club downtown. I bought a six-pack at the 7-Eleven. We hid in the back, behind this piano, and drank it. He was telling me that he shouldn't be drinking. I said to him, 'Do you want me to tell you not to drink, 'cause I'm gonna drink this?' If he didn't want it, I wouldn't have given it to him. In the two weeks after Andy's death there were people that blamed the drug. 'It's a disease,' they said. They implied that Andy didn't have a will, and they were taking away the little respect he should have been afforded—that he could make choices on his behalf. I don't agree with the disease model of substance abuse at all. I think it's a medical cartel scam fostered by the insurance companies. The disease model takes away where the problem lies,

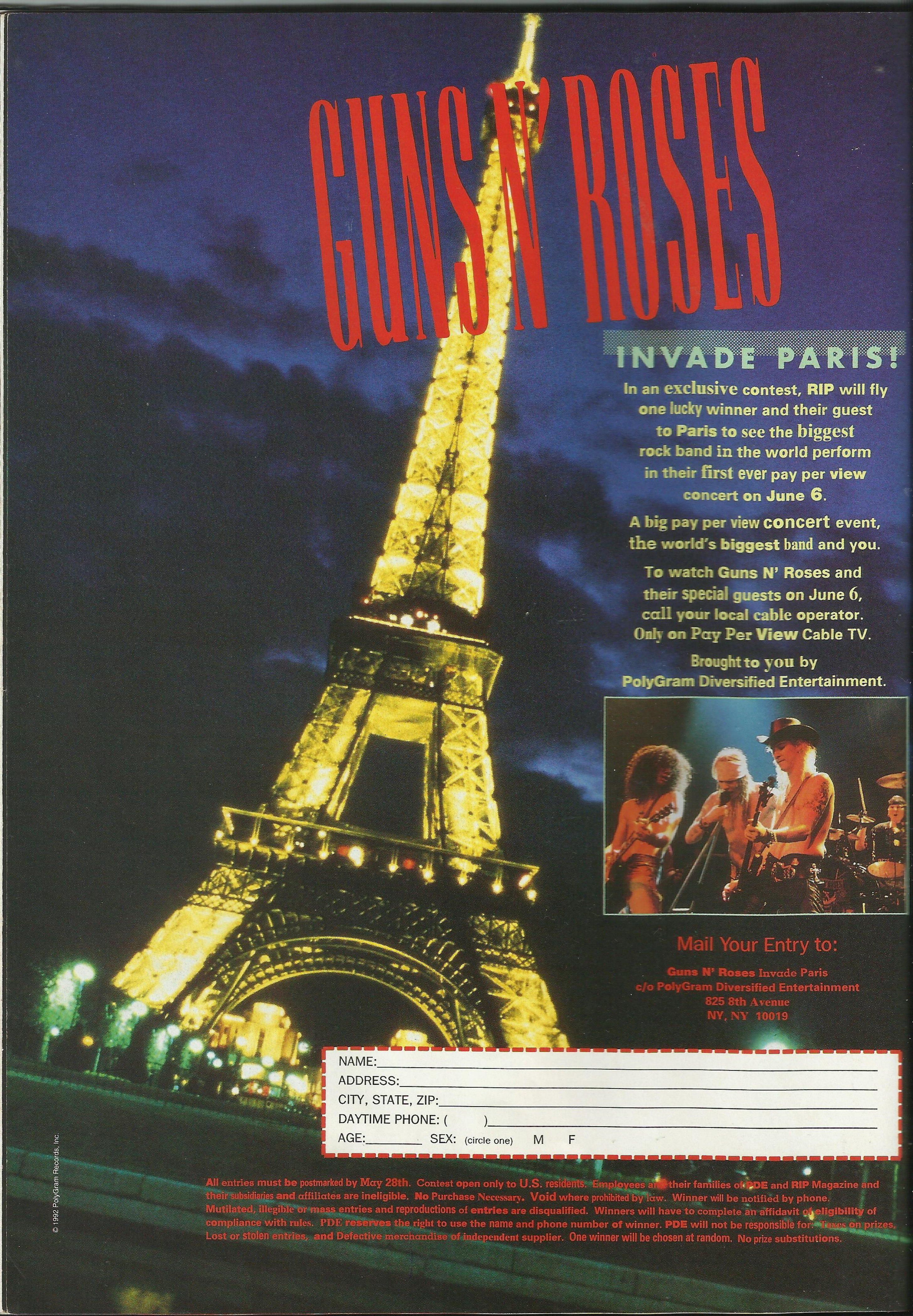
*(continued on page 92)*

Lisa Johnson

RIP®

# KISS

William Hames



# GUNS N' ROSES

## INVADE PARIS!

In an exclusive contest, **RIP** will fly one lucky winner and their guest to **Paris** to see the biggest rock band in the world perform in their first ever pay per view concert on **June 6**.

A big pay per view **concert** event, the world's **biggest** band and you.

To watch **Guns N' Roses** and their special guests on June 6, call your local cable operator. Only on Pay Per **View** Cable TV.

Brought to you by
**PolyGram Diversified Entertainment.**

Mail Your Entry to:

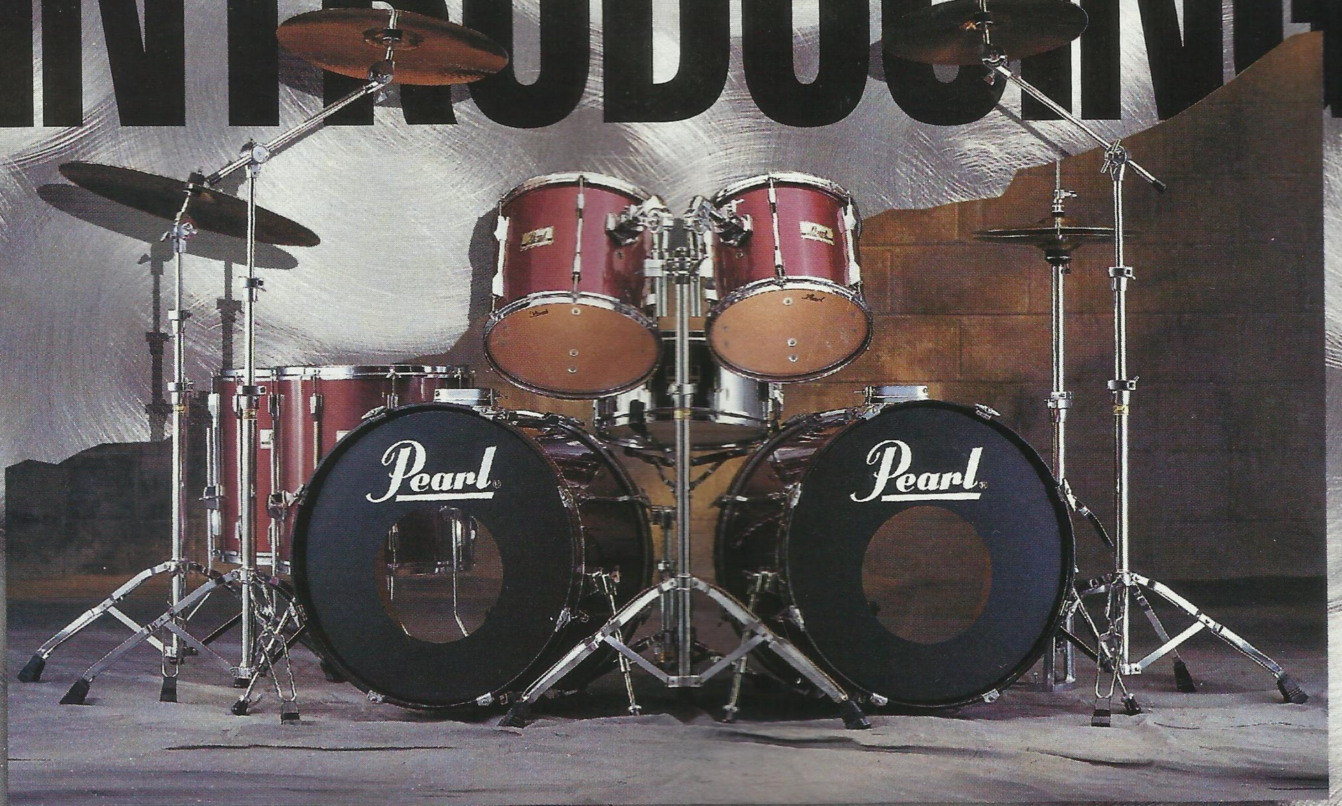
**Guns N' Roses** Invade Paris
c/o PolyGram Diversified Entertainment
825 8th Avenue
NY, NY 10019

NAME:____________________
ADDRESS:____________________
CITY, STATE, ZIP:____________________
DAYTIME PHONE: (      )____________________
AGE:________ SEX: (circle one) M F

All entries must be postmarked by May 28th. Contest open only to U.S. residents. Employees and their families of PDE and RIP Magazine and their subsidiaries and affiliates are ineligible. No Purchase Necessary. Void where prohibited by law. Winner will be notified by phone. Mutilated, illegible or mass entries and reproductions of entries are disqualified. Winners will have to complete an affidavit of eligibility of compliance with rules. PDE reserves the right to use the name and phone number of winner. PDE will not be responsible for: Taxes on prizes, Lost or stolen entries, and Defective merchandise of independent supplier. One winner will be chosen at random. No prize substitutions.

© 1992 PolyGram Records, Inc.

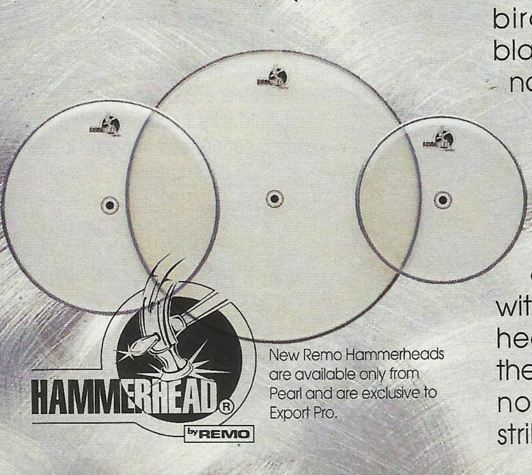
# INTRODUCING



# EXPORT PRO

The new Export Pro Series is loaded with features you would only expect to find on drum sets that cost twice the price. Features such as double braced 850W series hardware, (the same hardware that comes stock with all of our professional series kits including top of the line CZX Custom), a newly designed mirror finish chrome snare drum, chain drive bass drum pedal, birch shell interiors and new black bass drum hoops, just to name a few. Export Pro offers eleven beautiful color choices with road proven durability. For maximum projection and outstanding tone all Export Pro series drums are fitted exclusively with Remo Hammerhead drum heads. Hammerheads feature the patented "attack circle" that not only gives the drummer a strike point, but also directs the attack towards the most resonant part of the head. Export Pro Series drum sets are now available with either 20" or 22" bass drums. Export Pro even uses the same type badges that are found on all other Pearl professional series kits.

The new Export Pro Series from Pearl. A professional quality drum set at an entry level price.



New Remo Hammerheads are available only from Pearl and are exclusive to Export Pro.

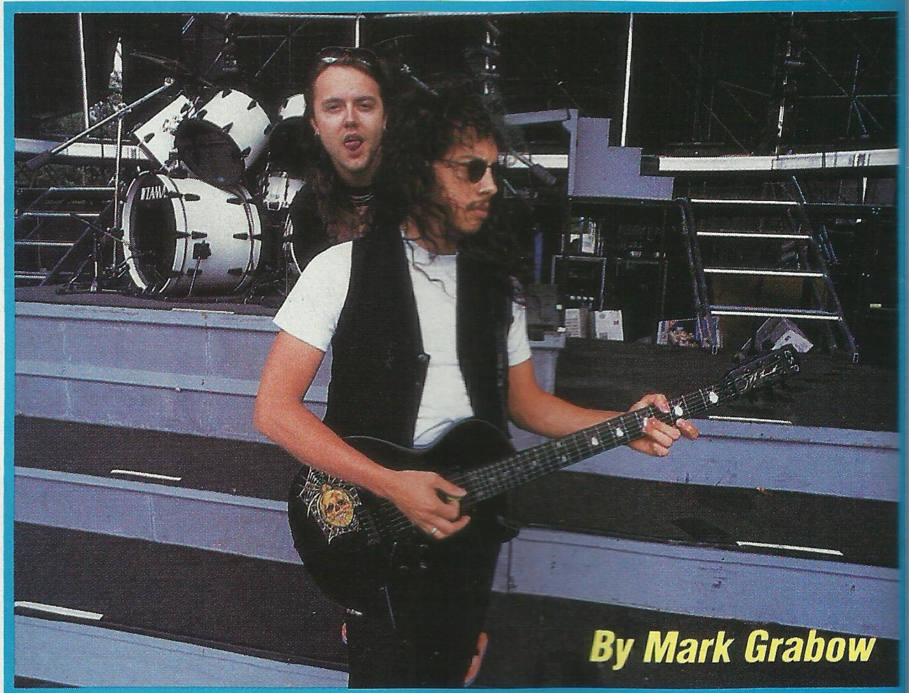
**Pearl®**
The best reason to play drums.

See the new Export Pro Series at your local authorized Pearl dealer or write for the 1992 catalog to: Pearl Corporation, Export Catalog Request, 549 Metroplex Dr., Nashville, Tn. 37211. Please enclose $3 shipping/ handling.

# GIG OF THE MONTH

## METALLICA

Los Angeles Sports Arena
*Los Angeles, California*



**By Mark Grabow**

Something was definitely up. This was apparent as I hurried through the crime-ridden park surrounding the Los Angeles Sports Arena, taken over that night by the mighty Metallica, who had steamrolled into town for two more sold-out shows after *four* SRO dates at the Forum in January. From the shadowy niches and dark corners where fans had gathered for a little pre-show guzzling came the sounds of...giggles? Girls, whole passels of them, at a Metallica concert? Like I said, something was definitely up.

More odd sights awaited me inside the arena. The crowd was, well, different from the crowds I'd encountered at other Metallica shows on earlier tours. Shorter hair, cleaner clothes—I even saw a Slaughter T-shirt, for God's sake. It was apparent that Metallica had met the MTV generation and sucked it right in, dragging Joe and Suzy Mainstream along on their expedition into the darker, heavier side of the musical spectrum.

Okay, I should have expected it. The new album was also a little different—a little slower, a little more accessible. And then there were all those videos, and the hit singles on the radio. None of that bothered me though. I wasn't one of those fickle fans pouting and screaming, "Sell out." The way I see it, change is a fact of life, and Metallica, of all bands, had every right to mess with the classic speed-metal formula, because, for the most part, they invented it. Metallica obviously wanted to be *big*, to widen their audience; and looking around at the crowd from my seat, it was obvious they'd succeeded beyond their wildest hopes. My only concern was, would they still tear my face off live?

The lights dimmed a bit, and the video screens scattered about the arena sprang to flickering life. School was in session for the legions of new fans, as a documentary history of the band unrolled, covering everything from the early days, to the legend of Cliff, to the recording of *Metallica*. Sixteen thousand fans watched attentively, memorizing obscure Metalli-facts to be dropped into later conversations to make it seem like they'd been into the band way before "Enter Sandman." It was mostly old news to me, so I used the time to check out the stage. Gone was the simple backdrop of their opening stints for Ozzy. Gone were the crumbling ruins of the Justice tour. Instead there was this sleek, black, spider-looking thing crouched over a vaguely star-shaped platform, hiding it from view. I looked up at the screens just in time to see Lars, in a live transmission from backstage, taping his fingers and babbling on about something or other.

Finally the house lights went down all the way, and the first chiming notes of "Sandman" rang out across the arena. The spider thing lifted its legs to reveal the band and a curvy "snake" pit set into the middle of the stage and filled with a few dozen lucky thrashing stiffs. Any doubts I had about the intensity of the performance were dispelled when James, Lars, Kirk and Jason, all in basic black, tore into the chorus, and waves of heaviness began to crash down upon on my head.

Kirk prowled from edge to edge, front to back, grinning like a fool through the first few numbers, all from the new album, and laying down a slightly cleaner brand of solo than I was used to hearing, but one that fit in well with the band's '90s vibe. Lars zipped around in a nifty motorized drum kit, never missing a beat despite his Bob Hope does Pebble Beach imitation. His monstrous pound has always been a vital component of this bad machine's noisy guts, especially in a live setting, and he came across this night, if it's possible, as even louder and more frenzied than ever. Jason played the clown, swinging that goofy 'do and exhorting the crowd to scream along, all the while deftly plunking out the complex bass lines that contribute mightily to the tightness of the new material.

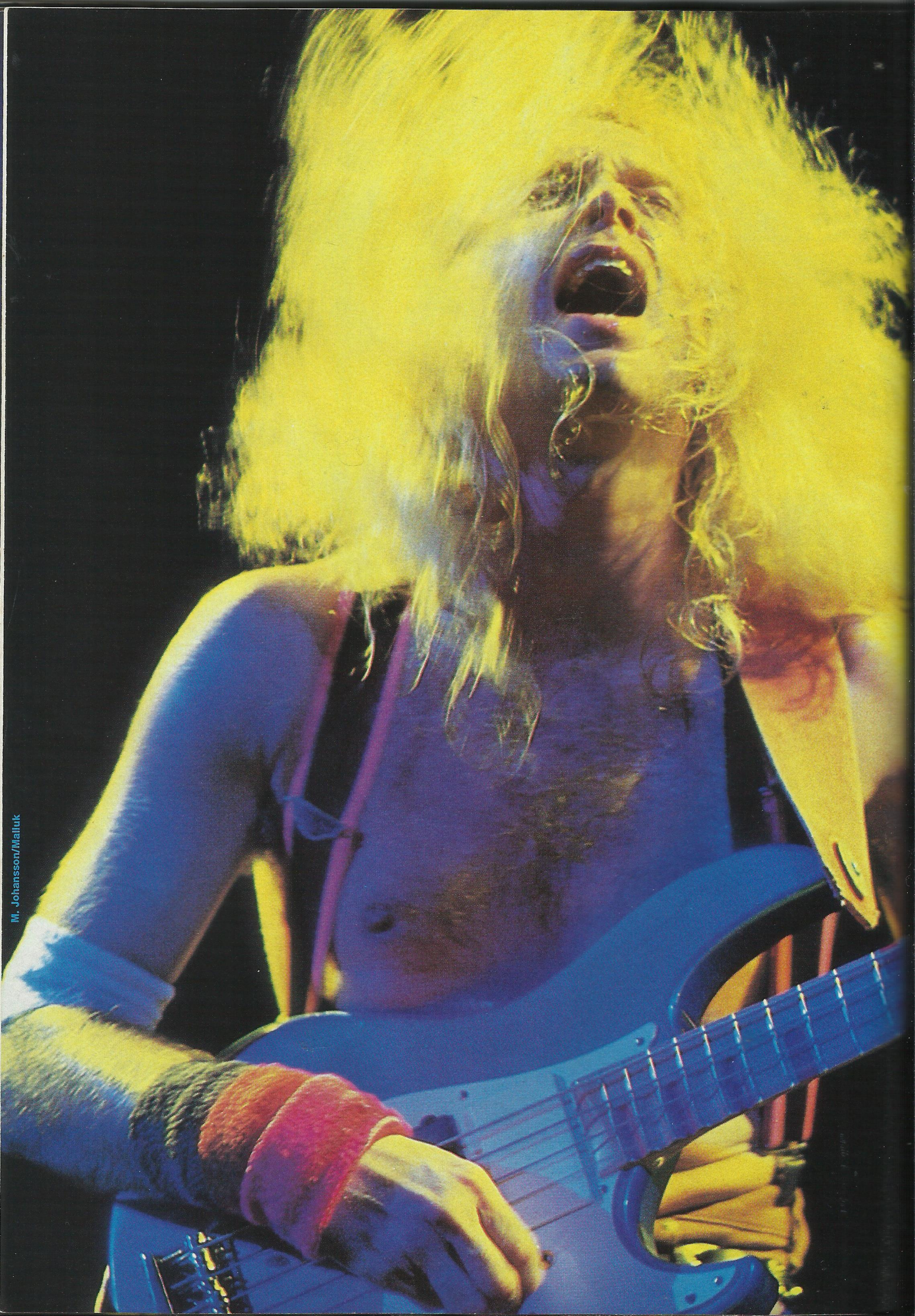
And then there was James. He's turned in that battered old guitar with the "Kill Bon Jovi" graffiti for a shiny, black stealth bomber of an axe, but he still stutters out the thudding undercurrent that weaves its way through all the band's anthems, that almost subliminal dumdumdum-dum-dumdum-dum riff that gives the stuff marchlike qualities at times, and he's still got the funniest mic stance since Motorhead's Lemmy. And don't you know he's a crooner now, a gothic he-man switching back and forth from the romantic yowl of "Nothing Else Matters" and the old snarl and roar of "Master of Puppets." Who'd have thought there'd ever be tons of young girls moaning and clutching their little hearts when this guy yelled out ,"How you f?!kers doin'?"

Some highlights of the two-and-a-half hour noisefest? How about the *Justice* medley, featuring snippets of "And Justice for All," "Harvester of Sorrow" and "The Shortest Straw" stitched together into a seamless whole, and then "One," also from *Justice*, complete with video accompaniment and the loudest explosions and biggest flashpot display of the evening. How about James doing double duty on acoustic and electric during the melancholy "The Unforgiven," which left more than a few Bics exhausted by its conclusion. A personal favorite was the string of old standards—you know, "Whiplash," "For Whom the Bell Tolls," "Am I Evil," etc.—capped off by a truly incredible version of "Seek and Destroy" that had the arena on its feet and screaming itself hoarse.

Toss in a drum solo, a bass solo, a playful bit of instrument swapping during the encore and what seemed like a hundred other classic songs, and you'll understand why I consider it the best Metallica performance I've seen to date. As I walked back to my car afterwards, surrounded by dazed, sweat-drenched, euphoric little boys and girls, obvious neophytes shouting at each other over the ringing in their ears, I resisted the urge I had to bark things like, "Now you know," and, "What took you so long?" Why toss shit? They really do know now, that's what's important; and the more the merrier, I always say. •

Ross Halfin/Zlozower

Ross Halfin/Zlozower


M. Johansson/Malluk

# MR. BIG TIME

### by Laurel Fishman

A #1 record. It's the stuff of dreams, dreams that go back to childhood and seeing your first rock concert. In bassist Billy Sheehan of Mr. Big's case, that pivotal first show just happened to be Jimi Hendrix. "It fried my brain completely," Billy reminisces to his attentive audience, "and I've never been the same since." From the crowd gathered for Billy's Yamaha bass seminar at the National Association of Music Merchants trade exposition in Anaheim, California, comes a question: "What do you do when you have a hit single?" Billy jokes that, in addition to his existing endorsements for such musical gear as custom strings and guitars, well, why not Billy Sheehan brand ice cream! An offhand quip, but just a few weeks later Mr. Big's "To Be With You" single is at the very top of the charts, and now both the song and the *Lean Into It* album the song is from have been certified gold. While there may not yet be official ice cream to commemorate the band, life on the road for Mr. Big is sweet indeed.

In a deserted industrial area just west of Chicago's downtown an old warehouse is the center of a nippy night's activities. The location is a dilapidated, timeworn brick building. Creaky stairs lead inside, where rust-encrusted pipes run the length of the ceiling. As far as the eye can see, corkscrew-shaped, brittle strips of decades-old paint peel down the walls in curlicue patterns, like scaly monster skin. Plastic sheets block the drafty windows, and propane heaters are scattered around to combat the chill. Flickering in the eerie darkness, scores of candles surround vocalist Eric Martin as a video crew prepares for the next take of Mr. Big's follow-up single, "Just Take My Heart."

Eric expresses disappointment that the nearby site of the infamous St. Valentine's Day Massacre was never designated a historical landmark, and so is now a retirement home. Leaning against a wall, he begins to lip-sync, "Just take my heart when you—" but is interrupted by a crash. His foot has gone right through the decaying wall! He is repositioned while the other bandmembers and the crew, in

"hurry up and wait" mode, amuse themselves by determining the combustion point of bubble gum, red licorice and Chicago deep-dish pizza crust placed on top of the heaters. They find that M&M peanuts burn for ten minutes, and guitar picks go *boom*, then *poof*!

Billy surveys the week's *Billboard*. He points out Mr. Big on the cover and turns to the charts. "Michael Jackson's way-y-y down here at #4," he laughs. "Mr. Big is #1, Michael Jackson is #4. Not bad for a buncha white boys!"

The following afternoon finds the "buncha white boys" disembarking from their tour bus to enter the Park West nightclub amid cheers and applause from fans lined up around the block. Once in the dressing room the guys warm up on old Hollies and David Bowie songs, as well as a Vegas lounge version of "Fly Me to the Moon."

Next it's "'Niacin Man,' featuring Billy Sheehan on niacin!" With elaborate fanfare Billy shakes a vitamin bottle, runs to the water cooler and tosses back seven tablets. A flush creeps over his face and down his chest, turning his skin from pale pink to deep red. Soon he is itching and scratching like a bouncer at a flea circus!

"To juice the carrots, or not to juice the carrots," orates guitarist Paul Gilbert, "that is the question." He eyeballs his Champion juicer and the piles of carrots on the table, then carts off all 15 pounds of the rabbit food to be washed. Drummer Pat Torpey enjoys his own snack, a swordfish sandwich and chocolate milkshake. Bandmembers then indulge in a round of carrot-juice toasting.

Niacin show notwithstanding, things are pretty tame in the Mr. Big dressing room. "Like being on the road with a buncha Mormons," Billy deadpans. But if that's true, the lady-killing Billy must surely be the resident bigamist of this outfit. He enjoys the idea. "It's Mr. Biigamist!" he chuckles.

Tonight the intimate, yet spacious Park West is strictly standing-room only. Its dance floor is crammed with bodies, each table is filled to the limit, and people are squeezed against the bar, balconies and stairs. Mr. Big's AC/DC intro song comes over the P.A.: "Are you ready for a good time?" Park West is ready all right.

As the Big boys open with "Daddy, Brother, Lover, Little Boy," the crowd's screams almost drown out the band. They fire up the audience with the bluesy, soulful harmonies Mr. Big is known for, and one of the original homes of the blues welcomes them back like one of its own. "Chicago—just like I pictured it!" cries Eric, wailin' on the bayou with Paul, taking a little trip down to New Orleans on "Voodoo Kiss." Eric's fingers scamper across the frets of Billy's bass from behind on "Green-Tinted Sixties Mind," and the enthusiastic fans sing and dance along. It's harmony heaven for guitar and bass, then Billy and Paul do a flashy call-and-response between their axes. Billy's down-and-dirty bullfrog voice insinuates itself throughout the groovin', stripteasin', bass drum-kickin' "A Little Too Loose," and the a cappella intro to "Road to Ruin" turns into a rockin' ride, with unexpected sections taking musical twists and turns. On Paul's solo he whips out his bag of tricks, from blazin' boogie to long, mile-a-minute, power-picking sprees. Over every sustained note at the end of each extended run, the audience cheers loudly. For good measure, Paul pulls out the old electric drill for further guitar abuse, mouthing the trilling melody. Pat puts himself through his paces on his ultramarine-blue custom kit, marching and shuffling with his sticks on the sassy "Take a Walk."

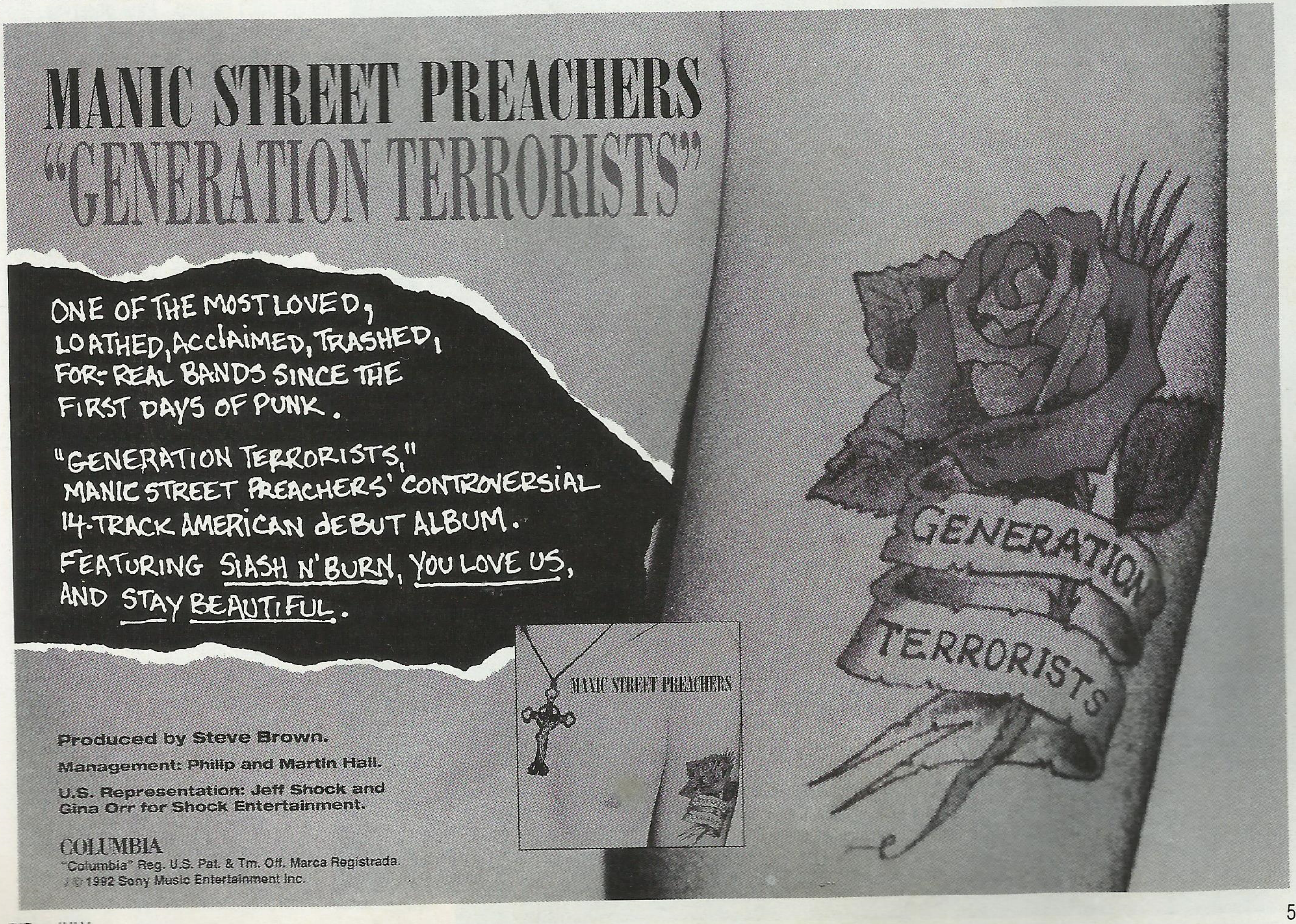
Eric introduces Billy for his solo: "Mr. Bad, Mr. Bold, Mr. Bodacious, Mr. Breakfast of Champions." Billy creates a two-handed flamenco-esque interlude and tosses in various mutated musical species, from classical demento to rodeo R&B, featuring herds of stampeding horses and swarms of insects from Alpha Centauri. He segues into "Addicted to That Rush," chomping with his teeth on the neck of his bass. At set's end Pat keeps time on the high-hat as Paul flips over his guitar. It says "Applause," but the crowd's already worked up. The stomping and clapping for an encore could go on much longer, but Messrs. Big are ready to give 'em what they want. Says Eric, "Thanks for making this song #1 in the country," and it takes only the opening bars of their sweet, unpretentious "To Be With You" to whip the fans into a total frenzy. Chicago doesn't want to let them go. Billy leaves the stage literally jumping for joy.

Thoroughly exhilarated, he cabs it to the China Club. Bulls and Bears players hang out in the VIP lounge, and the club's management sends two beautiful women to dance on basketball star Michael Jordan's table. With a little prodding Billy is up and undulating atop *his* table for his own entourage, executing moves that have earned him the nickname "Rubberlegs." Billy steals the show from the other tabletop terpsichoreans and attracts more ladies. Using the opening gambit that never seems to fail him, he introduces himself and his place of origin: "I'm from Buffalo," he grins broadly. "Everyone else is from normal parents!"

On the way to Milwaukee painfully few hours later, the tour bus passes cows in meadows by the highway. The talk turns to how pranksters sometimes tip cows on their sides, breaking their ribs. "Lucky for them they have *spare*ribs," Billy cracks, his sense of humor unimpaired by lack of sleep.

"Can you do this?" Pat asks, rubbing his stomach with one hand and patting his head with the other. "Now, switch!" Pat and Billy perform the stunt with ease, but Paul and Eric fail the coordination test. They graduate to tongue-curling, ear-wiggling and face-pulling until

Glen LaFerman



# MANIC STREET PREACHERS
## "GENERATION TERRORISTS"

ONE OF THE MOST LOVED, LOATHED, ACCLAIMED, TRASHED, FOR-REAL BANDS SINCE THE FIRST DAYS OF PUNK.

"GENERATION TERRORISTS," MANIC STREET PREACHERS' CONTROVERSIAL 14-TRACK AMERICAN DEBUT ALBUM. FEATURING SLASH N' BURN, YOU LOVE US, AND STAY BEAUTIFUL.

**Produced by Steve Brown.**

**Management: Philip and Martin Hall.**

**U.S. Representation: Jeff Shock and Gina Orr for Shock Entertainment.**

COLUMBIA

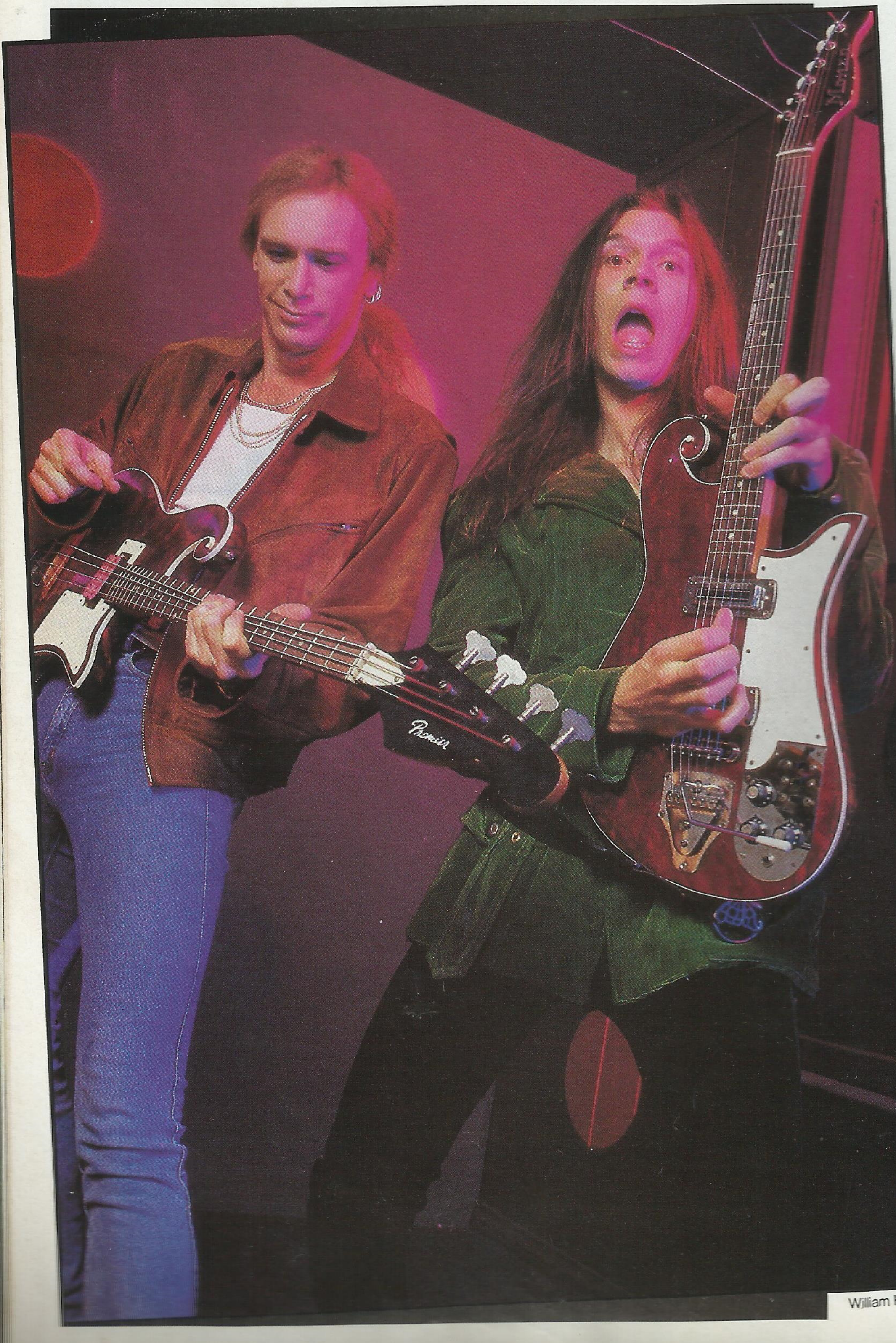
"Columbia" Reg. U.S. Pat. & Tm. Off. Marca Registrada.
℗ © 1992 Sony Music Entertainment Inc.

the bus pulls into The Rave at Central Park's parking lot.

In the hours remaining before the gig the guys kick back, nap and talk about the phenomenon of getting to #1. "At first we didn't get much support from anybody," Billy says, "not radio or MTV. MTV played 'Addicted to That Rush' a bit, but it didn't necessarily work for them. I'm not gonna blame them for that. So we said, 'To hell with everybody. We're just gonna play.' And we went on the road. When we played, there were always people there, and they were always diggin' it—a sea of smiling faces." Billy believes the band did a good job on the first record. "It didn't do as well as we thought it would," he acknowledges, "but when we played, people came up and told us how much they loved us. We had faith in them. The music business and the corporate entities didn't have faith in us, but the people sure did."

Mr. Big made their second record. "We put the single out, and it did okay," Billy says, "and the next single started to kick in a little bit. It was limping along. We figured, 'The hell with all this corporate industry stuff. Let's go right to the people that are with us, the people that come to see us play.' We went out and played live and bashed our heads against the wall. It was tough, but we loved it."

Then an amazing thing happened, Billy recounts: "Out of nowhere, in Lincoln, Nebraska, a deejay started playing 'To Be With You,' and it went berserk. Instant phone requests and Top 5 the first week, and within no time it was #1 requested. The stores sold out of it in a couple of days. They ordered more; those sold out. They ordered more; *those* sold out. Omaha had to play it because Lincoln was playing it, then Tampa—another big breakout market—then Boston, Milwaukee, San Francisco, Seattle. It just went crazy. As soon as people played it on the radio, the phones lit up. A phenomenon. And the people we have to thank for that are the people who listen to the song."



William Hames

Billy's faith in the connection between the band and their audience was reinforced. "It's put in priority. It's the *top* priority. MTV has come to the party, and they've been great. Radio can't get enough of it. But the first people there were the people out in the crowd, watching us play."

Billy describes Mr. Big's appearance on David Letterman's show as another breakthrough. "We're all huge, giant fans of Letterman and Letterman's band," he says. "So when we got the call to be on the show, it blew our minds. I called my mom up when we got the #1 single. She was like, 'Oh, that's nice.' Then it was, 'Mom, we're the #1 requested video on MTV.' 'Oh, that's very nice.' Then, 'We're the hottest record on radio stations across the country.' 'Oh, that's very nice.' 'Mom, we're on David Letterman.' 'You're kidding me! Oh, my God! I've got to call the neighbors!' "

"In the music business, I think that for every one thing that happens, one hundred things don't happen," Paul observes. "Because of that you build up a sort of resistance, where you make sure you don't get too excited about anything until it's done. You don't even allow yourself to believe that you have a tour until you're actually onstage. Like the Letterman thing. I kept asking everybody, 'Is this for sure?' We'd been talking about trying to get on Letterman for years. When we finally did it, when it was all over, we were slapping each other high fives and just yelling, 'Yeah! We did it!' "

Pat, who has played with Robert Plant and Ted Nugent, been a studio musician and had his own bands, talks about the way his career has suddenly exploded. "You work 20 years, and then you're an overnight success. When your record makes it, it moves quickly, but you've worked for a long time to get to this point. Chances are very remote for it to happen. It's like winning the lottery."

The Milwaukee audience greets the band with a deafening roar. As with the Chicago gig, this is probably the last time Milwaukee will ever have the treat of seeing Mr. Big in a venue this size. As they have been doing in city after city, on continent after continent, Mr. Big's musicians give the town a killer show. After the last hand is shaken and the last autograph signed, the last Milwaukee sees of Mr. Big is Billy leading two gorgeous model-types in slinky leathers to the tour bus—the kind of "Foxy Ladies" Jimi Hendrix himself would have appreciated. Hey, he would have dug it all. Big time. •

# FREEZE FRAME

EDITED BY JANISS GARZA

**HARD 'N' HEAVY: GRINDCORE SPECIAL ISSUE**
(A*Vision Entertainment)

Warning: This video-nasty hurts. The good folks at *Hard 'N' Heavy* have finally done something really ugly: served up 80 minutes of unadulterated audiovisual extreme noise terrorism guaranteed to cause retinal damage. *Grindcore Special* is a treat for the bludgeoned senses, a sampler of the harshest, deathliest sounds around, featuring a ton of unreleased live and interview footage sure to please the most grind-happy of the cognoscenti.

Tied together by interview segments with the High Lord of Grindcore himself, Earache Records founder, proprietor and unabashed fan Digby Pearson, *Grindcore Special* is a snappily edited, relatively comprehensive prowl through the sonic turf where the guitars go, "Grrrrriiiind!" and the vocals go, "Bllleeeuuuurrrgh!" Fittingly, it's Birmingham, England, noisemongers Napalm Death who kick matters off, the band that set a hundred guitars on "kill" and proclaimed themselves "The End of Music as We Know It." From there, it just gets, well, more *painful*.

Watch as ex-Napalm Death skin-beater Mick Harris (now with his own band, Scorn) explains the true meaning of being really *chuffed*! Thrill to Morbid Angel's Dave Vincent equating Satanism with Christianity! Laugh as Godflesh's Justin Broadrick twitches with the paranoia that underscores his band's techno-physical pummel. Scream in terror as the likes of Carcass, Paradise Lost, Bolt Thrower, Nocturnus, Sonic Violence, Cerebral Fix, Entombed, Vengeance Rising and Prophecy Of Doom snarl 'em out low and loud.

With a lineup like that, brain-melting sound and some very top-notch visuals, how could any self-respecting death-metaller or grindcore freak *not* be really, really chuffed? *—Mike Gitter*

**QUEEN: *We Will Rock You***
(Strand Home Video)

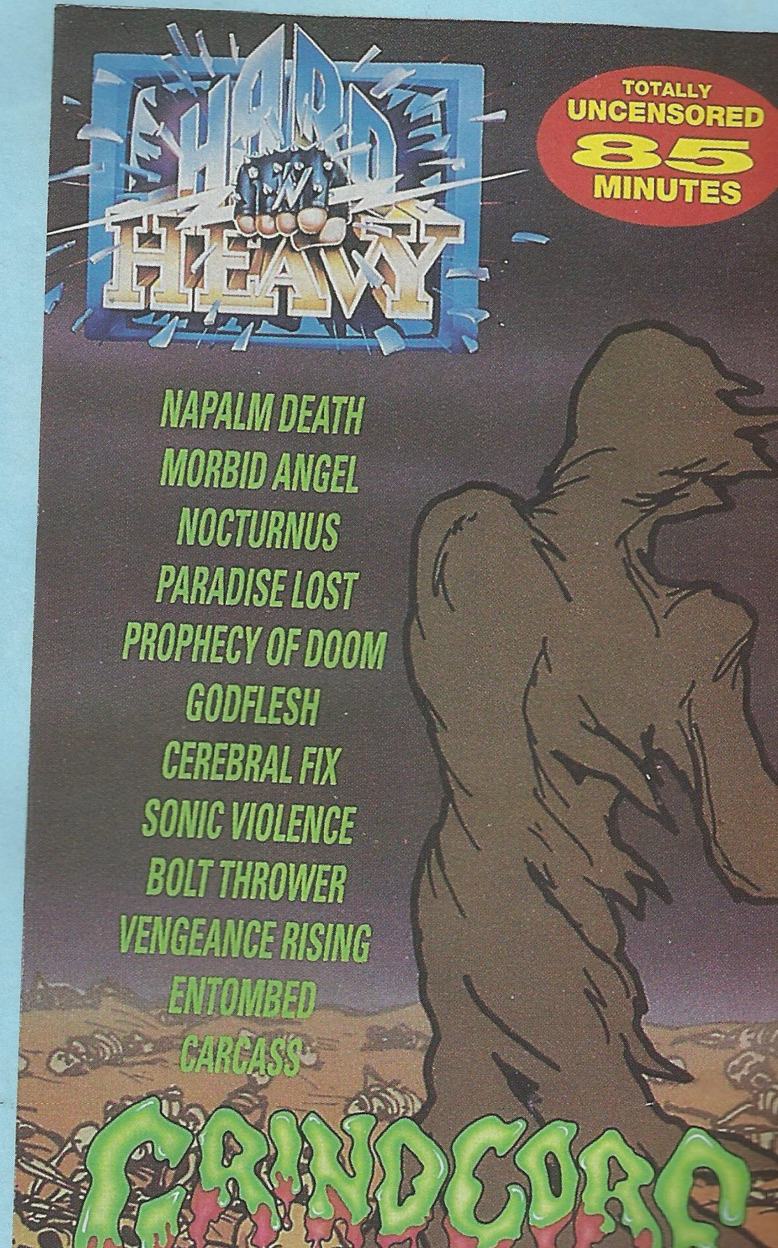
Cigarette-lighter flames flicker in the pitch-black darkness of the arena. The audience screams in anticipation. An explosion of lights, sounds of thunder and flashes of lightning come from the stage. Amid swirling clouds of smoke, Queen takes to the boards with a double-time version of "We Will Rock You," ringleader Freddie Mercury firmly in command. "You wanna get crazy?" Freddie asks. "Let's do it!"

Freddie Mercury, virtuoso vocalist and musical mastermind. He was a rock wunderkind, a magical, theatrical hero and a legendary personality. The world lost one of the finest entertainers of all time when AIDS claimed the life of Freddie recently, but this concert film is surely one way he'd like to be remembered.

*We Will Rock You* has all of Queen's intricate arrangements—classical elements infused into a rock context with acoustic guitar and piano—interpreted as only Queen can. It's hit after hit with rhythm monsters Roger Taylor on drums and bassist John Deacon, and gifted guitarist Brian May. Brian's playing is versatile and electrifying, with a traditional feel that is always original, whether smooth or chunky, down-and-dirty or floating on air.

The camera captures Freddie at the keyboard and some of his deliberate, stylized stage moves. There's the pomp of a royal court mixed with the excitement of the street as the band members shift easily from operatic drama to animal passion. "Get Down Make Love" is humpin' and bumpin' music, its primitive, rhythmic intro segueing into the strangely natural-sounding techno-noises of an industrial jungle. Brian gets down on the floor to torture his guitar, Freddie chants the title, and the song swings into a groove and ends abruptly—all typical of the artistic risks Queen's known for.

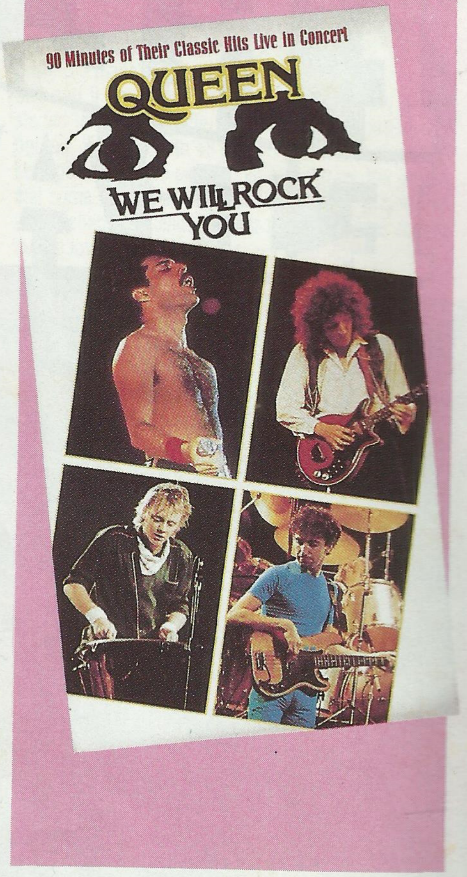
Experts at building a set, Queen works many levels of emotion in *We Will Rock You*. An exultant Freddie



struts, stomps, wiggles and preens, whipping the audience up. Roger plays a solo on kettle drums. John delivers the unforgettable percolating bassline intro of "Under Pressure." The rockabilly of "Crazy Little Thing Called Love" is followed by the epic splendor of "Bohemian Rhapsody," which drives the crowd wild. The reprise of "We Will Rock You," one of rock's strongest anthems, embodies the majesty of a full orchestra, as does "We Are the Champions."

And they still are. In early 1992 "Bohemian Rhapsody" reached the top of the European charts, as did the album *Greatest Hits II*. Hollywood Records has released the entire album collection on CD. A part of Freddie's estate goes to help AIDS patients, and a percentage of sales from Hollywood Records' "Bohemian Rhapsody" and "The Show Must Go On" goes to the Magic Johnson Foundation, which also receives benefits from sales of this *We Will Rock You* video. Queen continues to be a celebration of life that touches people's hearts. The legacy lives on.

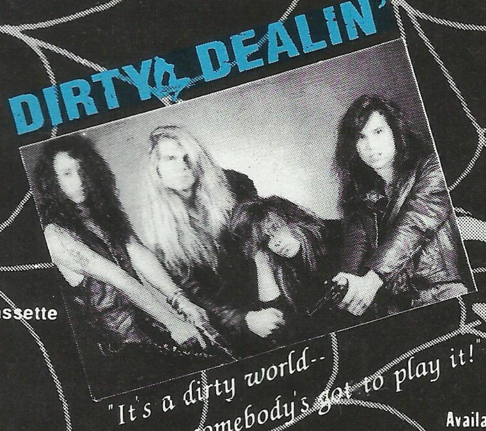
—*Laurel Fishman*



QUEEN

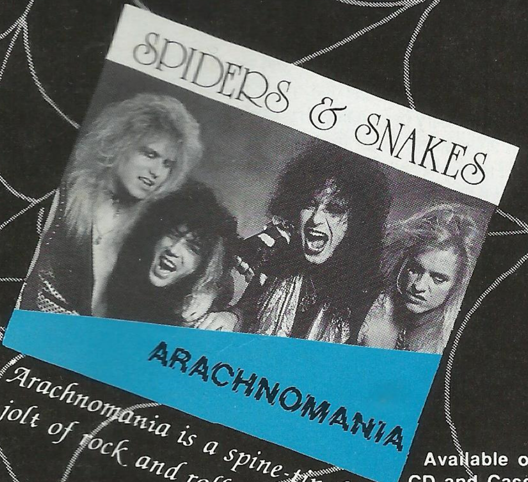
QUEEN

"BARTENDER...,
MAKE IT A DOUBLE"



Limited Edition Cassette

"It's a dirty world--
somebody's got to play it!"



"Arachnomania is a spine-tingling
jolt of rock and roll madness!"

Available on
CD and Cassette

Available at a special price at
TOWER RECORDS

Marketing/Promotion By RKD Entertainment Promotions
4172 West 166th Street Lawndale, CA 90260-3027
Tel: (310) 542-1533

STRESS RECORDS

Graphics By Dave Newman (818) 753-9691
Spiders & Snakes Photo By Alex Solca

Dirty Dealin' Fan Club
4172 West 166th Street
Lawndale, CA 90260-3027

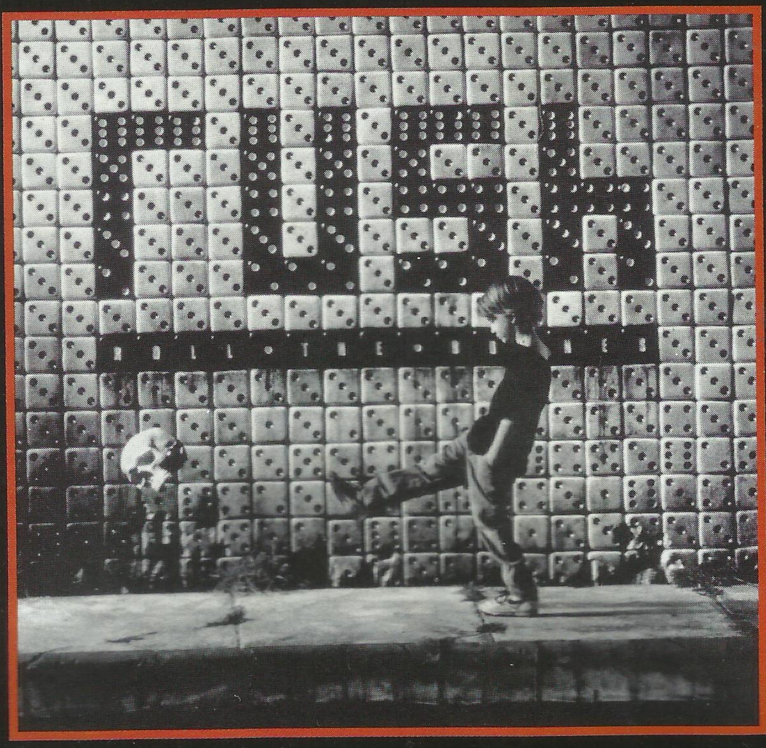
Distributed Worldwide By RED
Relativity Entertainment Distribution

ultimate
RECORDS

LIMITED EDITION 2-COLOR T-SHIRTS!!
JUST SEND $12.00 CHECK/CASH/MO to:
Spiders & Snakes Merchandise & Fan Club
13950 Ventura Boulevard Suite 114
Sherman Oaks, CA 91423
24-hour hotlines (213) 874-6676 or (818) 986-1276

## ON TOUR:

| | |
|---|---|
| MAY 21 | Memphis, TN |
| 23 | Kansas City, KS |
| 24 | Wichita, KS |
| 25 | Oklahoma City, OK |
| 27 | Denver, CO |
| 29 | Salt Lake City, UT |
| 31 | San Francisco, CA |
| JUNE 1 | Reno, NV |
| 3,4,5 | Los Angeles, CA |
| 7 | Phoenix, AZ |
| 9 | Albuquerque, NM |
| 10 | Lubbock, TX |



## ON TOUR:

| | |
|---|---|
| JUNE 12 | St. Louis, MO |
| 13 | Nashville, TN |
| 14 | Charlotte, NC |
| 16 | Washington, DC |
| 17 | Boston, MA |
| 19 | Meadowlands, NJ |
| 20 | Jones Beach, LI |
| 23 | Dayton, OH |
| 24 | Indianapolis, IN |
| 26 | Detroit, MI |
| 27 | Alpine Valley, WI |
| 28 | Chicago, IL |

# ROLL THE BONES

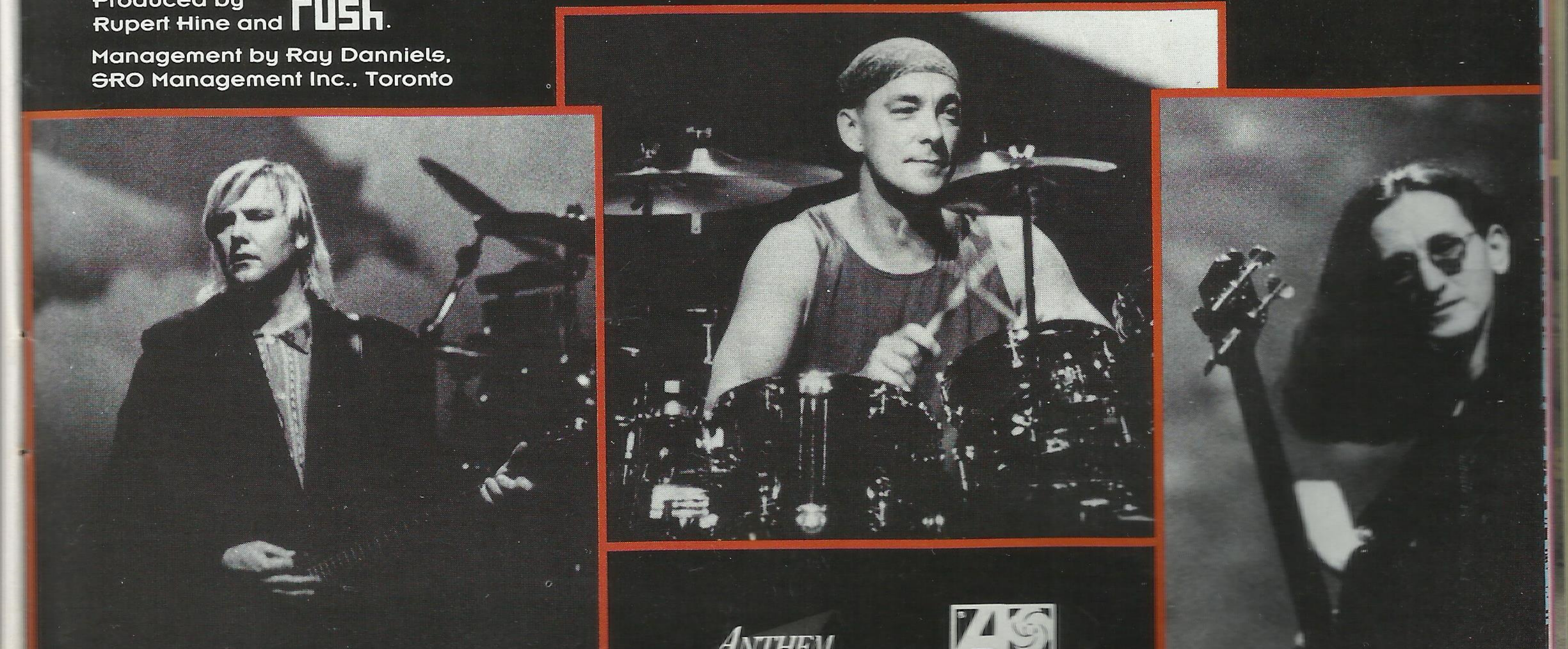
# RUSH

INCLUDES

**"ROLL THE BONES," "DREAMLINE," "GHOST OF A CHANCE" and "BRAVADO."**

Produced by
Rupert Hine and RUSH.

Management by Ray Danniels,
SRO Management Inc., Toronto

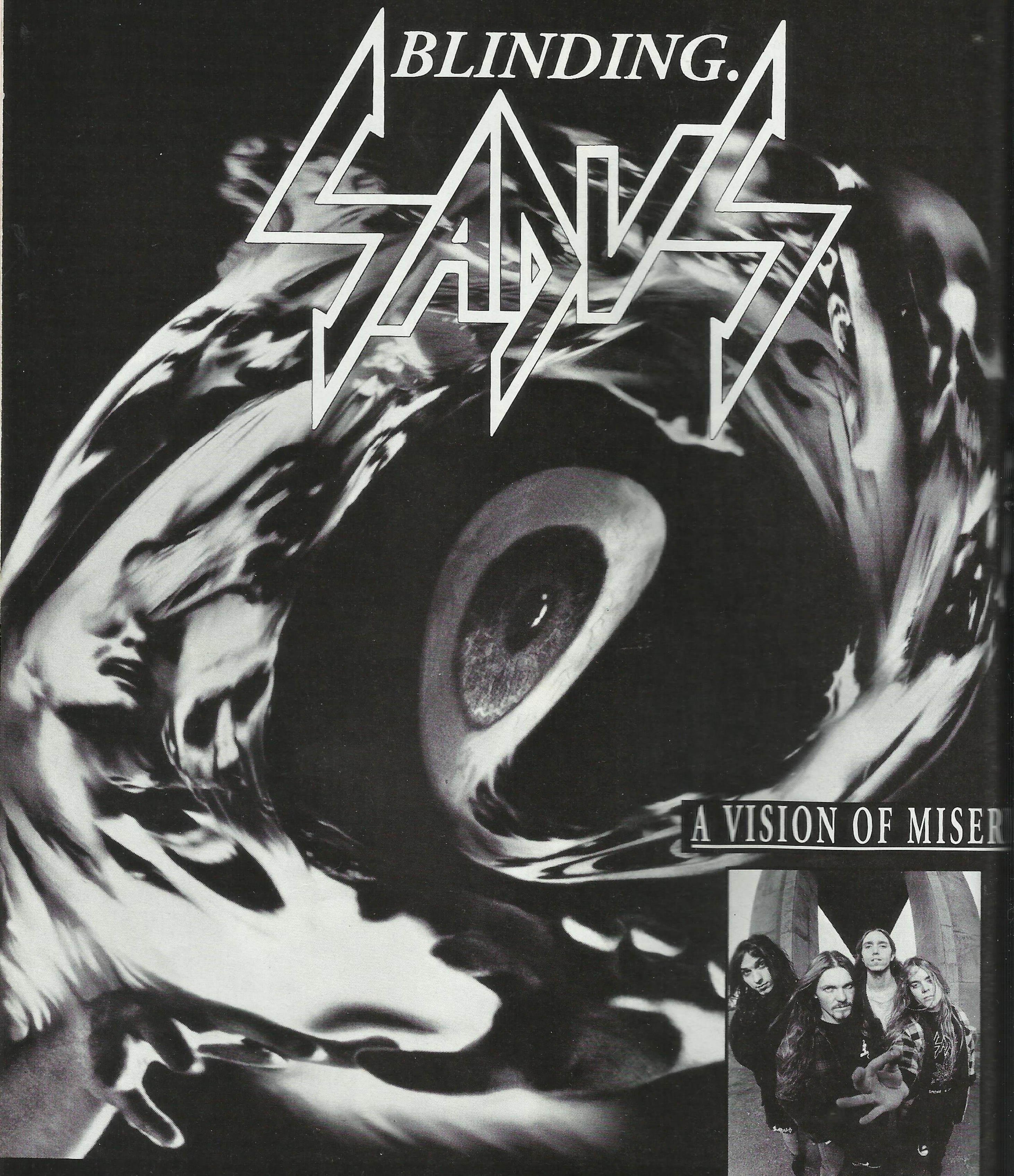


ANTHEM RECORDS INC.

ATLANTIC

©1992 Atlantic Recording Corp. A Time Warner Company

BLINDING.



The new album from San Francisco's four man decapitation squad

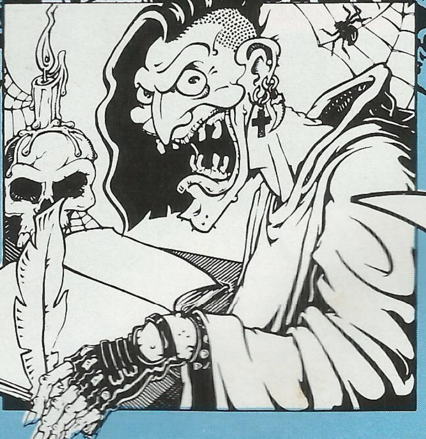
Write in for free mail-order catalog:
RC Records/Blue Grape Merchandising
225 Lafayette St. Suite 407, New York, N.Y. 10012

R/C SOME MUSIC WAS MEANT TO STAY UNDERGROUND

Also available: Swallowed In Bla
Chemical Exposu

Distributed in the U.S. by Relativity Entertainment Distrib

# ROCK VAULT



*They stand at stage right, shaking their heads, leaning back, and sweating harder than a construction worker at high noon. They inspire youngsters to practice in front of mirrors and dutifully learn licks note-for-note from timeworn recordings. They spend more on equipment than most people do on rent. They are the lead guitarists of rock 'n' roll, and without them vocalists would never have a chance to catch their breaths. They are also, as you may have guessed, the subject of this month's* Rock Vault. *So test your knowledge of six-string-slinging heroes, but if you can't pick-up on all the answers, don't* fret, *we won't* string *you along, coz the answers are on page 92.*

1. This guitarist is known as much—maybe more—for his lyrical and compositional skill as he is for his guitar playing. He got down to business on a three-volume set called *Shut Up and Play Yer Guitar*. Name him.

2. This famous guitarist's first recordings were with a band known as the Tridents. Name him.

3. He left a waning superstar band to join up with vocalist/guitarist Derek St. Holmes, only to rejoin the original band several years later. Name him and the band he rejoined.

4. Legendary guitarist Eric Clapton left a major British Invasion group because he felt they were getting too commercial and forsaking their blues roots, at which time he joined John Mayall's Bluesbreakers. He then left the Bluesbreakers to help form the band that gave him his first major commercial success. Name the band he left and the band he formed.

5. Like cars and skirt lengths, different brands of guitars go in and out of style. In the late-'80s this guitarist's exclusive use of the Gibson Les Paul caused the brand to skyrocket in sales. Name the guitarist.

6. While most bands are content to explore the possibilities of two-guitar arrangements, the '70s saw a rise of three-guitar bands, many of whom came from the South. Ricky "Ricochet" Reynolds, Stanley "Goober" Knight and Harvey "Burley" Jett were the guitarists for what barnstormin' '70s rock band?

7. This critically acclaimed guitarist leads his own band, and in the course of three consecutive albums changed lead vocalists three times. The singers were Jeff Scott Soto, Mark Boals and Joe Lynn Turner. Name the guitarist.

8. Name all the guitarists who have been recording members of Megadeth.

9. Beatles' lead guitarist George Harrison wrote two of the songs that featured the most demanding lead solos in the Beatles songbook, "While My Guitar Gently Weeps" and "Taxman." Who played the solos in those songs?

10. The lead guitarist of this influential band was moved over to bass when a guy named James Williamson joined to play guitar and cowrite. Name the band and the original guitarist-turned-bassist.

11. Match the guitarist with the band he or she is associated with.

A. Tommy Skeoch
B. Gilby Clarke
C. James Iha
D. Erik Turner
E. Suzi Gardner
F. Ernie C.
G. Wayne Kramer
H. John Frusciante
I. Andy McCoy
J. Daniel Rey
K. Glen Buxton
L. Rob Cavestany
M. Phil Campbell
N. Greg Ginn

1. Hanoi Rocks
2. Warrant
3. Death Angel
4. Masters Of Reality
5. Guns N' Roses
6. Black Flag
7. Smashing Pumpkins
8. Motorhead
9. L7
10. Alice Cooper
11. MC5
12. Tesla
13. Bodycount
14. Red Hot Chili Peppers

Yngwie Malmsteen

# GETTING IT RIGHT

# IONA

### BY DAINA DARZIN

"Don't worry. I never had an accident involving people," Fiona Flanagan says cheerfully, as she makes a zippy left turn across, like, 14 lanes of traffic as the light is turning red. "When I first came to L.A., I was nervous about driving," she explains. "Until I had my first wreck, and then I was cool!"

If this logic also applies to her career, then Fiona is cool in that department too. She was an instant smash in 1985, with a successful debut disc, *Fiona*, a hit single, "Talk to Me," a tour with Bryan Adams, and a memorable guest shot as a psycho hooker on one of the best episodes of *Miami Vice*. And then she crashed, surrounded by incompetent people she couldn't bring herself to fire and capable ones who didn't know what to do with her. To her great credit, she won't bullshit you about her past problems.

"I just had no role models," she says, "or anyone with an aggressive business sense that made me feel okay about my decisions. I felt really guilty—a lot of Catholic stuff that served me very badly in a business sense. Maybe that's the road I had to be on for my personality to take its full form. It seems like a waste of time now. I wish I had some friends who were successful that I could have talked to, but I didn't. I was really alone and made all my mistakes just plunging in head-first."

It's hard to think of Fiona as a veteran of the music business. Tiny, with a long mane of hair, dressed in jeans and leather jacket, she looks more like a teenage runaway than someone who's on her second major-label deal. Out of all the restaurants in L.A. she's picked this family-style English joint in Santa Monica, a place with crests on the walls and kidney pie on the menu and fat guys hoisting lager at the bar. Fiona's going for the special, lamb with potatoes and veggies. "My parents are from Ireland," she says. "This kind of food is very comforting—and I'd never *make* a leg of lamb."

Ironically, she's not close to her family. "Whether my parents like what I do is a moot point at this time," she says. "It just doesn't matter. I think they wanted us to be Irish kids, and I was American. I'm like an alien being to them." She laughs when she tells the anecdote about her only attempt to have a pet: "I brought two rats home from biology class, just for the Thanksgiving holiday, and that was nearly the end of my life as I knew it. They got out in the house, and my dad was gonna put my head through the cement in the basement, so I caught them. It was horrible. My brother and I were smoking cigarettes, trying to smoke the rat out. I put my hand down this hole—I was so scared of my dad that putting my hand down the rat hole was nothing."

The rats made it back to school, hidden in a lunch box, and Fiona made the trip from New Jersey to New York just a few years later. "Manhattan's a great place to be when you're 18 or 19," she says. "It was crazy, with a lot of artists and punk clubs. I worked a lot, had an apartment—had a lot of apartments—and made some friends that are still in my life."

One of those friends, Laura McDonald, is the bassist in her new, hopefully permanent band, Fiona. "There's chemistry between us," says the singer. "She was always there for me when I was in trouble. I didn't want the new band to be that fake, put-together thing, which is the risk you run if you're not 18 and living in a basement together." When they *were* 18, they played the New York circuit in a series of bands, including Maiden America, the Honeyriders, and Urges. "Laura's a wiz at booking bands. She booked us into Studio 54 once, and they unplugged us because we were playing heavy metal and it was a disco. People just stared at us."

Some incidents in her life were less amusing. "I'm from New Jersey. I have no fear," Fiona grins, then adds, more seriously, "but maybe that's cavalier of me. The worst thing that ever happened to me was, I had a date with this guy—I got introduced by a bass-player friend, so I thought he was okay. He got me alone, and he was so much bigger than I was. That was the closest I got to being raped, and he scared me to death. It never occurred to me that someone would try to overpower me. I'd had a pretty protected life up to then, in a small community. I guess that's what happens to girls when they go to college. They don't realize that what's all right to do with a guy in your high-school class—have a couple of beers, go over to his house when his parents aren't home—isn't the same in college, where you're just a faceless body to these...criminals." Fiona talked the guy out of it, but "I was pretty careful about going on dates after that, and I used to have people walk me to my car for years."

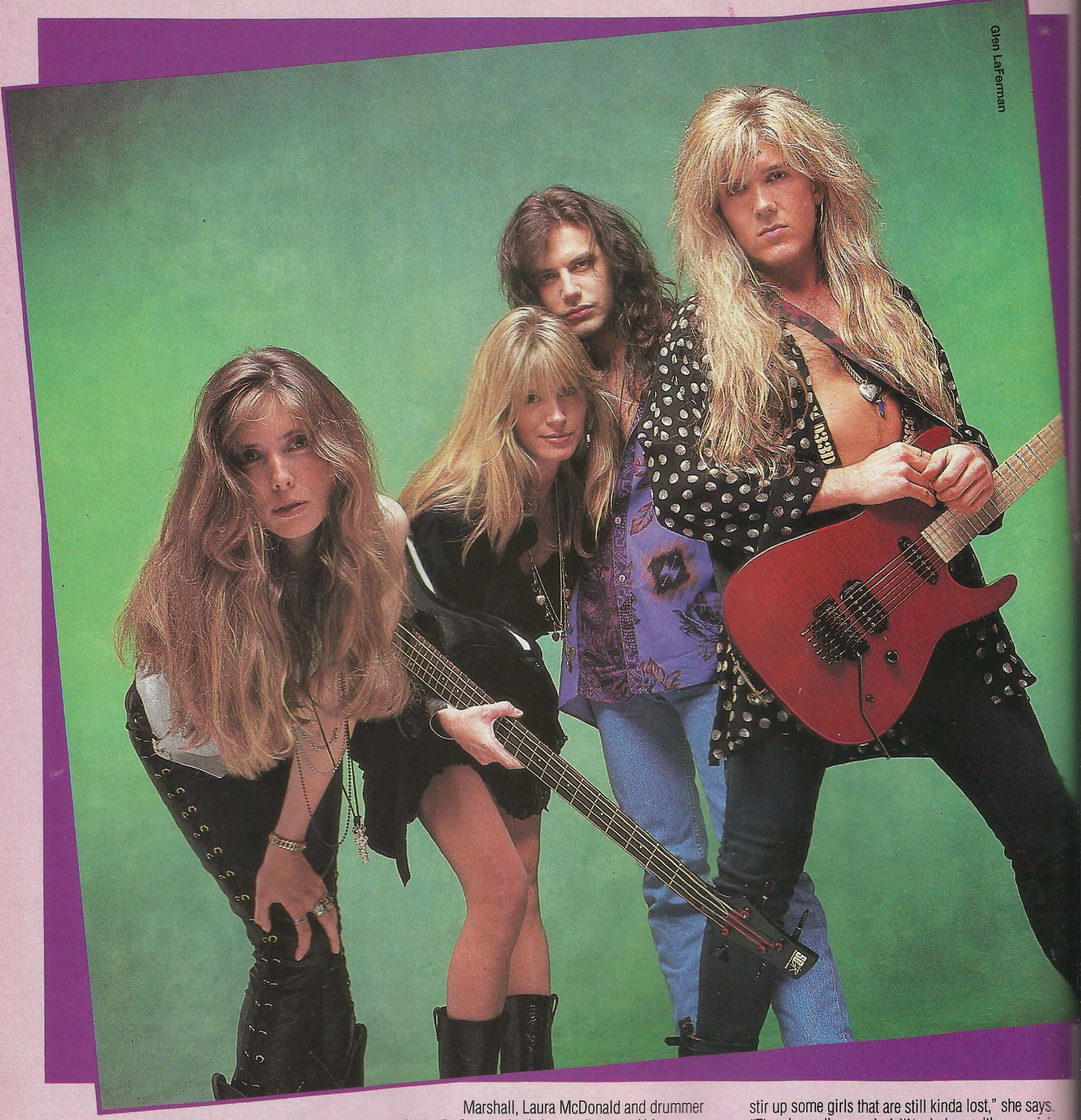
In the meantime, her bands were progressing. Sort of. "When I first met Laura, I was really heavy," Fiona recalls. "I thought I was Iron Maiden. I joined her band, which was more English-pop-punky-modern, and we always argued about material. Over the years we kind of crossed—I started to get bored with dirgelike themes and dark, stressful, frustrating songs, and she started to get into it. Like, she was into Queensryche long before anyone else was. And I was getting into, much to my amazement, Roxette."

That dichotomy between pop and metal is reflected in Fiona's new disc, *Squeeze*, on Geffen. It's the first record she's been really happy with in a long time, and this is due in part to the involvement of A&R mogul John Kalodner, who saw "star" in Fiona's eyes and made it his personal mission to cultivate her potential. This could be just what she needs. After the success of the *Miami Vice* episode, the singer took on a major role in *Hearts of Fire*, starring Bob Dylan, a movie disaster that has never been released. And Fiona found that her approach to the business end of music wasn't working, either. "I should have gotten better legal advice before I went with my first manager," she admits. "I felt really loyal to people in my life, but there's a point where it doesn't really serve either of you. I had a road manager who was a complete dork. Why didn't I fire him? I don't know. He was a complete f?!king idiot. He left me places. He didn't walk me out into the parking lot. I never knew phone calls were coming in. And musicians I worked with that gave me a hard time, I should have fired them, but I felt awkward, uncomfortable in my skin."

In this state of mind Fiona went into the studio for 1986's *Beyond the Pale*. "Everyone was talking about what the record should be, and nobody was talking to me," she recalls. "I didn't know there had been a lot of conversation behind the scenes until way afterwards." Producer Beau Hill "wanted me to sing in a way that was unnatural to me. He had a different vibe of what I should be doing, and I didn't have the sense to stop it. I was still acting like a kid, not the leader of a band. I'm a better singer today because of that experience, because he had me listen for things I'd never listened for before, but it was pretty traumatic—just a bad thing overall—and it's reflected in the way the record sounds. I can't listen to it."

Her relationship with Hill was another story. In fact, they got married some years later and have just recently separated. (That's the one aspect of her life about which she's uncharacteristically close-mouthed.) After the *Beyond the Pale* fiasco, they both took a year off to travel. "I nearly got shot in South America," Fiona remembers with a grin. "Beau and I were going up to see the big Jesus [a statue in Rio de Janeiro]. There's this gnarly section of town you go to, to get this trolley that goes up the hill. Everybody has guns in South America. The lifeguards on the beach have huge .38s stuck in their bikini pants. So the security guard by the trolley was talking to me in Portuguese, and I totally wasn't paying attention. I was walking between him and this armored car, and he had his gun out. Beau grabbed me by the hair and pulled me out of the way. The guy was going to shoot me because I wasn't listening to him."

The rest of their adventure was considerably more pleasant. "We went diving down to 185 feet. I experienced narcosis, where you get high because you're down so deep. We went diving through this plane that had gone down in World War II. It was so spooky to think someone had died in that plane crash," Fiona remembers. "It was so cool. I had been working all my life up to that point, from the time I was ten, and I


Glen LaFerman

was really exhausted. Sometimes you work and work and work and work, and what's it for? So it was a really good thing for me to do. It was romantic. We were really into each other." She laughs. "It was like one of those soap-opera trips: Erica and Jeremy break out the big bucks and go to the Caribbean—except we didn't get smuggled anywhere."

Rested and refocused after her trip, Fiona released 1989's *Heart Like a Gun* disc. A considerable improvement over the last one, it spawned an MTV hit, "Everything You Do (You're Sexing Me)," a duet with her pal Kip Winger. But Fiona still hadn't achieved her goal of being part of a real recording and touring band, as opposed to relying on studio musicians. After changing labels from Atlantic to Geffen, that became her priority. Enter ex-violin-virtuoso and guitarist Dave Marshall, Laura McDonald and drummer Jimmy DeGrasso, fresh from a disaster of his own. (Jimmy, you may remember, was in White Lion for about three minutes before that outfit went down in flames.) "Jimmy's this hyperactive guy who's very funny," says Fiona. She dismisses his rep as a hired gun about town. "I help him get jobs," she insists. "God forbid that he'd just call me every day. I was like, 'Somebody get Jimmy a job [for the period before Fiona goes on tour]; he's driving me nuts!' "

When they do go on the road, Fiona, the band, will be one of the few with both male and female groupies crowding backstage. "The guys are really sweet and seem to be in complete awe," says Fiona. "It's flattering. I remember how I was when I met someone I had a real crush on. The vision of a girl groupie is someone more aggressive, on a mission." One cut off *Squeeze*, "Kiss the Boys Goodbye," is aimed towards them. "Maybe it'll stir up some girls that are still kinda lost," she says. "There's no disgrace in falling in love with a musician, but you should have something going on for yourself. It's so much more rewarding. Life is short.

"Some people have low self-esteem," she continues, "and it makes them feel good when somebody people desire desires them. A lot of men have that too; that's why they'll always be seen with extremely beautiful women. It's a reflection on them, like their car. That's too bad, because there's a deeper love and a deeper way to live that works. But everyone has their own season of when they discover things in their life."

Career-wise, Fiona's only getting to that point now. "Planning makes me nervous," she says with a smile. "My life is a surprise every day when I wake up, but I'm very motivated and aggressive about what I want. I've always been an achiever. I never got that 'I wanna marry a doctor' thing. Go *be* a doctor, that's my philosophy." ■

# FAITH NO MORE

(continued from page 41)

thing 'different.' We're not reinventing ourselves, I'll tell ya that. Anything we play will pretty much sound like us, if y'know what I mean, so don't let any of that 'doing something new' bullshit creep in, because that's a load of f?!king crap!"

Without this pushing and shoving, though, Faith No More would cease to exist, right?

"I dunno, man, I guess so. It's the nature of the beast. As long as these people are around, that's the way it is. Some people are spoiled, filthy, little brats with rich parents. They've been handed everything on a golden platter."

Be careful, Jim. They could just as easily sling mud back at you.

"That's bullshit! Anybody can say anything. Anybody can sling shit at anybody they want! What's the point of doing the interview? Come on, guy! But it's pretty much that guys sometimes act like spoiled children, and this is an industry and a job that encourages and permits that sort of behavior."

Thank goodness they hate each other right now, because that just means things are clunking along like they always have. And if they sometimes seem like monkeys trapped in a cage, tossing shit and screeching at each other, well, you know the old saying, "If it ain't broke...." •

Kristin Callahan

Rockster™

HOTTER THAN HELL

ROCK WITH THE COOLEST GUITAR ON THE MARKET!

Rockster–the top quality, professional guitar available in a choice of awesome designs! Made from solid wood and finished to the highest standards, it's packed with features like a Tremelo Arm, 3 Pick-ups and a 5-way Toggle switch! [all guitars have a full one-year warranty]

AND-The Rockster guitar comes complete with Amp, Cable, Strap & Pick! Our Amp, with 2.5 watts of pure power, will blow your mind and your mother's! [includes volume & tone control, plus built in distortion]

PLUS-Included with every Rockster guitar is our album and book set. Easy step by step instructions on how to play, backed by 10 explosive tracks to kick ass with! [album contains sizzling scorchers like Party Animal and Ride the Wind]

REGULAR PRICE $239.

$30 OFF! NOW ONLY $209

OR-PLAY NOW-PAY LATER!

Just $129.00 plus $9.50 s&h down, and we'll send you your Rockster. Then while you're kickin' ass, you'll pay only $20.00 a month for 5 months!*

DEATH SKULL

IT'S A GREAT DEAL!

CLASSIC BLACK

Please send me one Rockster guitar with all accessories (includes Amp, Cable, Strap, Pick, Rockster Album and Book Set)

State 1st & 2nd color choices (1)__________(2)__________

**SATISFACTION GUARANTEED** – If I'm not completely satisfied I can return the complete Rockster package in its original condition within 30 days and receive a full refund.

**CALL TOLL FREE – 1–800–22–ROCK 1**

Allow 1-3 weeks delivery. Send Credit Card details / Check / Money Order made payable to AXE USA for:

☐ $209.00 plus $9.50 s&h – full payment ☐ $129.00 plus $9.50 s&h *(details of payment plan will be mailed to you-Installments to be paid by Credit Card) New Jersey residents add 7% sales tax. C.O.D. orders add $13.50 s&h (Continental United States only)

Name__________

Address__________

City_____ State_____ Zip_____ Tel(____)_____

Charge my ☐ Visa ☐ MC ☐ Diner's Club card # ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Expires_____

Cardholder Signature__________

AXE USA 301 16TH ST. JERSEY CITY, N.J. 07301 TEL. 201-792-7000

MasterCard VISA

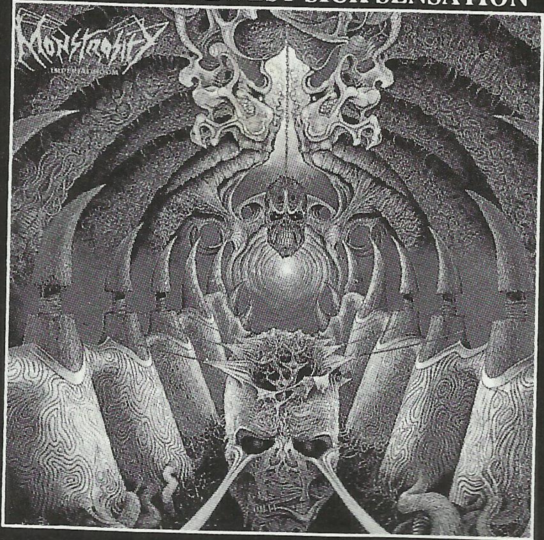
# TOTALLY SICK

## MUSIC·TO MANGLE YOUR MIND

### MONSTROSITY

**IMPERIAL DOOM**

**FLORIDA'S NEWEST SICK SENSATION**

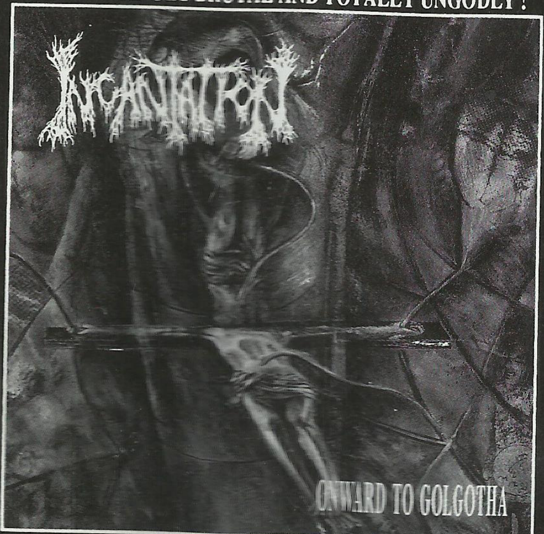

Monstrosity
IMPERIAL DOOM

6037-2-4

### INCANTATION

**ONWARD TO GOLGOTHA**

**UNRELENTINGLY BRUTAL AND TOTALLY UNGODLY !**

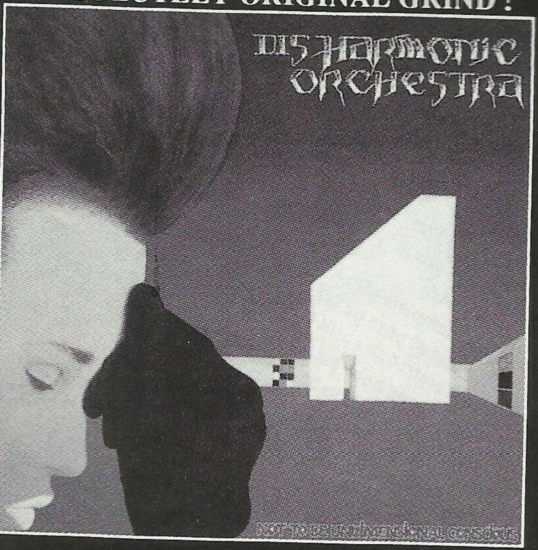

INCANTATION
ONWARD TO GOLGOTHA

6032-2-4

### DISHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

**NOT TO BE UNDIMENSIONAL CONSCIOUS**

**ABSOLUTELY ORIGINAL GRIND !**

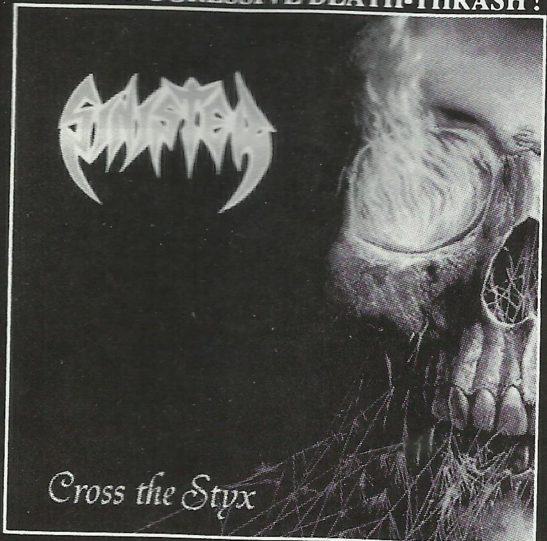

DISHARMONIC
ORCHESTRA
NOT TO BE UNDIMENSIONAL CONSCIOUS

6035-2-4

### SINISTER

**CROSS THE STYX**

**HYPER-AGGRESSIVE DEATH-THRASH !**


SINISTER
Cross the Styx

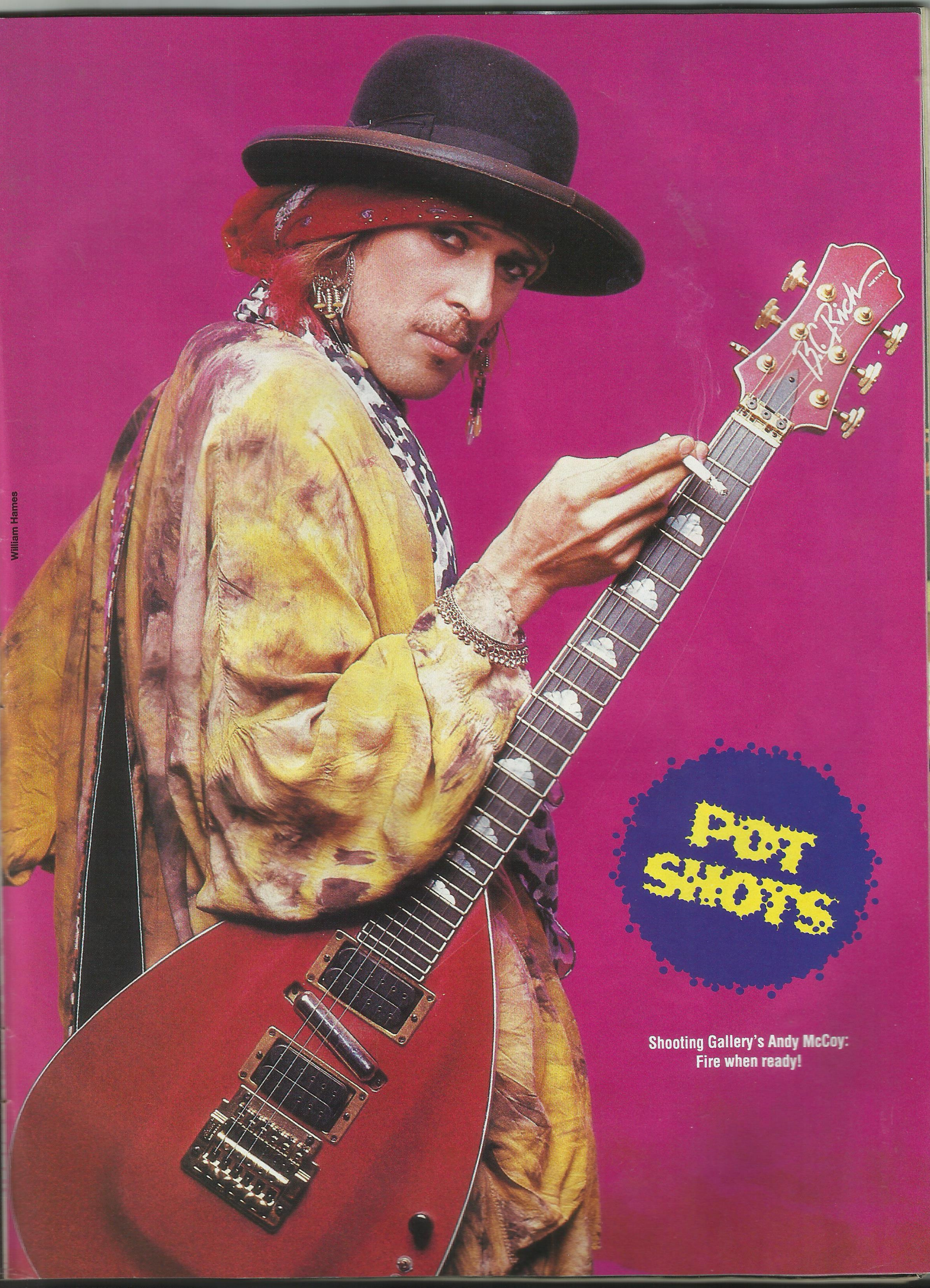
6036-2-4

NUCLEAR BLAST AMERICA

**AVAILABLE AT FINE RECORD STORES EVERYWHERE**
**DISTRIBUTED BY RELATIVITY ENTERTAINMENT DISTRIBUTION**
**RELAPSE / NUCLEAR BLAST, P. O. BOX 251, MILLERSVILLE, PA., 17551**
**TEL : (717) 872 - 6315 - FAX: (717) 872 - 6317**

RELAPSE RECORDS

# POT SHOTS

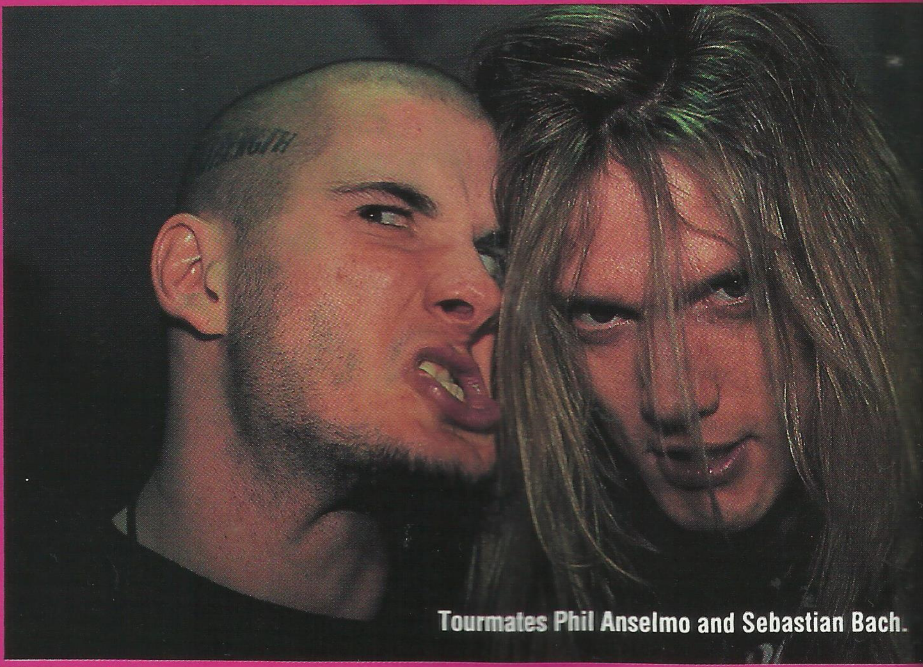


Shooting Gallery's Andy McCoy:
Fire when ready!

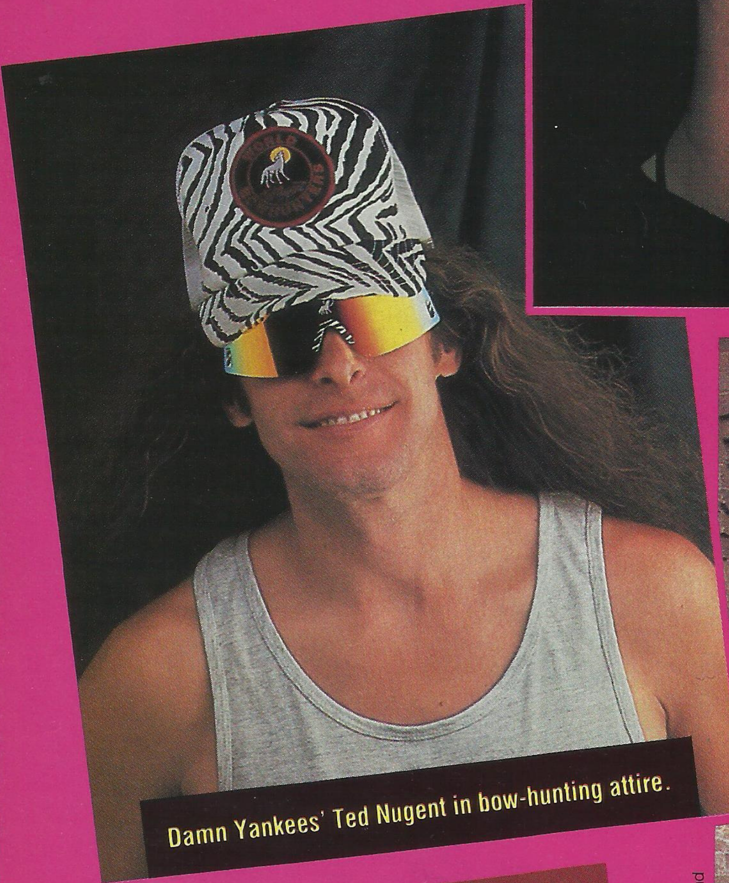
William Hames

# POT SHOTS

Gene Ambo



Tourmates Phil Anselmo and Sebastian Bach.



Damn Yankees' Ted Nugent in bow-hunting attire.

Gene Kirkland

Slaughter looking not-so-*Wild*.

Pete Cronin/Photofeatures

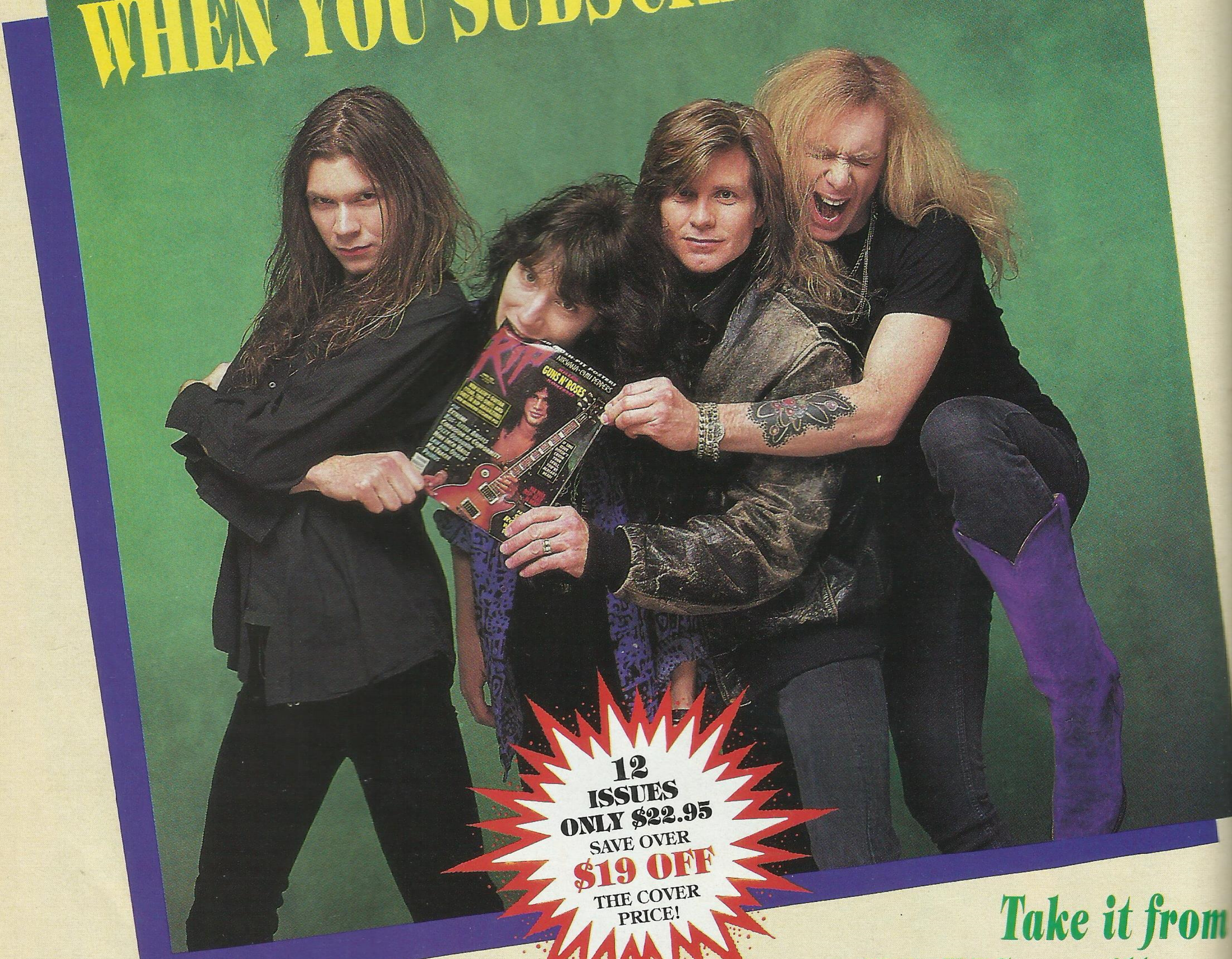
Love/Hate's Jizzy 'n' Skid find life un-beerable.

Electric Boys' Conny Bloom:
Dude-us Maximus.

Ross Halfin/Zlozower

# HIT THE BIG TIME WITH BIG SAVINGS

# WHEN YOU SUBSCRIBE TO RIP!



12
ISSUES
ONLY $22.95
SAVE OVER
$19 OFF
THE COVER
PRICE!

*Take it from MR. BIG, you'll get:*

## BIG SAVINGS! BIG COVERAGE! BIG TIME!

**YES!** ☐ *Sign me up for 12 issues of RIP Magazine for only $22.95, giving me big savings (over $19) off the cover price!*

**MONEY BACK GUARANTEE ON UNMAILED ISSUES.** Make checks payable to LFP, Inc. CA residents add 8.25% sales tax. Foreign add $10. Your first issue will arrive in 6 to 8 weeks. WATCH FOR IT! Offer expires August 26, 1992.

☐ Payment Enclosed Charge my ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD

Card # ________ Exp ____

Signature ________

Name ________

Address ________

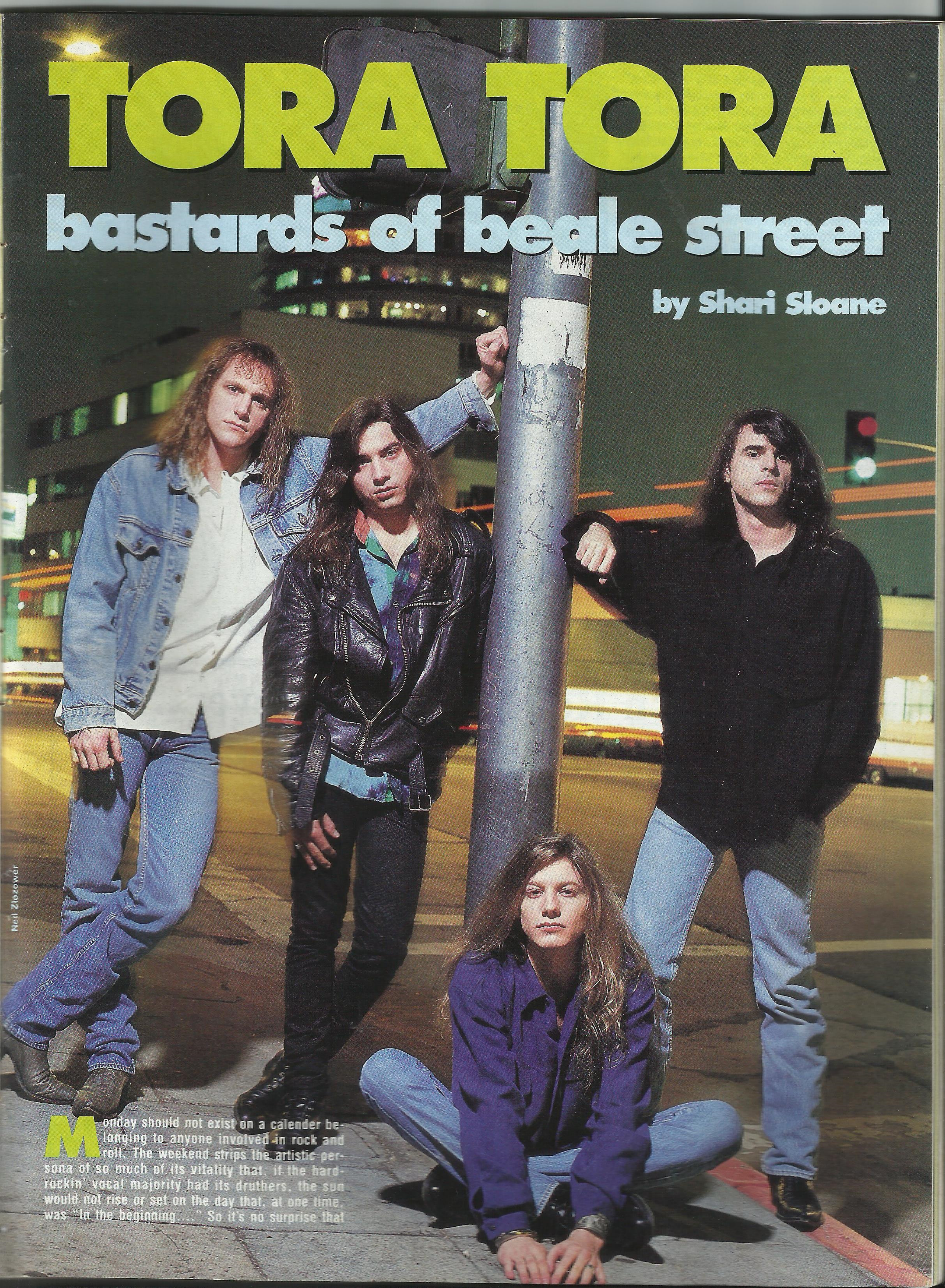
City ________

State ________ Zip ____

# TORA TORA

## bastards of beale street

### by Shari Sloane



Neil Zlozower

Monday should not exist on a calender belonging to anyone involved in rock and roll. The weekend strips the artistic persona of so much of its vitality that, if the hard-rockin' vocal majority had its druthers, the sun would not rise or set on the day that, at one time, was "In the beginning...." So it's no surprise that the guys in Tora Tora are a little wild, a little restless, when I show up on a Monday afternoon to interview them at Memphis' Ardent Studios. It is a day of hangovers, foosball tournaments and Monday Night Football/Margarita Monday at Molly's, the quaint Mexican restaurant next door to the studio where the young Tora's are completing basic tracks for their second A&M release, *Wild America*. The band has had over two years of down time since the release of their debut, *Surprise Attack*, in the early part of 1989. Why?

"We know people are thinking, 'Did they break up? What happened?' But after seeing how touring and rock music went through so many transitions over the past couple of years, we felt like it was kind of a blessing in disguise that we didn't come out with any new material," explains Tora Tora's frontman Anthony Corder. "I think there were only three major tours in 1991."

"Basically, we're really glad we didn't come out, because it was a shitty year for rock and roll, and that's it," states bassist Patrick Francis. "We watched a lot of people that came out the same time we did put out records that didn't do much, and half of those groups have been dropped. It's been a long time, and it's been stressful for us, but I think that when the record does come out, it will have a lot of impact."

Watching Anthony lay down a vocal track with producer "Sir" Arthur Payson at the board, it's not hard to see how this band has matured as a unit since *Surprise Attack*. The song currently being worked on, "Amnesia," is unique—melodic, yet not contrived; commercial, but not generic—and representative of the more daring material on the new LP.

Taking a half hour break to get himself into "the Zen of the moment" (as Sir Arthur puts it), Anthony talks a little about the writing for the new record and the growth that's occurred. "I guess I stopped counting at 40 songs [although bassist Pat swears it's more like 60]," Antho-

The Legen
Lives O
MOTOR
HARLEY-DAVID
CYCLES

Shaun

**Rock 'n Roll will live forever...**
**but your hearing may not.**

Some rock concerts exceed tolerable sound levels by as much as 40 decibels. Repeated exposure to loud sound can damage the tiny hairs in your inner ear and slowly destroy your hearing. **But you can protect your hearing by wearing ear plugs, or by just turning the volume down. If you already have hearing loss, H.E.A.R. can help you assess the damage and suggest ways to avoid additional problems.**

***Save your ears for rock 'n roll!***

To find out what rockers need to know to
protect their hearing, contact:

**H.E.A.R.**

**Hearing Education and Awareness for Rockers**
**Box 460847 • San Francisco, California 94146**

**24-Hour Hotline (415) 773-9590**

**Send $7.00 for an information packet about H.E.A.R.**

ny laughs. "When we started trying to figure out what to put on the record, we first cut it down to 18 songs, and then down from 18 to 12. That really got sticky, because by that time you're gettin' into everyone's babies and trying to keep your place in the band. We cut 12 songs, getting ready for the September release we were shooting for at that time. Before we did our final mix, though, our record company flew us out to tell us they would be more focused if we would wait until the first of the year, when they really felt they could get behind it. We asked them how they would feel about us writing and recording some more stuff, and they thought it was a great idea. We wound up writing about seven or eight new songs in about a month and a half, 'Amnesia' being one of the last, along with 'Cold Fever' and 'Faith Healer.'

"We worked with several outside writers on this record," Anthony continues. "And had the opportunity to work with Taylor Rhodes, who had produced some Kix stuff that we really got into. We always wanted to write with him, because we really liked his writing style. He helped us out on not only 'Amnesia,' but also 'Faith Healer.' We also worked with Stan Lynch, from Tom Petty's band, who we hooked up with in Christmas of 1990 through Stan's publishing company and our A&R person, Bryan Huttenhower. We hung out with him for like a week, writing three songs our first trip out. Two of them, 'Nowhere to Go but Down' and 'Dead Man's Hand,' are on the record. I'm real proud of some of the songs we've got on here. We've got the really hard stuff, like 'Wild America,' 'City of Kings,' 'Shattered' and 'Amnesia,' that show more of our heavy side, and then we have a couple of cool, medium-groove songs and a cool ballad.

"We all grew up a lot since the last record, and it freaked us out at first, when we cut those new songs, because it kinda turned our record around," Anthony reflects. "Back when they played us the rough mixes of the songs we were going to use initially on this album, it kind of seemed like we had mellowed out since the first record. Before the new stuff it seemed like it was real medium-paced—not that I had anything against the songs, but it just feels like we're in the right groove now."

Anthony's feeling is shared by the band, who want to come out kickin' and feel that most other bands depend far too much on the success of their power ballads.

The four members of Tora Tora draw their influences from quite a diverse cross section of artists, and from their hometown, a city that has given birth to many legends. Anthony gravitates toward the more mellow, acoustic side of rock, which differs greatly from his classic-rock influences, such as Led Zeppelin, Janis Joplin and Bad Company. He loves how he writes with guitarist Keith Douglas, who, Anthony insists, is the "King of Crunch." Anthony compares his own writing to his current, laid-back state of mind, which, his band jokes, is a hangover and best cured by a Molly's margarita!

The discussion over influences ensues once again next door at Molly's, after Anthony has persuaded his producer/babysitter that what he really needs to get in the Zen is a full stomach. As Keith is absent from the meal, we have to take Patrick's word that anything kind of old and good is his cup of tea. As for himself, Patrick says, "I like Jane's Addiction, Chili Peppers, all the stuff Anthony said, and then it starts to get out there. I also listen to Joe Jackson and James Brown—I love James Brown! There's very few newer bands that I like."

Ask drummer John Patterson about his musical preferences, and the redneck comes out. "What chew wanna know, boy?" he exclaims in his authentic Tennessee accent. "I like Garth Brooks, Clint Black, but also a lot of Rush, Triumph and old Iron Maiden." The top slot in their "real cool newcomer" category is shared by Skid Row and Tesla.

Tora Tora started the bonding process in high school, and have had no personnel changes since their humble beginnings. If you know the guys, you know that they used to practice and put on shows for their friends in the warehouse of a glue factory where Keith's father worked and was part owner. Now they rehearse in a pink house (not unlike John Cougar Mellencamp's), from which, they proudly announce, they're about to be evicted. It's just as well, because as the band continues to mature, their needs and desires are changing, and quite possibly Tora Tora have outgrown the little pink house and the recording studio they've been with since their early days.

"We've done two records. We've recorded about 60 songs and demoed them all here. We'll miss the family atmosphere, but I think we're ready to go elsewhere," Anthony says. Ardent Studios took the Tora's under their wing all those years ago, recording their first EP, *To Rock, to Roll*, with prize money the band had won at the Memphis Music Festival, where they competed for the purse against 60 other bands. Paul Ebersold, the piano player on the EP, was also an engineer at Ardent, and he helped the kids shop for their deal, in addition to producing the band's debut with his engineer/producer cohort Joe Hardy. The team also produced a Tora track featured on the *Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure* soundtrack.

The group hooked up with their current producer, Payson, through their manager, who met him while he was in production with another artist and slipped him a tape. "He really liked our first record," states Anthony. "And he liked the direction we were going with the second. He thought he had some really good ideas and would like to work with us. He wound up flying to Memphis one weekend. We met and hung out, and he was a

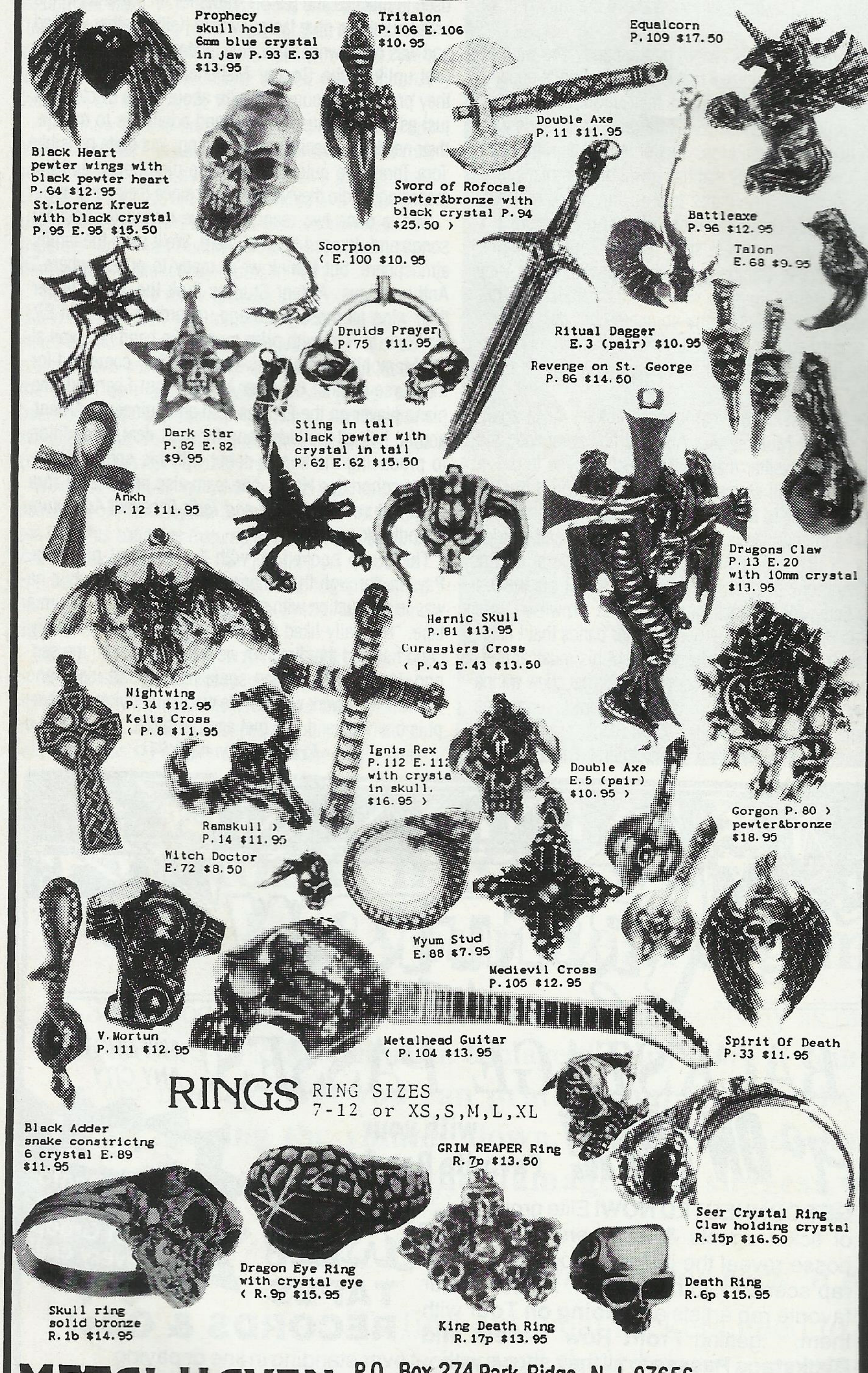
*(continued on page 94)*

FRONT ROW
Concert Tickets!
BACKSTAGE PASSES! ANY SHOW ANY CITY
GO ON TOUR! with your Favorite Rap Group!!
FREE! Slamming Photo of this week's Hottest Group w/every call!
**GET CONNECTED NOW!** Elite group of ticket agents & members of the posse reveal the inside scoop of the rap scene to you. Imagine. . .meeting your favorite rap artists and **Going on Tour** with them. . .getting **Front Row Tickets** and **Backstage Passes** to all their shows without ever standing in line or paying high prices! It's easy once you know what time it is. **PLUS get a FREE 35mm Camera & 100 Rolls of film** (so you can take pictures to prove it all)!
1/2 PRICE! TAPES RECORDS & CDs!
CALL NOW!
The CONCERT CONNECTION
1-900-28-TICKETS
*only $2.98/min.* **1st 20 Seconds FREE** *Touchtone Phone Required. Under 18 Get Parents' Permission, Concert Connection, Ltd. Wilmington, DE*
**GET YOUR FAVORITE GROUP'S TOURING SCHEDULE** in Advance! Complete Fan Club Info! Full Concert Listings for **your** Hometown! Call **The Official Concert Event and Fan Club Hotline 1-900-370-BAND,** only $1.98/min. **1st 20 seconds FREE!** Daily Updates. **CALL NOW!**

# ALCHEMY metal-wear ®

All jewlery is cast and finished in solid pewter, and hand made in England. Pendents are on 18"-23" chains, earrings are on surgical steel wires. Do not confuse with cheap imitations.
All jewlery is larger than shown.

P=PENDENT, E=EARRING, R=RING



Black Heart
pewter wings with black pewter heart
P.64 $12.95

Prophecy
skull holds 6mm blue crystal in jaw P.93 E.93
$13.95

Tritalon
P.106 E.106
$10.95

Equalcorn
P.109 $17.50

Double Axe
P.11 $11.95

St.Lorenz Kreuz
with black crystal
P.95 E.95 $15.50

Sword of Rofocale
pewter&bronze with black crystal P.94
$25.50 ›

Battleaxe
P.96 $12.95

Talon
E.68 $9.95

Scorpion
‹ E.100 $10.95

Druids Prayer
P.75 $11.95

Ritual Dagger
E.3 (pair) $10.95

Revenge on St. George
P.86 $14.50

Dark Star
P.82 E.82
$9.95

Sting in tail
black pewter with crystal in tail
P.62 E.62 $15.50

Ankh
P.12 $11.95

Dragons Claw
P.13 E.20
with 10mm crystal
$13.95

Hernic Skull
P.81 $13.95

Curassiers Cross
‹ P.43 E.43 $13.50

Nightwing
P.34 $12.95

Kelts Cross
‹ P.8 $11.95

Ignis Rex
P.112 E.112
with crysta in skull.
$16.95 ›

Double Axe
E.5 (pair)
$10.95 ›

Gorgon P.80 ›
pewter&bronze
$18.95

Ramskull ›
P.14 $11.95

Witch Doctor
E.72 $8.50

Wyum Stud
E.88 $7.95

Medievil Cross
P.105 $12.95

V.Mortun
P.111 $12.95

Metalhead Guitar
‹ P.104 $13.95

Spirit Of Death
P.33 $11.95

## RINGS

RING SIZES
7-12 or XS,S,M,L,XL

Black Adder
snake constrictng 6 crystal E.89
$11.95

GRIM REAPER Ring
R.7p $13.50

Seer Crystal Ring
Claw holding crystal
R.15p $16.50

Dragon Eye Ring
with crystal eye
‹ R.9p $15.95

Death Ring
R.6p $15.95

Skull ring
solid bronze
R.1b $14.95

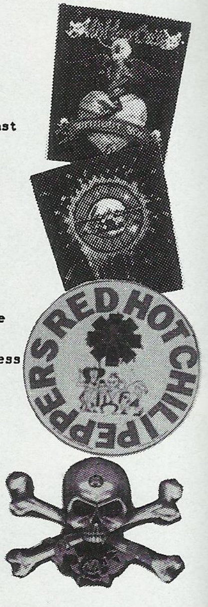
King Death Ring
R.17p $13.95

**METAL HAVEN** P.O. Box 274 Park Ridge, N.J. 07656
(201) 447-8801

DEALER INQUIRIES WELCOME

## BACK PATCHES SPECIALLY MADE FOR JEAN JACKET 7.99 each

BP-111 AC/DC-Razors Edge
BP-160 ANTHRAX-P.O.T.
BP-158 BLACK CROWS-Crows
BP-22 DEATH-Leprosy
BP-169 DEATH-Human
BP-74 GWAR-Scum. of Univearse
BP-147 GUNS N ROSES-Logo Blood
BP-148 GUNS N ROSES-Skull Hat
BP-90 IRON MAIDEN-# of the Beast
BP-91 IRON MAIDEN-Trooper
BP-92 IRON MAIDEN-Clairvoyant
BP-67 KREATOR-Coma of Skulls
BP-93 KING DIAMOND-Conspiracy
BP-2 MOTLEY CRUE-Dr.Feelgood
BP-156 MOTLEY CRUE-Without You
BP-10 MEGADETH-Peace Sells
BP-11 MEGADETH-Maryjane
BP-12 MEGADETH-Radiation
BP-3 METALLICA-Metal Up Ass
BP-4 METALLICA-Damage Inc.
BP-6 METALLICA-Crash Coarse
BP-104 METALLICA-Electric Chair
BP-105 METALLICA-Damaged Justice
BP-151 MOTORHEAD-1916
BP-161 MORGOTH-Skull
BP-149 MORBID ANGEL-Alters madness
BP-94 NUCLEAR ASSULT-Survive
BP-33 OBITUARY-Slowly we Rot
BP-64 OBITUARY-Cause of Death
BP-63 RED HOT C. PEPPERS
BP-24 SEPULTURA-Benath Remains
BP-95 SEPULTURA-Arise
BP-96 S.O.D.-Stromtroopers
BP-79 SUICIDAL TEND.-Join Army
BP-100 SLAYER-Slaytanic
BP-101 SLAYER-Eagle
BP-102 SLAYER-Seasons Abyss
BP-103 SLAYER-Cross
BP-152 SKID ROW-Scream
BP-153 SKID ROW-Group
BP-155 SLAUGHTER-Bombs away
BP-143 Skull & Crossbones-shown›



## ROCK PENDENTS & BADGES

Pendents on 21" chains
Pendents $8.00 Badges $7.00

| | Pendent# | Badge# |
|---|---|---|
| CULT/Electric | PP118 | PC157 |
| SCORPIONS/Scorp. | PP200 | PC200 |
| MOTORHEAD/Overkill | PP202 | PC202 |
| SACRED REICH/Skull | PP204 | PC204 |
| SEPULTURA/B. Remains | PP201 | PC201 |
| SEPULTURA/Logo | PP208 | PC208 |
| DEICIDE/Mask | PP206 | PC206 |
| OBITUARY/Skull,logo | PP207 | PC207 |
| MEGADETH/Vic | PP134 | PC134 |
| GUNS N ROSES/Cross | PP136 | PC134 |
| METALLICA/Damage Inc | PP141 | PC141 |
| METALLICA/Justice | PP139 | PC139 |
| SLAYER/Root of Evil | PP145 | PC145 |
| POISON/Skull | PP149 | PC149 |
| AEROSMITH/Wings | PP155 | PC155 |
| QUEENSRYCHE/Empire | PP194 | PC194 |
| RED HOT C. PEP./Logo | PP213 | PC213 |
| MORGOTH/Skull,Logo | PP215 | PC215 |
| PESTILENCE/Ant Logo | PP212 | PC212 |
| DEATH/Logo Reeper | PP218 | PC218 |
| DANZIG/Skull | PP217 | PC217 |
| TRIXTER-Logo | PP211 | PC211 |

## IMPORT PATCHES FROM ENGLAND 3.00 EACH

W60 AC/DC-Powerage
W61 AC/DC-Razors Edge
W62 ANTHRAX-Per.of Time
W124 ANTHRAX-Skull&Hands
W63 DANZIG-Cross
W04 D.R.I.-Running Man
W05 DEATH-Leprosy
W42 DEICIDE-Album cover
W22 FAITH NO MORE-Emblem
W44 GWAR-Scum of Univearse
W64 GUNS N ROSES-Skull
W65 GUNS N ROSES-Destrution
W128 GUNS N ROSES-Dagger
W129 GUNS N ROSES-Illision 1
W130 GUNS N ROSES-Illision 2
W131 GUNS N ROSES-Logo Blood
W66 IRON MAIDEN-Beast on Rd
W67 IRON MAIDEN-# of Beast
W68 IRON MAIDEN-Piece Mind
W70 IRON MAIDEN-Killers
W73 JANES ADDICTION-Flames
W49 KISS-Rock & Roll Over
W06 KREATOR-Into the Light
W78 KREATOR-Coma of Souls
W140 KING DIAMOND-The Eye
W79 METALLICA-Damaged Inc.
W80 METALLICA-Justice All
W81 METALLICA-Puppets
W82 METALLICA-Harvester
W83 METALLICA-Ride Lightning
W84 METALLICA-Electric chair
W141 METALLICA-Four Faces
W85 MEGADETH-Peace Sells
W86 MEGADETH-MaryJane
W87 MEGADETH-Radiation
W88 MEGADETH-Rust in Peace
W88 MEGADETH-Launch
W90 MOTLEY CRUE-Dr Feelgood
W10 MISFITS-Evil Eye
W11 MISFITS-Skull
W40 MORBID ANGEL-Logo
W112 MOTORHEAD-1916
W134 MOTORHEAD-Ace of Spades
W142 NAPALM DEATH-Pain
W143 NAPALM DEATH-Skelaton
W144 NAPALM DEATH-Corruption
W91 NAPALM DEATH-Skull
W51 OZZY-No Rest Wicked
W146 OZZY-No more Tears
W52 OBITUARY-Cause OF Death
W135 OBITUARY-Eye
W35 OBITUARY-Slowly We Rot
W39 PESTILENCE-Impvlse
W101 QUEENSRYCHE-Operation
W36 RED HOT CHILLI PEPPERS.
W54 SACRED REICH-Surf
W24 SODUM-Persecution
W14 SEPULTURA-Beneath
W109 SEPULTURA-Arise
W110 SEPULTURA-Schizophrenia
W111 SEPULTURA-S logo
W56 SUICIDAL TEND.-Join the
W93 SLAYER-Logo
W94 SLAYER-Wooden Wheel
W95 SLAYER-Reign in Blood
W96 SLAYER-Root of All Evil
W97 SLAYER-Slaytanic
W98 SLAYER-Seasons in the
W99 SLAYER-Graveyard
145 SOUND GARDEN-Logo
W41 TESTAMENT-Diciples
W30 TESTAMENT-Soul-

| HOW MANY | GROUP | ITEM NUMBER | SIZE | PRICE EACH | TOTAL PRICE |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| SHIPPING & HANDLING | | | | | $1.00 |
| N.J. RES ADD 7% SALES TAX | | | | TOTAL | |

FOREIGN ORDERS ADD $3.00 FOR S&H

Most orders are sent out in 72 hours, please allow 2 weeks (personal checks can take up to 4 weeks to clear) catalog free with order otherwise $1.00. Make check or money order payable to Metal Haven. Phone (201) 447-8801

**METAL HAVEN** P.O. Box 274 Park Ridge, N.J. 07656

**ORDER FORM** • PLEASE PRINT

**SHIP TO:**

**Name:**________________________________

**Street Address:**____________________________

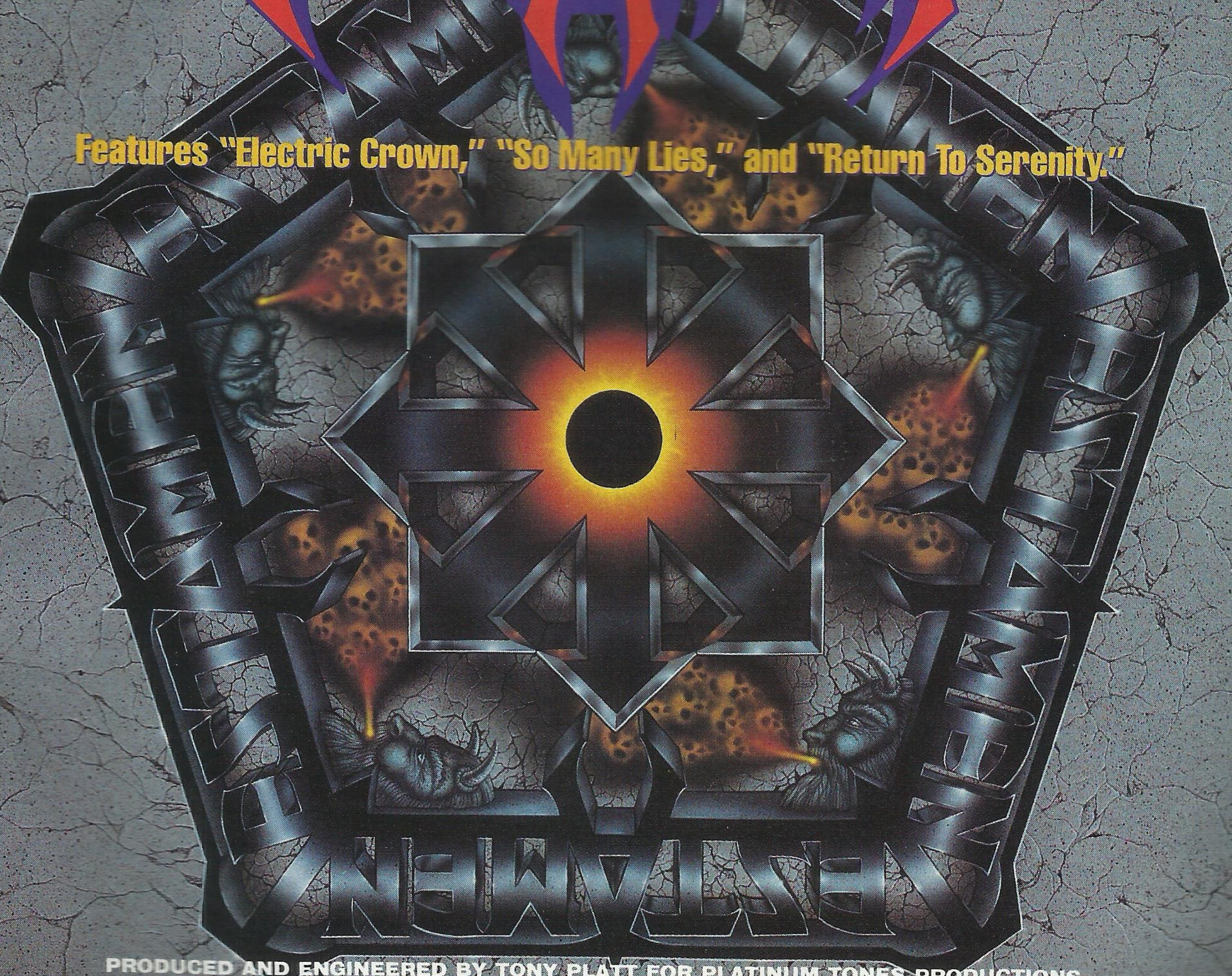
**City:**________________ **State:**______ **Zip:**______

VISA MasterCard

# PARTICIPATE IN The Ritual

# TESTAMENT

**Features "Electric Crown," "So Many Lies," and "Return To Serenity."**



PRODUCED AND ENGINEERED BY TONY PLATT FOR PLATINUM TONES PRODUCTIONS
MIXED BY NIGEL GREEN
MANAGEMENT: ELLIOT CAHN & JEFF SALTZMAN FOR CAHN-MAN

**NOW EXCLUSIVELY ON ATLANTIC...CASSETTES AND COMPACT DISCS.**

## PARTICIPATE IN THE ULTIMATE TESTAMENT CONTEST!!

**HOW TO ENTER:** Perform a COOL or HOT cover version of a song from the album THE RITUAL and send audio cassette to:

ATLANTIC RECORDS C/O TESTAMENT CONTEST
75 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA NEW YORK, NY 10019

**THE BAND WILL PICK THEIR FAVORITE ENTRIES**

◆ **GRAND PRIZE:** Winner (and a friend) will be flown to the location of the next TESTAMENT video shoot to participate in the video.

◆ **SECOND PRIZE:** Singer from second best entry will participate on stage with TESTAMENT at the concert nearest their hometown.

◆ **OTHER PRIZES:** Complete TESTAMENT catalogue, videos, autographed Japanese Tour Books, tee shirts.

Entries must be postmarked no later than July 1, 1992.Winners will be chosen August 15, 1992. No purchase necessary. Employees of Atlantic Records, *RIP* or their suppliers, affiliates and subsidiaries and family members are not eligible. Void where prohibited by law. Decision of the judges will be final. Duplicate prizes will not be awarded. Entries become the property of Atlantic Recording Corporation. All arrangements become the possession of TESTAMENT. Prizes will be awarded subject to age and other eligibility requirements and are not transferable. This contest is subject to all Federal, State, and local regulations. Applicable taxes will be the sole responsibility of contest winners.

ATLANTIC

©1992 Atlantic Recording Corp. A Time Warner Company

# RARE METAL COMPACT DISCS
# CD's from Europe, Japan, Australia

## Live Tracks/Unreleased Demo Versions/Additional Tracks/Long Versions
(not available in stores in the U.S.! — for headbangers & collectors only)

| | |
|---|---|
| CD-376 — **Great White** — Call It Rock 'n Roll (Incl: 2 unreleased tracks) | $16.99 |
| CD-830 — **Scorpions** — Love Drive (Original topless girl cover) | $29.99 |
| CD-065 — **Metallica** — Creeping Deth (Plus 2 live tracks) | $29.99 |
| CD-066 — **Metallica** — Interview (Picture CD) | $29.99 |
| CD-058 — **Metallica** — One (Plus live tracks) | $33.99 |
| CD-365 — **Metallica** — Enter Sandman (Stone Cold Crazy & Sandman ("Demo") | $16.99 |
| CD-875 — **Ramones** — Animal Boy | $29.99 |
| CD-451 — **Metallica** — Unforgiven (Demo Version & Killing Time) | $19.99 |
| CD-067 — **Motley Crue** — Row Tracks (Vol. 1) | $29.99 |
| CD-819 — **Motley Crue** — Home Sweet Home 1991 Remix | $16.99 |
| CD-068 — **Motley Crue** — Row Tracks (Vol. 2) | $29.99 |
| CD-820 — **Motley Crue** — Decade of Decadence "Picture CD" (incl: 2 extra tracks not on U.S. CD, Sticker & 32-page book | $39.00 |
| CD-825 — **Motley Crue** — Decade of Decadence (incl: 2 extra tracks — Live tracks) | $29.99 |
| CD-319 — **Motley Crue** — Primal Scream (Plus Red Hot & Dr Feelgood — Live tracks) | $16.99 |
| CD-082 — **Guns 'N Roses** — Interview (Picture CD) | $19.99 |
| CD-321 — **Guns 'N Roses** — Don't Cry (3 versions & Demo track) | $17.99 |
| CD-678 — **Guns 'N Roses** — If You Could Be Mine (including Civil War — Unreleased tracks) | $16.99 |
| CD-015 — **Alice Cooper** — Ladies Man Live | $29.99 |
| CD-016 — **Alice Cooper** — The Best of Alice Cooper | $32.99 |
| CD-334 — **Alice Cooper** — Special Forces | $29.99 |
| CD-817 — **Alice Cooper** — Interview | $19.99 |
| CD-325 — **Queensryche** — Jet City Woman (incl. Walk in the Shadows & Empire "Live") | $16.99 |
| CD-228 — **Black Sabbath** — Collection | $28.99 |
| CD-382 — **Queensryche** — Empire (Unreleased tracks) | $16.99 |
| CD-389 — **Queensryche** — Silent Lucidity (Live tracks) | $16.99 |
| CD-002 — **Anthrax** — Penikufesin (Spell it Backwards) | $29.99 |
| CD-856 — **Faith No More** — Epic | $18.99 |
| CD-854 — **Cinderella** — Live Train to Heartbreak Station | $34.99 |
| CD-508 — **R.E.M.** — Losing My Religion (Incl: live tracks) | $18.99 |
| CD-898 — **Nirvana** — Bleach (U.S. 13 tracks) | $18.99 |
| CD-368 — **Iron Maiden** — Bring Daughter to the Slaughter | $16.99 |
| CD-369 — **Iron Maiden** — Holly Smoke (Picture CD) | $16.99 |
| CD-370 — **Anthrax** — Bring the Noise (Picture CD) | $16.99 |
| CD-371 — **Black Crowes** — Jealous Again | $16.99 |
| CD-372 — **Cinderella** — Heartbreak Station | $16.99 |
| CD-373 — **Red Hot Chili Peppers** — Taste The Pain | $16.99 |
| CD-374 — **Extreme** — Funk Out (Unreleased tracks) | $16.99 |
| CD-376 — **Great White** — Call It Rock | $16.99 |
| CD-377 — **Janes Addiction** — Caught Stealin | $16.99 |
| CD-378 — **Jesus Jones** — Right Here | $16.99 |
| CD-380 — **Marillion** — Cover My Eyes | $16.99 |
| CD-381 — **Napalm Death** — Mass Appeal | $16.99 |
| CD-341 — **Scorpions** — Send Me An Angel | $16.99 |
| CD-342 — **Sisters of Mercy** — Dr Jeep | $16.99 |
| CD-343 — **U2** — All I Want Is You (Picture CD) | $16.99 |
| CD-344 — **U2** — Angel of Harlem (Picture CD) | $16.99 |
| CD-346 — **U2** — Love Comes To Town (Picture CD) | $16.99 |
| CD-834 — **Nirvana** — Hormoaning (Live & rare unreleased tracks) | $29.99 |
| CD-348 — **Cult** — Firewoman (Picture CD) | $16.99 |
| CD-249 — **Cult** — Manor Sessions (Picture CD) | $16.99 |
| CD-350 — **Cinderella** — Shelter Me | $16.99 |
| CD-351 — **Enuff Z'Nuff** — Baby Loves You | $16.99 |
| CD-881 — **Metallica** — Limited Edition Box Set (Incl: 5 CDs, 3 stickers, 1 pin, 1 pendant, 2 patches) | $159.99 |
| CD-891 — **Deep Purple** — 24 Carat Purple | $26.99 |
| CD-358 — **Helloween** — Best-Rest-Rare | $29.99 |
| CD-008 — **AC-DC** — Dirty Deeds "Different Cover & Songs" | $29.99 |
| CD-209 — **AC-DC** — Let There Be Rock "From Australia" | $34.99 |
| CD-330 — **Aerosmith** — Live Bootleg "2 CD's on 1 CD" | $49.99 |
| CD-331 — **Aerosmith** — Pump "Plus 1 Extra Track" | $39.99 |
| CD-011 — **Black Sabbath** — Backtrackin (20th Anniversary All with Ozzy) | $29.99 |
| CD-013 — **Black Sabbath** — Born Again (Great CD!) | $29.99 |
| CD-012 — **Black Sabbath** — Blackest Sabbath (Featuring All of the Band's Singers 1970-1987) | $29.99 |
| CD-017 — **Cult** — Death Cult | $25.99 |
| CD-018 — **Cult** — Dreamtime | $25.99 |
| CD-895 — **Extreme** — Extra Graffitti (Remix & edited tracks) | $29.99 |
| CD-127 — **Samantha Fox** — Megamix | $29.99 |
| CD-128 — **Great White** — Live in London | $33.99 |
| CD-137 — **Scorpions** — Tokyo Tapes (2 CD's) | $59.99 |
| CD-138 — **Warlock** — Burning the Witches | $29.99 |
| CD-139 — **Warlock** — Hellbound | $29.99 |
| CD-207 — **Runaways** — (with J. Jett & Lita Ford) | $30.00 |
| CD-236 — **Celtic Frost** — Mega Therion | $28.99 |
| CD-259 — **Samantha Fox** — I Wanna Have More | $33.99 |
| CD-897 — **Queensryche** — Another Rainy Night (Incl: 2 live tracks) (Suite Sister Mary - Eyes of a Stranger) | $17.99 |
| CD-059 — **Man O'War** — Battle Hymns | $28.99 |
| CD-060 — **Man O'War** — Sign O' The Hammer | $28.99 |
| CD-063 — **Freddie Mercury** — Barcelona | $29.99 |
| CD-069 — **Jimmy Page** — No Introduction | $29.99 |
| CD-070 — **Jimmy Page** — Smoke & Fire | $29.99 |
| CD-338 — **Samantha Fox** — Interview (Topless Picture CD) | $24.99 |
| CD-106 — **Scorpions** — Hurricane Rock (1978-1988) | $29.99 |
| CD-104 — **Runaways** — Queen of Noise | $32.99 |
| CD-899 — **Helloween** — Live in The U.K. | $29.99 |
| CD-336 — **Warrant** — Cherry Pie (2 unreleased cuts) | $16.99 |
| CD-324 — **Y & T** — Anthology | $24.99 |
| CD-084 — **Joan Jett** — I Love Rock & Roll | $32.99 |
| CD-090 — **Marillion** — Real To Reel | $29.99 |
| CD-900 — **KISS** — Peter Criss (Solo CD) | $29.99 |
| CD-901 — **KISS** — Ace Frehley (Solo CD) | $29.99 |
| CD-112 — **Slade** — Story of Slade (Vol 1) | $32.99 |
| CD-119 — **Ozzy Osbourne** — The Best of Ozz | $34.99 |
| CD-121 — **Queensryche** — Empire (with Booklet, 98 pages) | $48.99 |
| CD-122 — **Queensryche** — Queen of the Reich | $29.99 |
| CD-124 — **Riot** — Live (14 Songs All Live) | $32.99 |
| CD-125 — **Riot** — Narita | $32.99 |
| CD-126 — **Riot** — Rock City | $32.99 |
| CD-021 — **Dead Kennedys** — Plastic Surgery | $32.99 |
| CD-902 — **KISS** — Gene Simmons (Solo CD) | $29.99 |
| CD-029 — **Faith No More** — Live at the Brixton | $29.99 |
| CD-031 — **E.Z.O.** — E.Z.O. (First Release of E.Z.O.) | $31.99 |
| CD-036 — **Faster Pussycat** — Live & Rare (Remix and Live) | $39.99 |
| CD-040 — **Jimi Hendrix** — Loose Ends | $29.99 |
| CD-042 — **Billy Idol** — Idol Songs | $29.99 |
| CD-335 — **Iron Maiden** — 2 Minutes to Midnight (6 cut EP) | $23.99 |
| CD-903 — **KISS** — Paul Stanley (Solo CD) | $29.99 |
| CD-049 — **Judas Priest** — Collection | $29.99 |
| CD-904 — **Extreme** — Hole Hearted (Incl: unreleased track) | $17.99 |
| CD-906 — **Rush** — Roll the Bones (Incl: interview w/ Neil Peart) | $17.99 |
| CD-332 — **Y & T** — Black Tiger | $39.99 |
| CD-390 — **Led Zeppelin** — Presence (From Japan) | $34.99 |
| CD-391 — **REM** — The Best of REM | $29.99 |
| CD-394 — **Alice Cooper** — Dada (From Germany) | $29.99 |
| CD-053 — **KISS** — Killers (14 tracks, 4 Unreleased tracks) | $35.99 |
| CD-083 — **Helloween** — Pink Bubbles Go Ape | $32.99 |
| CD-108 — **Scorpions** — Taken By Force | $28.99 |
| CD-316 — **Skid Row** — 34 Hrs (Featuring Gary Moore) | $24.99 |
| CD-907 — **U2** — One (Unreleased tracks) | $16.99 |
| CD-894 — **Rod Stewart** — Maggie May (12 tracks) | $19.99 |
| CD-007 — **AC-DC** — T.N.T. | $29.99 |
| CD-005 — **AC-DC** — High Voltage (Different Songs than on U.S. CD) | $29.99 |
| CD-227 — **Black Crowes** — Hard to Handle (Picture CD / Live tracks) | $24.99 |
| CD-826 — **Black Crowes** — She Talks to Angels (Live & acoustic tracks) | $17.99 |
| CD-828 — **L.A. Guns** — Some Lie 4 Love (Live tracks) | $18.99 |
| CD-333 — **Bon Jovi** — Hard & Hot | $34.99 |
| CD-823 — **Bon Jovi** — Dead or Alive (Incl: Accoustic & live tracks) | $24.99 |
| CD-824 — **Bon Jovi** — Borderline (Live tracks) | $24.99 |
| CD-821 — **Bon Jovi** — Burning for Love (Live tracks) | $24.99 |
| CD-822 — **Bon Jovi** — Slippery When Wet (Original Girl Cover Banned in the U.S.) | $28.99 |
| CD-751 — **Bon Jovi** — Miracle (Incl: 2 non-LP tracks) | $19.99 |
| CD-827 — **Skid Row** — Wasted Time (Incl: Get the Fuck Out "Live") | $17.99 |
| CD-818 — **KISS** — God Gave Rock & Roll To You II | $14.99 |
| CD-339 — **Madonna** — Interview (Picture CD) | $24.99 |
| CD-359 — **KISS** — I Was Made for Lovin' You (Long Version) | $16.99 |
| CD-908 — **W.A.S.P.** — Chainsaw Charlie | $16.99 |
| CD-385 — **Slaughter** — Flight of the Angel (Incl. 2 live tracks & 1 accoustic) | $16.99 |
| CD-392 — **Def Leppard** — Great Box (4 CD Box Set) | $89.99 |
| CD-489 — **Poison** — Unskinny Bop & unreleased track | $16.99 |
| CD-492 — **Primal Scream** — Sonic Glower Groove | $29.99 |
| CD-516 — **Megadeth** — Holy Wars (Incl. Punishment Due) | $16.99 |
| CD-517 — **Megadeth** — No More Mr. Nice Guy | $16.99 |
| CD-524 — **Motorhead** — Lock Up Your Daughters (Live) | $28.99 |
| CD-556 — **Alice Cooper** —Loves A Loaded Gun | $16.99 |
| CD-563 — **Helloween** — Kids of the Century (Picture CD) | $16.99 |
| CD-572 — **Jane's Addiction** — Classic Girl (Rare & Live) | $16.99 |
| CD-909 — **Sepultura** — Arise (Incl: 2 unreleased live tracks) | $16.99 |
| CD-594 — **Skid Row** — In A Darkened Room (Incl. 2 previously unreleased tracks) | $16.99 |
| CD-670 — **Godfathers** — Unreal World (Live tracks) | $13.99 |
| CD-671 — **Godflesh** — Slateman | $16.99 |
| CD-676 — **Great White** — Once Bitten Twice Shy (Live in 1987 & Bonus CD - 2 CD Set) | $30.00 |
| CD-054 — **L.A. Guns** — Cocked & Loaded (Incl: No Mercy "Live") | $29.99 |
| CD-027 — **Dokken** — Back in the Street (Incl. Liar & Prisoner "Live") | $29.99 |
| CD-724 — **Alice Cooper** — Flush The Fashion | $29.99 |
| CD-725 — **Alice Cooper** — Lace & Whiskey | $29.99 |
| CD-726 — **Alice Cooper** — Zipper Catches Skin | $29.99 |
| CD-793 — **Anthrax** — Bring The Noise (With Public Enemy) | $16.99 |
| CD-794 — **Anthrax** — Got The Time (Live & extended tracks) | $24.99 |
| CD-795 — **Anthrax** — In My World (Limited Picture CD) | $16.99 |
| CD-796 — **Anthrax** — Armed & Dangerous | $18.99 |
| CD-797 — **Anthrax** — Fistful Of Metal | $22.99 |
| CD-804 — **AC-DC** — Are You Ready (1st Time on CD) | $16.99 |
| CD-805 — **AC-DC** — Thunderstruck (Incl. Fire Your Gun/ D.T. / Chase The Ace) | $16.99 |
| CD-831 — **Erasure** — Am I Right? (Incl: unreleased tracks) | $18.99 |
| CD-835 — **Firehouse** — Love of A Lifetime (Incl: unreleased tracks) | $29.99 |
| CD-838 — **Dokken** — Beast from the East (Extra tracks / 2 CD's) | $59.99 |
| CD-837 — **Ozzy Osbourne** — No More Tears (Extra track not on U.S. CD) | $29.99 |
| CD-375 — **Extreme** — More Than Words (Incl: unreleased track) | $16.99 |
| CD-326 — **Queen** — Greatest Hits (Vol. 1) | $34.99 |
| CD-390 — **Queen** — Greatest Hits (Vol. 2) | $36.99 |
| CD-320 — **Richie Sambora** — Ballad of Youth (Picture CD) | $16.99 |

If you don't see what you are looking for, write to us and we will get it for you.
We have in stock over 6,000 different CD's and Videos
**Send $2.00 for Catalog**

## RETURNS

If for some reason, you receive something that is defective, or has been damaged in shipping, we will exchange the returned item only with the same item. There are no refunds.

## METAL VIDEOS METAL VIDEOS METAL VIDEOS
## VHS only

| | |
|---|---|
| VHS-015 — **Def Leppard** — Interview (Import from England) | $29 |
| VHS-030 — **Motley Crue** — Uncensored | $24 |
| VHS-163 — **Motley Crue** — Dr Feelgood Videos | $24 |
| VHS-001 — **AC-DC** — Fly on the Wall | $24 |
| VHS-002 — **AC-DC** — Let There Be Rock | $24 |
| VHS-003 — **AC-DC** — Who Made Who | $24 |
| VHS-006 — **Alice Cooper** — Trashes The World | $24 |
| VHS-075 — **Alice Cooper** — Nightmare Returns | $24 |
| VHS-328 — **Motley Crue** — Decade of Decadence | $24 |
| VHS-010 — **Cinderella** — Tales Gypsy Road | $24 |
| VHS-064 — **Trixter** | $24 |
| VHS-250 — **Danzig** — #2 | $19 |
| VHS-238 — **Alice In Chains** — Facelift "Live" | $22 |
| VHS-227 — **Cult** — Dream Time | $31 |
| VHS-183 — **R.E.M.** — Succumbs | $24 |
| VHS-080 — **AC-DC** — Interview Sessions | $24 |
| VHS-097 — **Bon Jovi** — Breakout | $24 |
| VHS-099 — **Bon Jovi** — New Jersey Videos | $24 |
| VHS-193 — **Sam Kinison** — Banned | $24 |
| VHS-194 — **Samantha Fox** — Just One Night | $24 |
| VHS-196 — **Scorpions** — First Sting | $24 |
| VHS-198 — **Skid Row** — Oh Say Can You Scream | $24 |
| VHS-083 — **Alice Cooper** — Welcome to Nightmare | $27 |
| VHS-086 — **Armored Saint** — Trip Thru Red | $24 |
| VHS-102 — **Cinderella** — Night Song | $24 |
| VHS-108 — **Def Leppard** — Historia | $29 |
| VHS-114 — **Doors** — Live in Europe | $24 |
| VHS-122 — **Exploited** — Live Palm Grove | $33 |
| VHS-123 — **Faith No More** — Live at Brixton | $2 |
| VHS-138 — **Iron Maiden** — Behind the Iron Curtain | $24 |
| VHS-143 — **Jimi Hendrix** — Hendrix Story | $24 |
| VHS-147 — **Judas Priest** — Fuel For Life | $24 |
| VHS-150 — **Kiss** — Kiss Meets the Phantom | $24 |
| VHS-151 — **L.A. Guns** — Love Peace & Geese | $24 |
| VHS-152 — **Lita Ford** — Lita | $24 |
| VHS-181 — **Queen** — We Will Rock You | $24 |
| VHS-293 — **Queen** — Magic Years (Vol. 1) | $28 |
| VHS-190 — **Rush** — Chronicles | $24 |
| VHS-191 — **Rush** — Grace Under Pressure | $28 |
| VHS-200 — **Slaughter** — From the Beginning | $29 |
| VHS-205 — **Suicidal Tendencies** — Lights | $24 |
| VHS-206 — **Tesla** — Five Man Video Band | $24 |
| VHS-207 — **Testament** — RRR Records Compil | $32 |
| VHS-235 — **Testament** — Seen Between the Times | $24 |
| VHS-260 — **Ozzy Osbourne** — Don't Blame Me (20 Years with Ozzy) | $28 |
| VHS-310 — **Slaughter** — Tour Pack | $28 |
| VHS-258 — **Public Enemy** — Tour of a Black Planet | $27 |
| VHS-253 — **Led Zeppelin** — The Song Remains the Same | $29 |
| VHS-240 — **Alice Cooper** — Prime Cuts | $24 |
| VHS-230 — **Cinderella** — Heartbreak Station | $19 |
| VHS-263 — **Pink Floyd** — Live at Pompeii | $33 |
| VHS-264 — **Pink Floyd** — The Delicate Sound of Thunder | $33 |
| VHS-265 — **Def Leppard** — In The Round | $34 |
| VHS-266 — **Red Hot Chili Peppers** — Funky Monks (Making of Blood Sugar) | $27 |
| VHS-296 — **Black Sabbath** — Story of Black Sabbath | $87 |
| VHS-286 — **Overkill** — Videoscope | $24 |
| VHS-025 — **KISS** — Animalize Live (uncensored) | $33 |
| VHS-029 — **Metallica** — 2 Of One | $17 |
| VHS-028 — **Metallica** — Cliff 'Em All | $24 |
| VHS-034 — **Ozzy Osbourne** — Ultimate Ozzy | $24 |
| VHS-289 — **Lita Ford** — Dangerous Videos | $14 |
| VHS-290 — **Sepultura** — Under Siege | $24 |
| VHS-050 — **Red Hot Chili Peppers** — Live | $24 |
| VHS-040 — **Queensryche** — Video Mindcrime | $24 |
| VHS-209 — **U-2** — Live at Red Rocks | $24 |
| VHS-279 — **Firehouse** — Rock on the Road | $24 |

Send check or money order to:
THE RIGHT CHOICE
40-19 164th St., Dept. R, Flushing, NY 11358

| Item # | Description | Price |
|---|---|---|
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | Postage & Handling | 3.00 |
| | Total Enclosed | |

**Foreign orders, $8.00 postage**

Name ______________________

Address ______________________

City ______________________

State ____________ Zip ____________

# SOUND REPORT

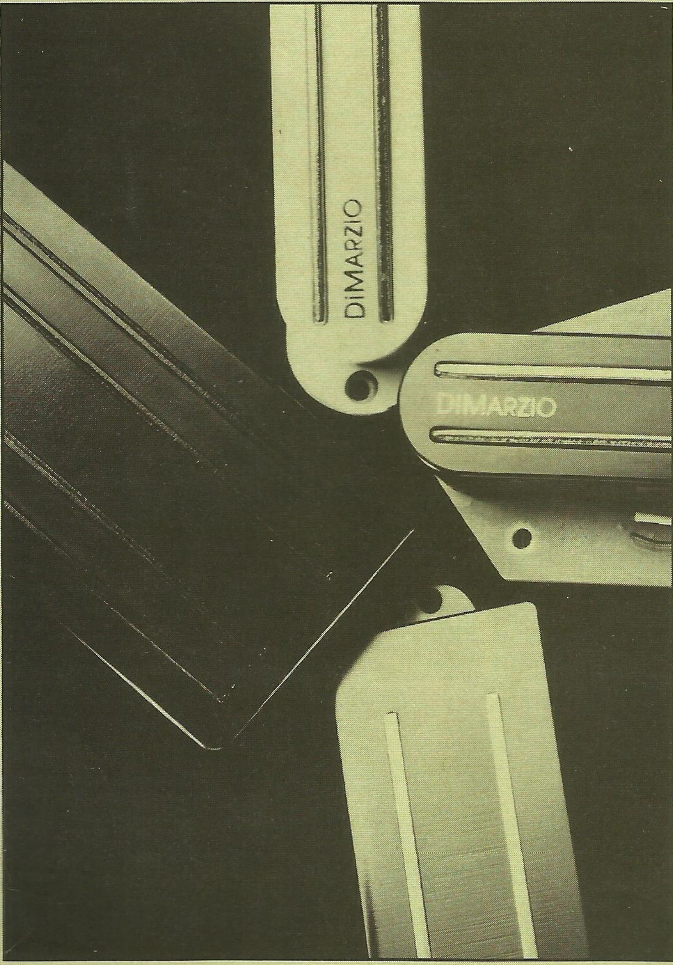
*Looking for a new guitar, amp or stereo, but don't want to look all over town? Well, now you can check out the very best in musical equipment right in your own home—here in SOUND REPORT! Send your merchandise, press kits and black-and-white stills to SOUND REPORT, c/o RIP Magazine, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, California 90210. Edited by Jeff Moses*

### DiMARZIO

*Multi-Bucker Pickup*

DiMarzio, killer retro-fit pickup kings, have just announced the release of four new pickups to its already incredible lineup. Of particular interest to rock, metal and grunge artists is the Multi-Bucker. It's actually three instruments of destruction in one. Inside its sheeplike clothing lurks a Fast Track 1 and a Chopper. That's correct, two separate pickups crammed next to each other. The F.T.1 gives you a clean, bright, Strat-y tone; the Chopper offers a fuller, smokin', Fender-on-steroids sound. In tandem, players get the ultimate humbucker—actually two humbucking pickups played in parallel for infinite fatness, overdrive and tone.

At $109 suggested list, it's a freakin' killer deal. It would cost almost twice as much to purchase both pickups separately. Put guts in your guitar. Try a Multi-Bucker, or check out DiMarzio's other new offerings. To find out more, write to DiMarzio, Inc., P.O. Box 100387, Staten Island, NY 10310.



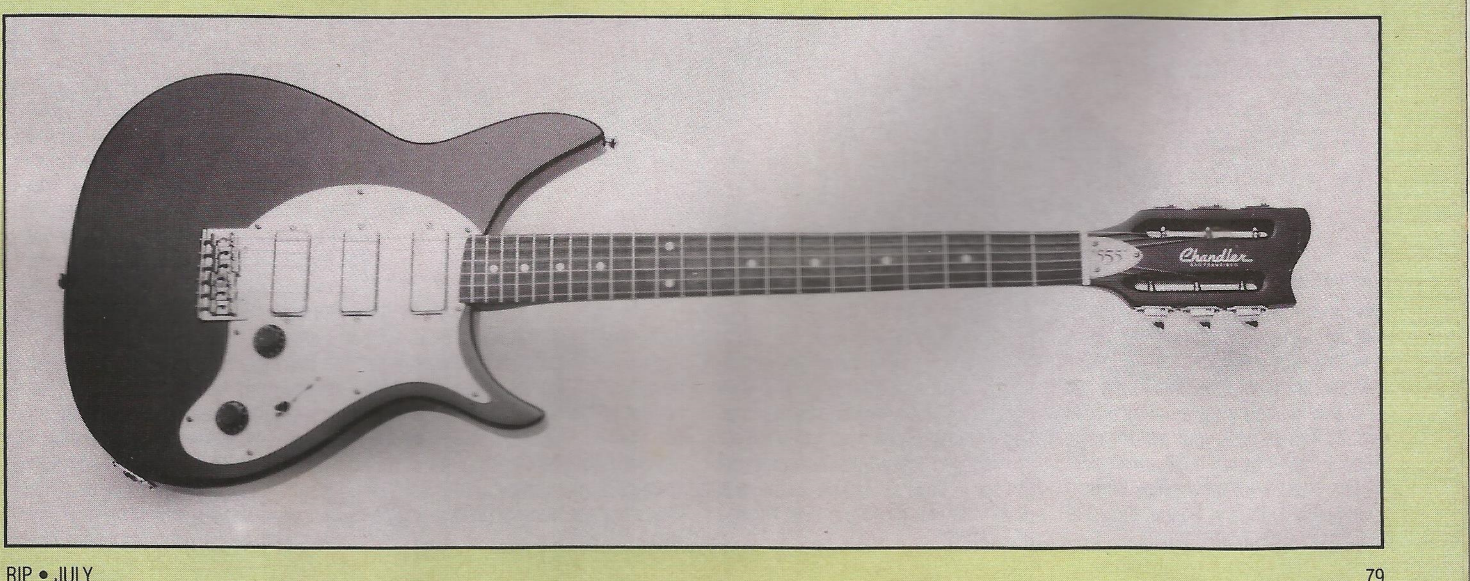
### CHANDLER

*555 Guitar*

Don't think you haven't been spotted, strolling down the street wearing that sandwich-board with "Sick of Strats, Tired of Les Pauls" dangling over your skinny bod. And your rants against boring instruments, they've been heeded as well.

Chandler of San Francisco has just put out a new guitar, the 555, that borrows from the past and future simultaneously. Styled after Rickenbacker's famous 350 (King Dirty Hippy Lennon's fave strum), the 555 is more than a throwback or copy. Instead of weedy Rick pickups, Chandler has used mini-humbuckers. The maple neck has a heelless joint, a 16" radius for cool bends, and a 25$\frac{1}{2}$" scale length. The body's solid alder for tone and sustain, and the slotted headstock is just too flippin' cool for words. Plug it into a Vox and twang, or run it through a Marshall and roar. The 555 can pull it all off—plus it doesn't look like anyone else's production-line, too-many-to-count axe.

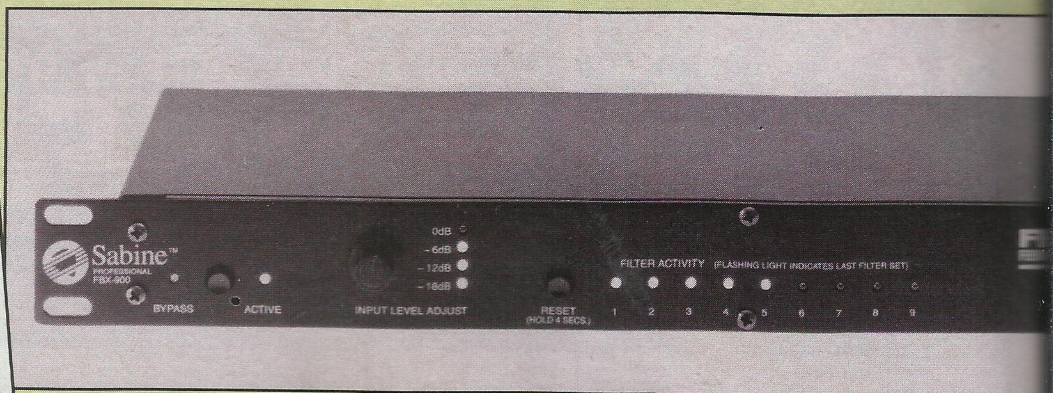
You can get in touch with Chandler, and maybe hit them up for one of their great catalogs, by writing to 590 19th St., San Francisco, CA 94107.



### COMMUNITY

*N-Series Fatboy Loudspeaker*

Okay, so it's doubtful that any of you readers who scrounge money for gum out of your big sister's purse are going to be able to afford this, but Community's offering a new loudspeaker that's simply boxed dynamite. Designed for killer near-field bass abuse, the Fatboy is a trapezoidal enclosure housing a proprietary 12", long-excursion woofer, two 6$\frac{1}{2}$", horn-loaded midrange drivers, and a single high-frequency driver to sizzle the top end. The bass-to-mid crossover provides the ultimate pumping bottom, leaving the mid to handle vocals and



other instruments with amazing clarity. It can be bi-amped or operated as a passive three-way system.

Perfect for nightclubs, this is the cab to use when you want an audience to feel, as well as hear, your performance, without having to lug huge subwoofers to gigs. Need more convincing? Write to Community Light and Sound, Inc., 333 E. Fifth St., Chester, PA 19013.

### YAMAHA

*RGZ621PR Guitar*

Look at your guitar! Aren't you embarrassed? Shame on you for playing such an ugly, wretched, dull bundle of screws and sawdust. Throw it out. Go on. Right out into the street where your neighbors can see it. Then skulk down to the local guitarville and pick up a new Yamaha RGZ621PR.

Right away you'll be struck by the metal-flake finish that would make a '64 Impala lowrider blush. The reverse headstock is a nice touch too. Plug it in. Sounds so good, thanks to Alnico magnet, stacked single-coil and humbucking pickups. The 24-fret neck fits all snuggly in your greasy grip, doesn't it? How about the Yamaha TRS Pro wigglestick? You like?

What are you waiting for? Buy it! Don't want to rush into anything? Contact Yamaha at P.O. Box 6600 Buena Park, CA 90622-6600 and let them give you a talking to.

### SABINE

*FBX Feedback Exterminator*

For those of you who actually enjoy the sensation of having 110dB of sonic mayhem rip through your eardrums, scour your brainpan and leave your head ringing like a cheap car alarm, stop reading now. On the other hand, if you like to hear a band without the assault of unwanted feedback, check out the new FBX Feedback Exterminator by Sabine.

Rather than use a graphic EQ, which necessarily degrades sound quality every time the offending frequency is attenuated, the Exterminator uses a microprocessor to determine the nasty pitch and squash it. The best part is, you no longer need a soundman hunkering over the board, ulcer flaring in anticipation of an errant squeak or rumble. The Exterminator does it by itself, does it quicker, and retains sound quality like no graphic ever has or will.

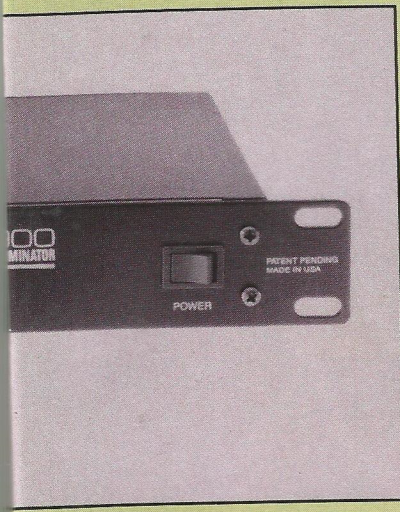
But check it out for yourself. Write to Sabine at 4637 N.W. 6th St., Gainesville, FL 32609.

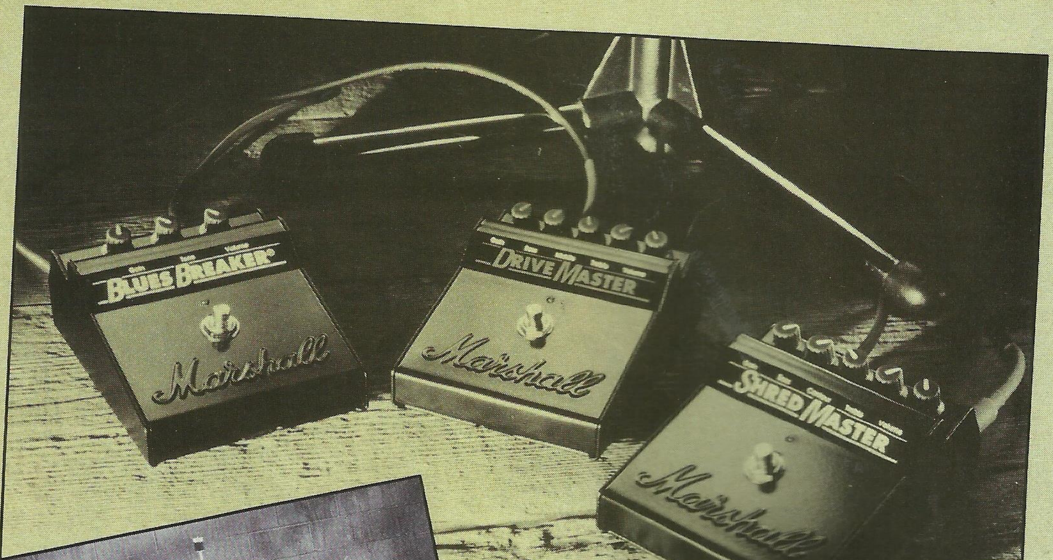
### PEARL

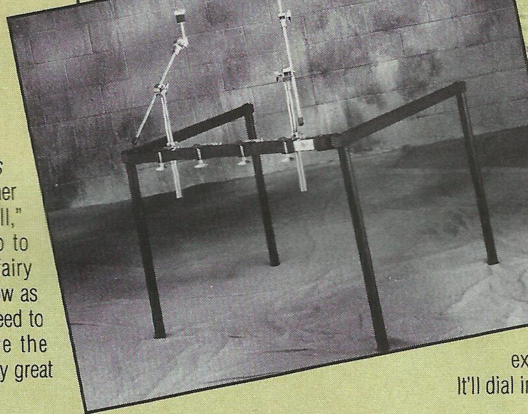
*DR-70C Drum Rack*

It's well known that drummers are a subspecies of Homo sapiens. No, *Sound Report* isn't arguing for stripping them of their rights (although locking them outside during parties isn't a bad idea). *Au contraire.* It's just that we think they should be kept behind bars—especially the square mounting bars, manufactured of lightweight extruded aluminum, that make up the new Pearl DR-70 drum rack system.

The entire shebang is collapsible, and is designed for quick set-up and teardown. In addition to the four PC-07 pipe clamps, skin bangers get two CH-85 cymbal holders. Of course additional hinging clamps and expansion options are available, depending on how many toys one needs dangling about one's







cage. Write for more info to Pearl Corp., 549 Metroplex Dr., Nashville, TN 37211.

**MARSHALL**
*BluesBreaker, DriveMaster and ShredMaster Distortion Pedals*

If you're like thousands of other rockers who whisper, "Marshall," over and over before they go to sleep in hopes that the amp fairy will leave one under their pillow as they nap, wake up! You don't need to mortgage your soul to have the sound that inspired nearly every great guitarist you ever drooled over.

Marshall's just issued three new stompboxes to fit every crunch-seeker's needs. The BluesBreaker is singing, tubey breakup—great for that vintage edge. For those yearning for more tonal control and some extra gain, try the DriveMaster. It'll dial in the most intense, annoying or beautiful distorted sounds imaginable. Not happy unless your tone can toast a whole loaf of rye at 30 paces? Then get a ShredMaster. It's screaming hell in a box.

Of course all Marshall floor toys are built extra tough, with full volume, tone and gain controls, and positive-feel switching. Drop by a dealer or write to Marshall, 89 Frost St., Westbury, NY 11590.

**FREE COMPACT DISC & CASSETTE CATALOG**
Low Prices & Hard-to-Find Items
BARRY PUBLICATIONS
477 82nd Street
Brooklyn, NY 11209

**Put Our List On Your List**

Our list can help you do the other things you have on your list. Such as buy a car. . . estimate social security. . . start the diet. . . check out investments. . .

Our list is the *Consumer Information Catalog.* It's free and lists more than 200 free and low-cost government booklets on employment, health, safety nutrition, housing, Federal benefits, and lots of ways you can save money.

So to shorten your list, send for the free *Consumer Information Catalog*. It's the thing to do.

Just send us your name and address. Write:

**Consumer Information Center,
Dept. LL, Pueblo, CO 81009**

GSA
A public service of this publication and the Consumer Information Center of the U.S. General Services Administration

"Escape to a new fashion"
The Berlin Wall

ORIGINAL 8-EYELET
DR. MARTENS
$79.95

DEPT B1
319 3RD AVENUE
CHULA VISTA
CALIFORNIA
91910 USA

Send $2.00 for
catalog and sticker
(619) 425-5007 FAX: (619) 426-3495

AVAILABLE IN STORES
AirWair
AirWair

# AFTER Vixen

It's midnight on a Saturday at the Sunset Strip's Rainbow Bar and Grill. Jimmy D'Anda of BulletBoys approaches a table where drummer Roxy Petrucci is hangin' out. He asks about Roxy's band, "How's Vixen?"

Roxy responds, "We're regrouping. This is my new singer, Lenita Erickson." Moments later the leather-clad, platinum-blond lovely and the raven-haired Roxy are loudly singing along to the Judas Priest song coming over the speakers. They reminisce about Lenita covering Priest material with her band in Canada, and how much Roxy dug playing Priest stuff in the shock-rock band she started with her guitarist sister Maxine in the early-'80s, the two-female, two-male Madam X.

# THE FALL

Neil Zlozower

### a RIP exclusive by Laurel Fishman

Lost in metal ecstasy, this headbanging pair of kindred spirits doesn't seem to have a care in the world. So what's this about Vixen "regrouping"?

Up the street at the Whisky a few nights later, a band appears under the name Nobody You Know. The two ladies playing onstage with the male musicians—including Aerosmith tour keyboardist Thom Gimbel and L.A. session drummer Steve Klong—are Vixen vocalist Janet Gardner and Vixen bassist Share Pedersen. What's the deal here?

Meanwhile, across town, Vixen guitarist Jan Kuehnemund is in heavy songwriting mode with Jackie Eynon, a singer she and Roxy recorded with a couple of months earlier—under the name Bombshell—on the cut "Magic in the Night" for a special Nintendo album, *White Knuckle Scorin'*. What's with *this* collaboration?

The story of Vixen splitting up and pursuing different career paths begins back in April of 1991, when they finished their European tour with Deep Purple. Janet tells how she and Share came to splinter off from the band.

"Management was working on a record deal for the upcoming album, and we were starting to write for it. That's when Share and I realized we were going off in a different musical direction. Share and I began to free ourselves up from what we were *expected* to do and were starting to do what we *felt*. We weren't trying to formulate hit songs. Share had good lyric ideas. I had musical ideas. For the guitar parts our vision was to have more of an Eric Clapton/Jeff Beck/Luke-from-Thunder/Gary Moore feel. We were looking for a purist, traditional type of player who could take a note, bend it, shake a little vibrato and make you wanna cry."

Ken Settle

Vixen was drifting apart. "You could feel it," says Janet. "In a band, everyone has to compromise. Those compromises are the glue that holds the band together. But when you get further and further apart, the compromises get so big that it gets harder and harder to hold the band together. Roxy, as always, wanted to do heavier stuff. Share and I wanted to do more groove-oriented material that was still hard rock."

Share kept Janet focused. "The admirable quality in Share is that she doesn't milquetoast around," Janet says. "When she knows something is right, she goes for it 100 percent; and when she knows it isn't right, she doesn't want to do it. Through the whole process, as painful as it was for everybody and for her, her strength was really helpful to me."

That carried over into Janet's private life. "I had a lot of personal shit going on," Janet confides. "I was separating from my husband. It was time-consuming, dealing with him moving out. I'd want to be working with Share, but he'd be needing to move some more of his stuff. There were so many business matters to take care of—credit cards, transferring stuff to my name—just a bunch of real tedious nonsense."

Over the summer Share and Janet took their rough four-track tapes to a 16-track studio in Van Nuys. "It was really fun!" Janet smiles. "Thom Gimbel played synthesizer horn parts, live sax stuff and organ. Tommy Thayer [Black 'N Blue, Harlow] played guitar on a couple of tracks. It was a really good creative environment."

Janet describes their new material as "slinkier, more groove-oriented, blues- and R&B-influenced. It's still hard rock, but more soulful, with more attitude and character. There's much more sassy stuff to it instead of being so nice. There was a lot of stuff dying to get out, but we'll still have some of the torchy ballad stuff I love too. Mostly we want to have *fun*. Ain't *nobody* gonna stop us from havin' fun!"

Janet's last conversation with Jan was a positive one. "We talked about what we always talk about," Janet says. "Girl stuff, the equivalent of boys' locker-room talk. She asked me about this guy and that guy in my life, and said, 'Oh God, I can't keep up with you!' Jan's very excited about the future. I feel the same. We're still rooting for each other. It's everyone doing what's right for themselves musically. I think everyone is gonna make better music, because it's more true to who we are as people."

Roxy says that, after the European tour, Janet and Share felt that "in order to expand in the direction they wanted, we should consider a different guitar approach. I was into moving forward on the next record, so it kind of blew me away. I said, 'Let's just keep writing,' but they'd pretty much made up their minds.

"We played our songs and musical ideas for each other, and it became clear there was a problem. Jan and I went a little heavier, but it was still Vixen. One song I heard of Janet's and Share's sounded to me like Robert Palmer. The others sounded very light to me. It seemed they wanted to go with bluesier, R&B-type rock."

Looking back, Roxy is philosophical. "Shit happens. People change. We realized how serious Janet and Share really were about putting their own band together. Jan wanted to stay the same—Vixen. We suggested Janet and Share do a side project, but Janet answered that she couldn't devote 100 percent to both things, that it wouldn't be fair."

Roxy felt the situation was like a divorce. "All through the summer of '91 it went back and forth," she says. "We all wanted to do the right thing and be happy. For me, being happy meant that we would have gone on to make a third Vixen record, because I think we would've broken big."

Roxy had been considering hooking back up with Madam X as her own side project after a reunion gig in L.A. over the summer. "I hadn't felt that kind of energy in a long time," Roxy says. "I mean no-holds-barred, double-bass, breakin' as many heads, cymbals and sticks as I could in one night. I felt like an animal! That wild night made me realize that *this* is the kind of rock 'n' roll I want to play. It got my nut!"

Roxy was doubtful that Jan would ever want to play such heavy rock. "Although she was willing to go a little heavier, it still wasn't enough for me," Roxy explains. "Judas Priest and Black Sabbath are my roots, and that's where my heart is. The singer I needed had to be a firecracker. And I found her. What I really love about Lenita, besides her great voice, is that she lives and breathes rock 'n' roll. She's like me. Rock 'n' roll is our number-one love...besides getting boned! If I had to compare her to anybody, I'd say she's Rod Stewart meets Sebastian Bach meets Steven Tyler. Lenita breaks the mold of female singers of the '90s. I'd put her up against anybody."

Roxy admits she's always been wary of being in an all-girl band. "Same goes for my sister Maxine," she says. "We tried it, and it just never worked. With Vixen we're another statistic, as far as a girl band staying together. Very disappointing."

So why is Roxy putting together another all-girl band? "Lenita's not a typical girl," Roxy emphasizes. "She's so not-typical that Maxine is now playing with us too! Lenita likes to sweat, she loves the road, and all she wants to do is tour. When Lenita had to pick a picture of herself for a magazine, she didn't choose a glamour pose; she picked the sweatiest shot, an action shot, a real rock shot—sweaty but sexy."

Aside from the Madam X reunion gig, Maxine and Roxy hadn't worked together since the band split up in 1985 and Roxy joined Vixen. After seven years the sisters are finally reunited in rock.

From Jan's point of view, she has always believed things happen for a reason. "But I never thought Vixen would fall apart," she acknowledges. "I've felt angry, p.o.'d, hurt—all those things. I thought all the work we'd put in was being thrown away. We had a great future and great potential."

Jan maintains that a lot of groups break up for stupid reasons. "We went through some internal problems, like all bands do," she says. "Even though EMI dropped us after the Deep Purple tour, Geffen was there pretty quick. I said, 'Hey, let's drop all the b.s. and go for this, because it's the best business deal for everyone involved,' but it didn't end up working out that way."

Once she and Roxy realized the band was splitting up, they started writing and cowriting with other people. "For the Nintendo project, we had to get a singer *fast*," Jan says. "We had just met Jackie, we liked her voice, and we had her sing on the song. Ever since then I was totally sold. People kept finding us different singers, but I was convinced that I wanted Jackie. She and I are musically in sync, personality-wise too. She's got great stage presence, and we've been recording some of our songs.

"But Roxy heard a tape of Lenita, and she thought *she* was the right singer. That's when it was obvious Roxy didn't want a vocal style that was like what we had, and I didn't want to change the original Vixen sound too much."

As we go to press, Jan and Jackie are writing together and working with female bassist Amy Ruhl. "She's aggressive, yet feminine," Jan says. The band will be entering the studio soon, and are also looking for a drummer. Once all the legalities are straightened out, it looks like Jan will end up with the Vixen name. With or without it, though, Vixen is Jan's identity, an identity she's had since she was a teenager, ready to rock in her first all-girl band in Minnesota.

Janet and Share are working on a development deal with Geffen. Their band is as yet unnamed. "We're still tossin' around some names, and we still hate 'em all!" says Janet. They continue their search for that one elusive guitarist. "We're really picky," allows Janet, who will also be playing guitar in the new band. "We've had some really proficient players, but we're really specific about what we want in image, tone and attitude. It's amazing how many guitar players are not aggressive rhythm players. We want like an Angus Young—real attitude-y. We've auditioned some girl players. If we come across the right girl player, we're not ruling it out. Styles differ so much. Finding the right person is hard—really, really hard."

Roxy's band is considering various names. Madam X is still close to Roxy's and Maxine's hearts, but Hell's Belles is a strong contender. They just added New Jersey bassist Irene "Rena" Wohlman, who is moving to L.A. to join them.

One band is now three different bands. Four women have gone their separate ways. But as determined survivors in the music industry, each will go on to change the face of rock. •

LIP SERVICE
LA USA

HOT TOPIC - SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA † THE ALLEY - CHICAGO, IL
THE EXPERIENCE - SEATTLE, WA † T'S AND THINGS - LIVONIA, MI
BLONDIES - MYRTLE BEACH, SC † BONGO - NEW ORLEANS, LA
SCENTIMENTS - CINCINATTI, OH † DREAM MERCHANT - HOUSTON, TX

WHOLESALE INQUIRES: (213) 260-7308
FOR FREE LIPSERVICE STICKERS SEND S.A.S.E. TO 130 S. ANDERSON ST. L.A. CA 90033

# FAREWELL TO OZ

## 7th Installment:

### *RIP's continuing exclusive coverage of Ozzy Osbourne's final solo tour by Steffan Chirazi*

THIS MONTH: **BOY'S LIFE**

Europe, Europe...but first there was the small matter of finishing the U.S. tour, which wasn't quite as easy as it might seem. That nasty little bronchial flu bug winged its way around band and crew alike, forcing Oz to miss a show in Davenport, Iowa. Needless to say, our man was unhappy. Then came a whole bunch of video footage, shot by the director of Oz's smash-hit home documentary video, *Don't Blame Me*, Jeb Brien. Brien filmed the show in Kalamazoo, Michigan (one of the few open-floor festival seaters on the tour), as well as two shows in Detroit; all of which will go towards a home video later in the year, which will document the farewell tour. Brien will have six months worth of film in the can at that point, covering all aspects of the trek. He also took the opportunity to shoot a live video for "Mr. Tinkertrain," but before that one hits 45 there's "Road to Nowhere," a concept video based on some of Oz's reflections on life.

So, other than the bug stuff, the U.S. finished off strongly, with demand outdoing supply. This augurs well for Oz's return this summer to shedsville. As the band is currently in Europe, and I won't be for another week, this is as good a time as any to examine a candid conversation I had on the bus with Ozzy during the U.S. tour. This particular, and much-edited, chat took place on the drive to Washington, D.C., and sees Oz evaluate his current state of mind and some boyhood memories.

"I'm the kind of guy who, if I haven't got a worry, I worry because I haven't got anything to worry about. On the days of shows I can't stand talking to people or having them around me. I can't stand to meet people before a gig. I go into a different area. And all this bullshit about it's better and easier sober—it f?!kin' ain't, man. I said to my therapist the other day, 'You've got me off drugs, you've got me off alcohol—now what?' He says, 'Welcome to the real world. It sucks, doesn't it?' So I says to him, 'What kind of therapy is that?' He says, 'I'm tellin' you the truth. You've gotta make what you can of life, just like the rest of us.' "

Mark Leialoha

We talk a little more before Oz arrives at an early childhood memory involving alcohol. "I can remember going to my uncle's with my father. We'd go to the pub, and I'd sit outside on the wall, and they'd bring me out a glass of shandy [beer and lemonade, like 7-Up, a child's drink in the U.K.]. I can remember vividly thinking, *He was in a grumpy old mood this morning. That pop he drinks must be great. Can't wait for the day to have a bit o' that.* And I remember my first drink was when I was 14 in Birmingham, a brown-and-mild [a type of beer]. It was the foulest-tasting shit, but the feeling was ecstatic! The stress left me. I could do and say things I'd always wanted to, but was scared to before."

Have you gotten closer to discovering the root of that childhood fear since we last talked about it some months back?

"I don't know. I was just born scared. As I said to you before, fear is one of my earliest recollections—guilt too. The generation I come from was postwar, and they had it real bad. They never knew who was gonna come marching up the road on any day. I was always a people pleaser simply because, internally, I was eaten up by fear."

Oz has three older sisters and two brothers who are younger. Does he feel that being in the middle of the family left him deprived of attention?

"I really don't know, no idea. There were a lot of arguments. There were good times and bad times. But, as an individual...I mean, I never saw the ocean until I was 14, never went on holiday before I was ten. We never had the money. Most of the family disputes were over money, and I thought if I made a lot of money, all of that would go away. It didn't, and to a degree, at the beginning, it was worse! You're not a f?!king investment, you're a child! You start to think, *Did they have me through love, or as an investment for the future?* which is a psychological deterioration of your self-will. I was never really cheered on.

"I was a rebel from the start. I rebelled against anything with authority. I was a street kid. I wasn't very streetwise, but I'd please people. I mean, just so as I'd be accepted as one of the lads, I once broke into a shop and purposely got arrested! It wasn't really what I wanted to do, but I wanted to be in with boys, y'know. I mean, I really wanted to be a plumber. Show business didn't figure. But this is why the Beatles were such a big change in my life, because, coming from a working-class background, I always wondered how I could make a lot of money short of winning the pools [lottery] or robbing a bank. Then came four guys from Liverpool who were a phenomenon. I fell in love with them, what they were all about, and those songs were so brilliant. That era was magical. It was only when I had success that I thought, *F?!kin' hell, they must have had hell.*"

Anyone who knows Ozzy will attest, strange as it may seem, that the Beatles are his heroes, his reason for being here. All of which brings me to the end of the page and the closing of this window into the memories of Oz. •

**NEXT: TO EUROPE, TO EUROPE...**

**A—EARRINGS $2.50 EACH**
**• SILVER PLATED**

**HB—EARRINGS W/HOOP OR BAR $3.50**

**EARRINGS FITTED AS NECKLACES WITH CHAIN ADD $1.00 ($3.50)**
**All styles available with 1½" Chain ($1 extra)**

**BR—BRACELETS**
**• SILVER PLATED**

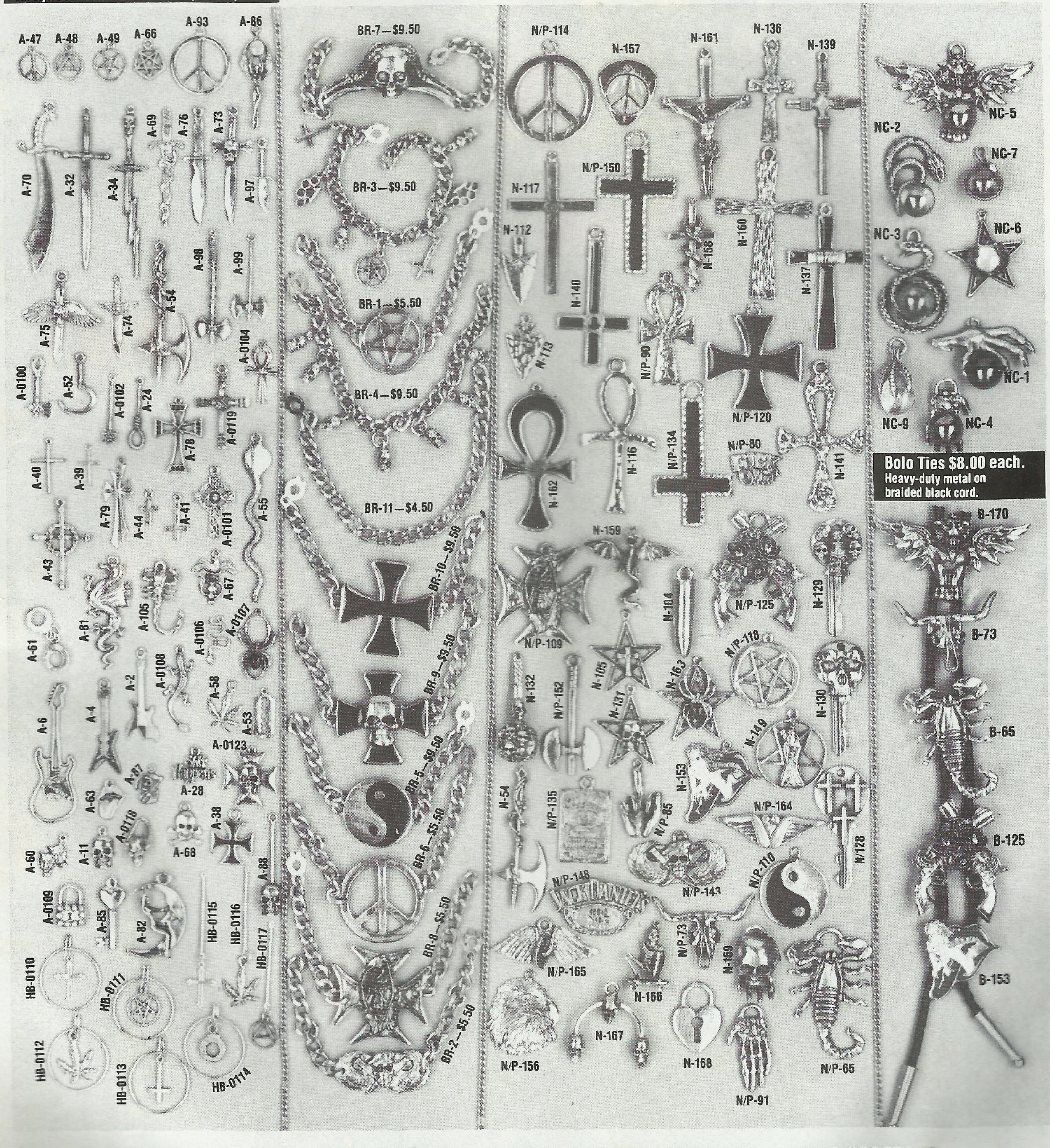
**SMALL - MEDIUM - LARGE**

**N—NECKLACES WITH CHAIN $4.50 EACH**
**• SILVER PLATED**

**NECKLACES AND PINS FITTED AS KEY CHAINS $3**
**N/P AVAILABLE AS NECKLACE AND AS PIN**

**P—PINS $3.50 EACH**

**NC—Crystal Necklaces $6.00 each • Silver plated with 24" chain.**


A-47
A-48
A-49
A-66
A-93
A-86
A-70
A-32
A-34
A-69
A-76
A-73
A-97
A-98
A-99
A-75
A-74
A-54
A-0104
A-0100
A-52
A-0102
A-24
A-78
A-0119
A-40
A-39
A-79
A-44
A-41
A-0101
A-55
A-43
A-81
A-105
A-0106
A-67
A-0107
A-61
A-6
A-4
A-2
A-0108
A-58
A-53
A-0123
A-87
A-28
A-63
A-0118
A-38
A-60
A-11
A-68
A-88
A-0109
A-85
A-82
HB-0115
HB-0116
HB-0117
HB-0110
HB-0111
HB-0112
HB-0113
HB-0114
BR-7—$9.50
BR-3—$9.50
BR-1—$5.50
BR-4—$9.50
BR-11—$4.50
BR-10—$9.50
BR-9—$9.50
BR-5—$9.50
BR-6—$5.50
BR-8—$5.50
BR-2—$5.50
N/P-114
N-157
N-161
N-136
N-139
N-117
N/P-150
N-112
N-140
N-158
N-160
N-137
N-113
N/P-90
N/P-120
N-162
N-116
N/P-134
N/P-80
N-141
N-159
N/P-109
N-104
N/P-125
N-129
N-132
N/P-152
N-105
N-163
N/P-118
N-130
N-131
N-149
N-54
N/P-135
N/P-85
N-153
N/P-164
N/P-148
N/P-143
N/P-110
N-128
N/P-73
N-169
N/P-165
N-166
N/P-156
N-167
N-168
N/P-65
N/P-91
NC-5
NC-2
NC-7
NC-3
NC-6
NC-1
NC-9
NC-4
B-170
B-73
B-65
B-125
B-153

**Bolo Ties $8.00 each.**
**Heavy-duty metal on braided black cord.**

A = PIERCED EAR POST EARRINGS $2.50
HB = EARRINGS W/ HOOP OR BAR $3.50
N = NECKLACES WITH CHAIN $4.50
P = PINS $3.50
BR = BRACELETS FROM $4.50 TO $9.50
KC = KEY CHAINS $3.00
NC = CRYSTAL NECKLACES $6.00
B = BOLO TIES $8.00

## BUY TWO CHOOSE ONE FREE:*

**BUY TWO BRACELETS CHOOSE ONE BRACELET FREE.**

**For Catalog Send $4.00**
**DEALER INQUIRIES WELCOME.**

**SEND ORDERS TO:**
*M.R.*
P.O. Box 948253
Maitland, FL 32794-8253
**MAKE PAYABLE TO *M.R.***

**TO ORDER:** Use this form and list all the items you want. For fastest service, send a money order. Personal checks will delay your order up to 4 weeks. **FOREIGN ORDERS:** Please send a money order in U.S. dollars.

| QTY. | ITEM # | | TOTAL |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | SHIPPING | $2.00 |
| | | TAX INCL. | |
| | | TOTAL | |

**USE ADDITIONAL PAPER IF NECESSARY**

Please Print

NAME

ADDRESS

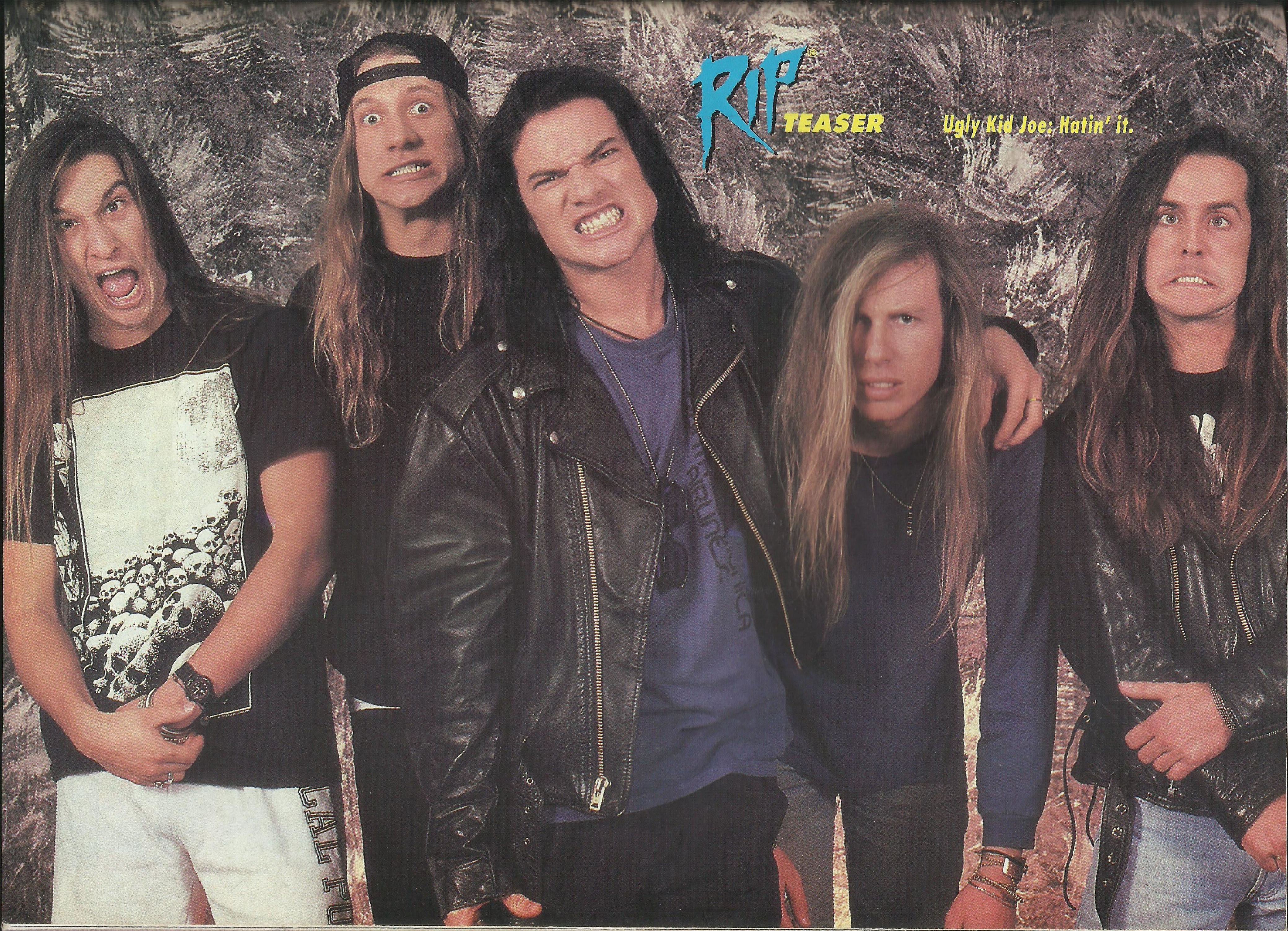
CITY

STATE ZIP

**ALL ORDERS SHIPPED FIRST CLASS U.S. MAIL**

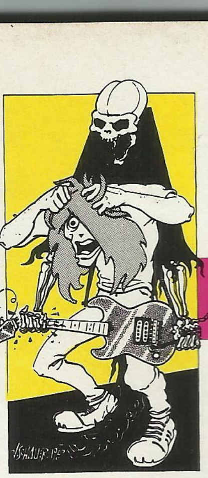
SHOWN SMALLER THAN ACTUAL SIZE.

*Applies to Earrings, Pins and Necklaces



**RIP® TEASER**

Ugly Kid Joe: Hatin' it.



# IDOL Chatter

*Tired of listening to what some stuffy old critic has to say about your favorite performers? Well, let the stars speak for themselves! Every month here in* ***Idol Chatter*** *read what hot musicians have to say about various topics of the day, including who they are, what they play and whatever else comes to mind.*

**Edited by Kristina Estlund**

## Get in the Ring

### by Phil Anselmo

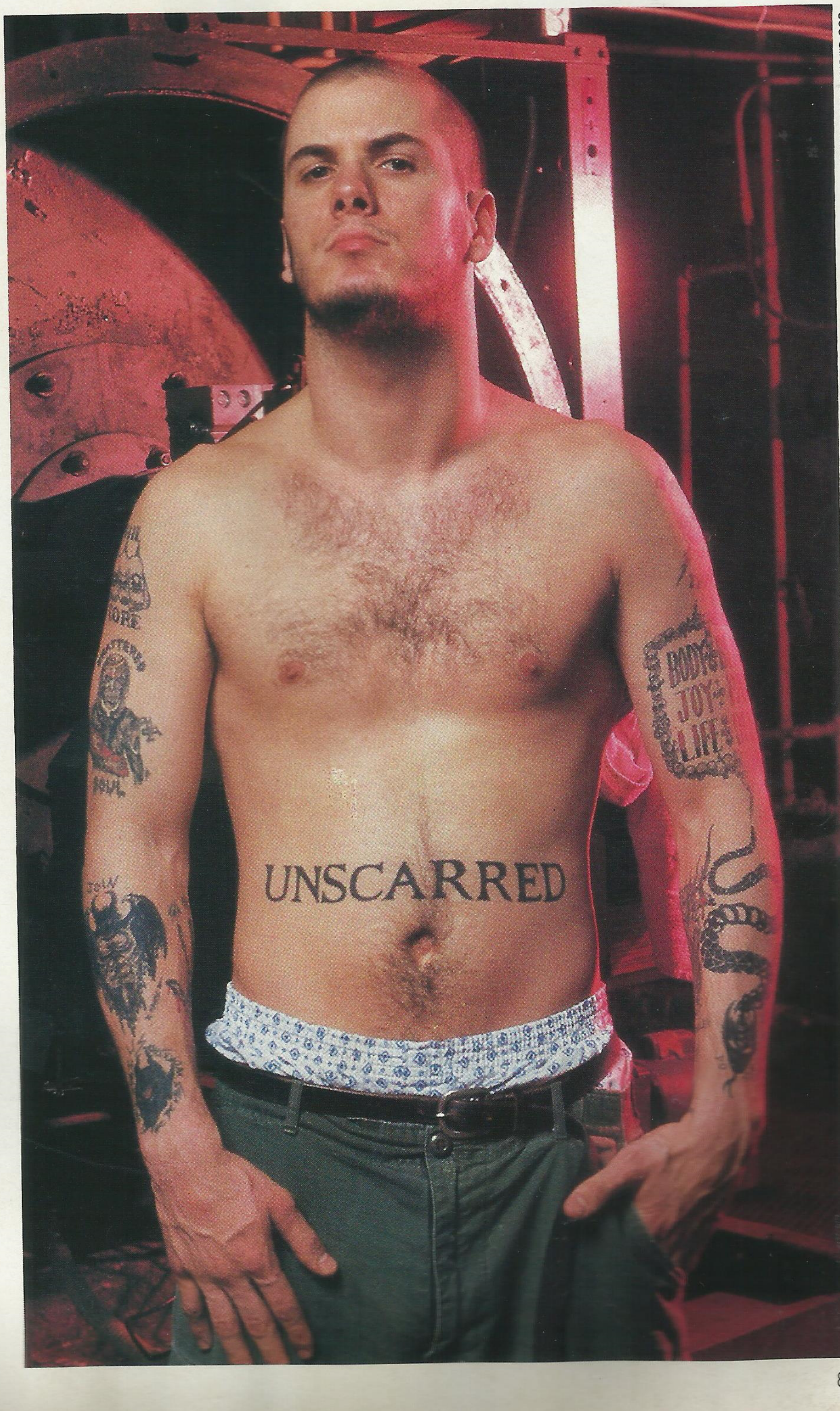
*Pantera won their first professional bout with a knockout in the first round.* Cowboys From Hell, *their debut album, established them as the reigning champs of the "power groove" school of metal, and they are currently on the road, promoting their second collection of sensitive odes to rage and hatred,* Vulgar Display of Power. *The band's charismatic frontman, Phil Anselmo, has a unique way of keeping himself fired up. Don't go looking for him in the jacuzzi after one of Pantera's strenuous shows; you're more likely to find him in a ringside seat at a local boxing match. The man's just crazy about the Sweet Science. He spends the better part of his off-time catching up on the latest news from the world of pugilism. For this issue we'll just call him the Commissioner, as his knowledge of boxing's current standings is indisputable. Phil has passionate opinions about anything and everything to do with his favorite sport, from the fighters themselves, to the Mike Tyson incident, to rumors of corruption connected to the squared circle. The man virtually lives and breathes boxing. "I'm not a Rocky fan, however it did help the sport of boxing quite a bit. I can't ever deny that," he says. So let's step into the ring, sit on the canvas and gather 'round Commissioner Anselmo. Ding, ding....*

I started getting interested in boxing when I was a lot younger. The fights were always on at my house. My parents, they weren't too worried about it. They knew I was interested in it. I dug it. The first boxing match I saw was either Larry Holmes, Ernie Shaver or Howard "Rock" Green fighting "The Animal" Fletcher, or something like that. I'm sure there was one before that, but that's the earliest one I can think of.

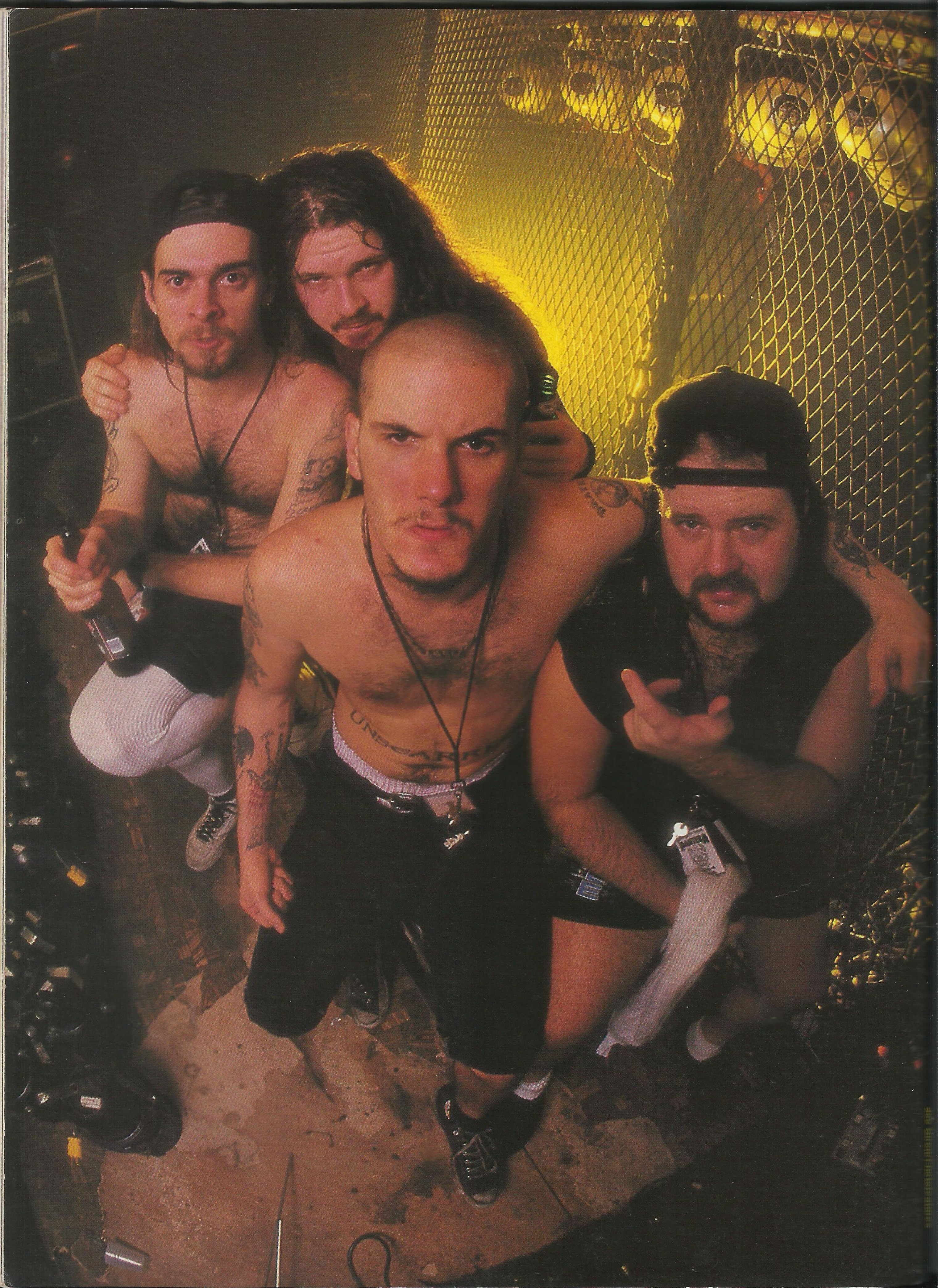
I have so many so many favorite boxers. Julian Jackson is one. He's a middleweight. He's had 43 fights and won 41 with knockouts. He's a WBC World Middleweight Champion and, I think, the hardest puncher in boxing history. I don't think anyone hits as hard as him. He's vicious. He's devastating. He's dangerous. He's the best middleweight in the world. Jeff Fenech is another favorite of mine. He's just an out-and-out brawler. He's quick throwing punches and puts on relentless pressure till the very f?!king end.

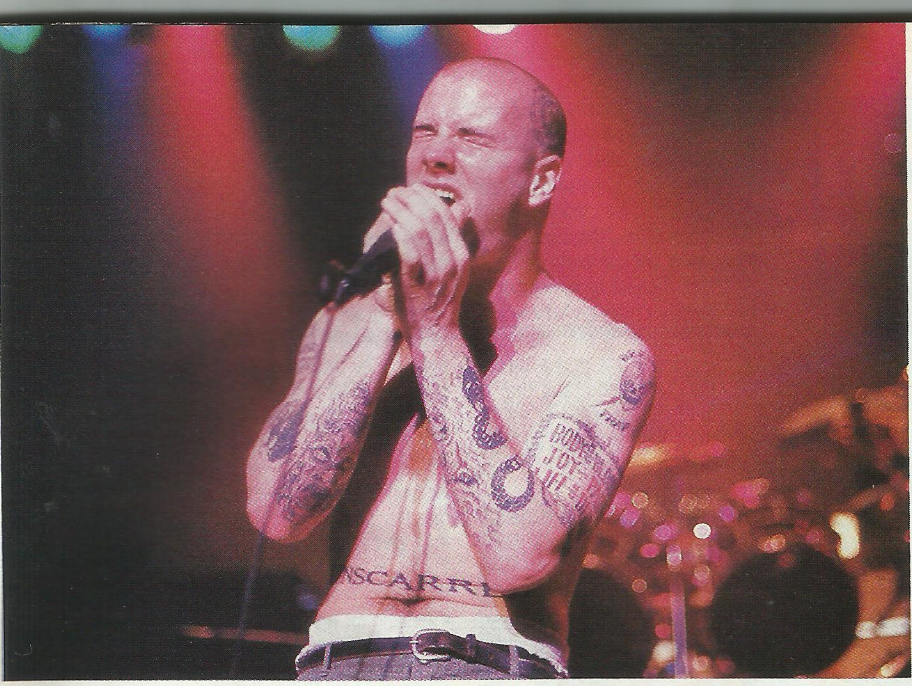
I like Mike Tyson, but as far as the controversy, I don't think it's going to affect the sport of boxing, because it wasn't like a fight was fixed or anything like that. It really has nothing to do with the sport. It still sucks though. He was respected and looked up to by a lot of kids. All the evidence pretty much points to him doing it, and he had no reason in the world. Christ, he could probably get all the girls he wanted. I think he had all that gangster shit in his head. He took all those rap songs—all that shit about women being ho's and taking control of the bitches and shit like that—too seriously .

Don King, I think he's a criminal. I think he's corrupted the sport. But you are only corrupted if you want to be. Mike Tyson was smart, then I think he was real stupid. I don't know why he stayed with Don King. He didn't make nearly as much money, he never got a shot at the world title—he was just in a downhill spiral. I've got a video of Tyson, *Mike Tyson's Greatest Hits*. It shows him when he was younger and just coming up. He had



Joe Giron/Photofeatures





Gene Ambo

all the correct people working for him. Working *for* him, you know. That makes a difference. Instead of Don King saying, "Me *and* you can do this," those other dudes were more like, "Mike Tyson is the main commodity. We want to take care of him." His trainer, Cus D'Amato, died, then Jim Jacobs died, and I think both of those fellows had a strong hold on him. A true fighter gets in the ring to prove himself. If he would have been on top of this game, if he would have trained correctly, if he would have had the right people around him, he'd have never been knocked out by Buster Douglas. Buster Douglas fought a great fight that night, but on Mike Tyson's average night Buster Douglas would've been knocked out. He wasn't even average that evening, because he didn't give a flying f?!k. No one motivated him.

I like Evander Holyfield, but he needs to prove himself again. He had a tough time with Bart Tovarich, and I question his fight tactics. I can look at it and say, "Well, he fought Burt Cooper," but Cooper's really just a journeyman, and he fought Cooper *after* he trained for Mike Tyson, and then Tyson pulled out. When you have these sanctioning bodies—the Heavyweight president, WBC, WBA, IBF—that say Evander Holyfield has to fight someone to defend his title in a certain amount of time or they'll strip his belt, it's a big mess. After Tyson pulled out, they had to reschedule the fight with Francisco Damiani; then that fell apart. Then they got Bert Cooper in there after Holyfield had gotten himself mentally psyched for those other two guys, and Holyfield's fight plan was too busy. He was overtrained. There's a bunch of up-and-coming heavyweights he needs to fight, but all of a sudden he's gonna fight Larry Holmes. Holmes just came off a great victory over Ray Mercer. But Holmes is 42 years old, so once again it's a no-win situation for Evander. If he loses to an older, but slick boxer, well, he was exposed as not that good a boxer. But if he knocks out Larry Holmes, it's like, "So what? Mike Tyson knocked Larry Holmes out in the fourth round. Who's he gonna fight that's for real?"

I didn't know about the Sugar Ray Leonard thing, that he was supposedly on dope throughout his career. Dope will cripple anyone. Any lack of physical effort on his part because of dope, that's scary, because he's such a great fighter. And I mean a *great* fighter. He displayed determination, he found ways to win, and he's a great boxer and not a bad puncher.

I think Thomas Hearns is looking for a payday to be a great fighter. His chin's never been the best. If he decides to come up to heavyweight, he'll get knocked out. Virgil Hill, I always thought, was a real, real good boxer, but somewhere along the line he lost somethin'—a knockout desire, I guess. He didn't get busy enough, didn't stay busy enough, didn't have that determination to kill, and he just became way too cautious for his own good. That's why Thomas Hearns beat him.

As far as sportscasters, I dislike the guys on HBO. I think George Foreman's terrible. I don't care how funny people think he is, he's just horrendous. Larry Merchant, the color analyst, he's just f?!kin' terrible. Jim Lampley sucks. I can handle Ferdie Pacheco, but I can't stand Meduse. I don't like him at all. I love Al Bernstein and Barry Tompkins on ESPN. I think they're the best. And I like Sean O'Grady and Al Albert on USA Network.

I go to matches sometimes, but I'm always on the road, so lately I've only been to a couple local fights in Dallas. They weren't well-known pros, but it was still fun. A live fight, there's nothing better.

I haven't met any boxers I admire. I'm dying to. I meet all kinds of people, y'know, but to run into a boxer, I'd say, "Hey, man, *you're* doin' it." Especially if I respected them. Even if it's a journeyman loser, at least they're in there doin' it. If you're a pro, you're dangerous, man. Even if your record is zero and thirty, the mere fact that you're a pro, man, you're a dangerous motherf?!ker.

I think one of the boxing's greatest moments was Howard Cosell at the fight between Ron Wile and George Foreman. Man, that was a f?!king fight. As far as the *greatest* moment in boxing history, that's a tough call. No one would agree with me, but I like Julian Jackson knocking out Terry Norris in the second round. When Buster Douglas knocked out Mike Tyson, I freaked! I freaked for weeks. I didn't talk to anybody, I cried almost every day—I didn't like it. I just couldn't believe it.

I've got hundreds and hundreds of fight magazines. I've got fight programs from, like, Marvin Hagler bouts. I got Burt Sugar's autograph. I met him in New York. He's the editor of *Boxing Illustrated*. I got Mike Tyson's autograph on a Pantera promo picture from this guy in Indianapolis, a good friend of ours who's a photographer and writes a local fanzine. He bumped into Tyson jogging before the trial and had a Pantera promo photo with him. He said I was a huge fan and asked him to sign the photo. And he did. I also have a lot of fight videos. Hundreds and hundreds. I take them out on the road with me. I tape some myself, or my girlfriend or friends tape them for me while I'm gone.

There are some similarities between the metal world and boxing: keeping in shape, keeping that focused mental edge, keeping on top of things. If you do all those things, you should come out victorious. Stay strong. Pace yourself. Think. •

NEW NEW NEW

ROCK WITH US

FOR THE HOTTEST STAGE AND STREET ATTIRE IN U.S.A.

FOR CATALOG SEND $2.00 TO:

DYNAMITE BOUTIQUE

P.O. BOX 931208, LOS ANGELES, CA 90093

DRIVERS LICENSES

- REAL BLANK DRIVERS LICENSES
- ORIGINALS! NOT CHEAP FAKE I.D.
- ANY STATE OR CANADA
- EASY DO IT YOURSELF KIT
- 100% FOOLPROOF + LEGAL
- MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
- FAST CONFIDENTIAL SERVICE

ONLY $5.00

DON'T DELAY! ORDER NOW! RUSH $5.00 PER LICENSE KIT OR (2 FOR $8.00) TO:

BELL REAL ID
3148 Plainfield Ave. #150-R
Grand Rapids, MI 49505

IDENTITY KITS

- COMPLETE IDENTITY KIT INCLUDES:
  1) BLANK PHOTO DRIVER'S LICENSE
  2) OFFICIAL BLANK BIRTH CERTIFICATE
  3) OFFICIAL BLANK SOCIAL SECURITY CARD
  4) OFFICIAL PHOTO STATE I.D.
- GOOD IN ANY STATE OR CANADA
- 100% SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
- FREE I.D. CATALOG WITH PURCHASE
- I.D. CATALOG ONLY! $5.00! NO FREE INFO!
- FAST CONFIDENTIAL SERVICE
- LIMITED OFFER! DON'T DELAY!
- ORDER NOW! RUSH $10.00 EACH KIT (OR 2 KITS FOR $15.00) TO:

ONLY $10.00 (Regular $40.00 Value)

Fortune ID Service
3148 Plainfield Ave. #199-R
Grand Rapids, MI 49505

Free Video cassette

Over 60 previews of rock concerts, from America, Europe & Japan, *FREE!*

AC/DC, **Bon Jovi**, Def Leppard, **Guns'n'Roses**, Kiss, **Metallica**, Motley Crue, **Skid Row**, **Van Halen** & much more...

To receive your free tape + catalog send $2 for postage to:

LEFEVER
Box 5368 succ. B
Montreal, Qc. H3B 4P1, CANADA

BEST BY MAIL

Rates: Write National, Box 5, Sarasota, FL 34230

$99.95
Sizes 36 to 46
Sizes 48-52
Available at Extra Cost

LEATHER CLASSIC

• Heavy Duty Buffalo Hide • Quality Zippers
• Quilted Liner • Inside Pocket

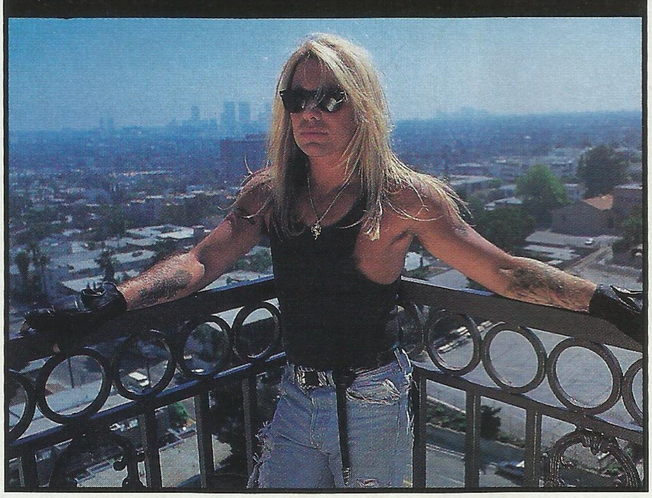
1-800-999-2575

VISA • M/C • AMER. EX. • C.O.D.

Sunrise Leather, 1021 "R" St., Sacramento, CA 95814

# MOTLEY CRUE

(continued from page 22)



Michael Johansson/Malluk

Neil from Motley Crue.

You've always said you wanted to be making music together 25 years from now, and that when the music finally did stop, you'd still be the best of friends. Everyone knows you are the only four who will ever know the whole story, but as we sit here listening to "Home Sweet Home," we just can't understand how people who have been through as much as you have been through together could end ten years of great rock 'n' roll on such a sour note. Don't misunderstand, we'll always love the Crue, but to all the true Crueheads, Motley Crue is, and always will be, Vince, Tommy, Nikki and Mick.

—Tanya & Heather
Jacksonville, Florida

I'm writing in response to the things going on now with Motley Crue. I can't believe Nikki, Mick and Tommy didn't want Vince in the band anymore. I've been a fan of Motley Crue forever. The band I loved was Vince Neil, Nikki Sixx, Tommy Lee and Mick Mars, and I can't imagine any other Crue! This whole situation has upset me, because it seemed the guys in the band were like brothers and that there was nothing in the world that could split them up. I'm very angry that they would fire one of the key players of the band. Despite what you guys might think, Vince was a part of that band, and he helped you guys get to where you are today. You might not even be as big as you are if it wasn't for him! The way you repaid him for that many years of hard work is definitely very shitty. I think Vince deserves better than to be fired by the people he helped.

I'd like to tell Vince that I will support him in his solo career, and that I wish him all the luck in the world. Vince, you will always be number-one to me!

—A Faithful Fan
Smithers, West Virginia

To the remaining members of Motley Crue—Mick, Tommy and Nikki:

I used to think Motley Crue was the best band the world had ever seen. I used to rock out to "Live Wire," and "Home Sweet Home" was my absolute favorite song. But now, since this recent controversy surrounding the Crue and the firing of Vince, I'm not so sure. Vince Neil was not the only reason I liked Motley Crue, of course. Tommy kicked ass on drums, Mick played great guitar, and Nikki rocked too. But Vince is the voice of the Crue, and after ten years and five albums, the band won't really be the same without him. I seem to remember a *Rockumentary* on MTV where Tommy said that the four guys are not just a band, they're friends; and that if anything happened to any of them, there would be no Motley Crue. I guess that was just propaganda.

I want to let you know that you're disappointing a lot of your fans. You're losing quite a few right now. I know that I will never go to another Motley Crue concert, buy another Motley Crue album, shirt, poster or anything related to Motley Crue. But the old Motley Crue will always be my favorite band. You really kicked ass back then. A lot of kids identified with your songs, but not anymore. I have no respect for any of the three of you.

How can you carry on the Motley Crue name, and not be the real Motley Crue? Please reconsider this move.

—A Disgusted Fan
Snohomish, Washington

I just saw on the *Dennis Miller Show* that Motley Crue has fired vocalist Vince Neil. Now I'm not gonna say that I'm the #1 Crue fan, because I'm not. However, I have always stuck with them through thick and thin, through their highs and lows. My personal opinion is that Motley Crue will go down the shitter without Vince. I hope I'm wrong, but it doesn't seem that they could go on for too long without Vince, or be as successful as they have been in the past. I heard that the reason for his firing was because he didn't like the way the musical direction was going. If you think about it, that is not really a valid reason for firing him. I may be wrong, but that is my opinion. Do all of your fans a favor and get him back, because it just wouldn't seem right to see someone else singing after seeing Vince for ten great years.

I have always been, and always will be, a fan of the Crue, but I have always been a big fan of the members that make (or made) up the band. So, come on, Tommy, Nikki and Mick, get Vince back before it's too late and Motley Crue is no more. I think that your fans deserve it, and that you owe it to yourselves. I understand you must do what is right for you, but what about your millions of fans? Please don't shit on us after you have given us so much happiness through your music.

—Steve P.
Edmond, Oklahoma

I hope it's not true what I heard about Vince Neil no longer being the singer in Motley Crue. Last year on MTV I saw an interview with the Crue, and they said there would no longer be a Crue if one of them left. I don't understand, and I guess I never will, because I wasn't there, and I'm not in their position. I love the Crue. I grew up listening to them. Things won't be the same without Vince. I wanna wish all four of them the best of luck. Maybe things can be worked out. If not, I still will love the Crue *and* Vince, wherever he goes!

—Ang L.
Huntington, New York

# SOUNDGARDEN

(continued from page 46)

which is how a person exercises his or her will. You make that person responsible. The moment you suggest that the drug has a will, you are taking away the individual's power of personal responsibility. You've got to say people are making their own decision. They may not be wise decisions, but they certainly know what's good or bad for them.

"Bruce Fairweather [Mother Love Bone guitarist] is one of my closest friends now," Kim adds. "When we put on *Apple* [MLB's 1990 LP], we make jokes, we drink, we laugh. We remember the good times. There was no one like Andy, and regardless of when in his life he died, he did live all of his life. That's the way he lived it. There are a lot of people acting as if Andy has taken something away from them. When I cried for Andy, was I weeping for his loss or mine? Maybe both. We were on tour last year, listening to Love Bone, and I was silent for an hour. Then, all of a sudden, I punched out this glass globe on the bus. I just sat there afterwards, shaking. And periodically I hear Andy's voice. It gives me this rush. It really hits me, especially when I'm sitting there with Bruce. [Pause] God, I was just thinking about him now. It's weird. Shit, I've known too many people who have died now. One thing that really bugs me is the list keeps growing."

As individuals, Chris, Kim, bassist Ben Shepherd and drummer Matt Cameron bleed for their lost peers and hold continuous supportive court with the past, present and future artists of the gifted rock community they helped foster. As a band, however, Soundgarden are tight knit. "It's Soundgarden against the world," cries Kim, semi-sarcastically. "We're a serious circle of four who put our shields up and shut out lookers. We yell at people to get off our bus and spit and flip people off—whatever it takes. We are not your heroes."

"I don't know how everyone else feels," Chris says, "but I definitely go through periods of extreme self-confidence, feeling like I can do anything. Perhaps a fan will sense that, like in a performance, and the hero image creeps out. But then someone will say something, however insignificant, or I'll get something in my head and, all of a sudden, I'm plummeting in the opposite direction. I'm a piece of shit, and I really can't do anything about it. That's where 'Outshined' comes from, and why I'll never consider myself a hero."

The real ones never do, Chris.... •

## ROCK VAULT ANSWERS

1. Frank Zappa.
2. Jeff Beck.
3. Brad Whitford; Aerosmith.
4. The Yardbirds; Cream.
5. Slash.
6. Black Oak Arkansas.
7. Yngwie J. Malmsteen.
8. Chris Poland, Jeff Young, Marty Friedman and Dave Mustaine.
9. Eric Clapton played the solo in "While My Guitar Gently Weeps" (he went on to marry Harrison's ex-wife), and bassist/multi-instrumentalist Paul McCartney played the "Taxman" solo.
10. The Stooges; Ron Asheton.
11. A-12; B-5; C-7; D-2; E-9; F-13; G-11; H-14; I-1; J-4; K-10; L-3; M-8; N-6.

# Dear Mom Russell

**DEAR MOM RUSSELL:** I'm an 18-year-old guy, and I have a problem about girls—there aren't any in my life. I've never had a relationship with a girl, which means I'm still a virgin. My friends all looked surprised when I told them my situation, and have asked me why. I think it's because I'm too shy. I'm not looking just to get rid of my virginity; I'm looking for a relationship with a girl. What is some advice you can give me on how to break out of my shy stage and meet that special someone? —Shyfulness

*Dear Shyfulness: Why break out when you can stay where it's safe? My advice is not to rush that which is inevitable. Be proud of waiting for a relationship in which you can truly relate. With all the "boom bam" relationships these days, don't become another. You may be more cautious than shy.*

**DEAR MOM RUSSELL:** I'm a 17-year-old girl who's going out with a 25-year-old. We both love each other very much, but there's one major problem: My parents don't want me to see him, and they don't want to meet him. We both know we want to be together, but we can't because of my parents, and it's putting a lot of pressure on us. They think he's going to hurt me, but they're they ones who are. What should I do? —Confused

*Dear Confused: You can only do one thing if you can't get through to your parents, and that is to wait until you're 18. At 18 you can make your own choice. Try to make it the right one, since life allows for going forward, but never back.*

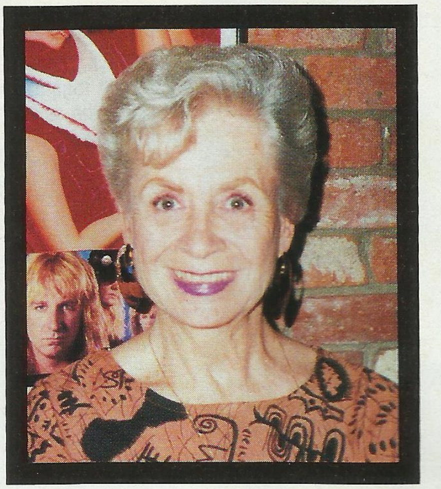
**DEAR MOM RUSSELL:** I really need your help on this one. I am 15 years old, and I was recently sexually assaulted by a guy at my school. At first I thought I was okay, and I've been to many school counselors. I feel embarrassed about what he did to me, and everyone at school is talking about it. My boyfriend is the only one I feel I can really talk to. To make things worse, my mom has to tell everyone she knows. Plus, the guy has to go to court, and I've heard rumors that he wants to get back at me for telling on him. Am I weird to feel so alone?

—Hopelessly Lost

*Dear Hopelessly Lost: Your feeling of being alone at this time is not at all weird. Seek professional counselling by contacting the YWCA Hotline or the Battered Women's Shelter at 1-800-333-SAFE. Ignore the talk and hold your head up—you were a victim, not a participant. Naturally this guy wants to get back at you, since you have shown him to be a loser who needs to use force to get a woman. Don't let this act wreck your life.*

**DEAR MOM RUSSELL:** I am 17 and a single mom. I am putting myself through college and doing the advertising for a local band. My parents don't understand how much music means to me. They think that I use the band to get away from my daughter, but I don't. They tell me time and time again that I can sign her over to them and get the hell out. I graduate school in just ten weeks, and I don't know what to do. I feel that when I graduate I should sign her over and leave. I love her so much, but I can't support her by myself (her father doesn't help). I also can't take my parents' criticism and verbal abuse anymore. All my friends tell me I should leave and start my life over again. Please help.

—Putting Up With My Parents' Shit



*Dear PUWPS: You give the reasons for a choice you have already made—you can't support your daughter or tolerate your parents' actions. Be grateful your parents want her. Your choice seems to be a new life for everyone.*

**DEAR MOM RUSSELL:** I'm a 16-year-old geek in high school, but a headbanger at heart. Nobody knows it, and no one would ever believe that I *love* heavy-metal music. I want the teenagers at school who wear Metallica T-shirts and leather jackets to realize that I am one of them under my nerdy exterior. How can I do this? —Jennifer

*Dear Jennifer: Love of heavy-metal music is not found in style of dress, it's in the heart. Expose yours by banging the ears of other headbangers with conversation about the songs and bands you like. Relate with music, not dress. Forget geek and just speak.*

**DEAR MOM RUSSELL:** I am an 18-year-old female who has a 20-year-old boyfriend. We have a great relationship so far, even though we haven't been together for too long. We've slept together several times, and yesterday I found out I was pregnant. Big problem! I don't *love* him and he doesn't *love* me. Yeah, we feel very strongly for each other, but it's not *love.* I'm not against abortion (I'm pro-choice), but the way I see it, if I'm responsible enough to sleep with a guy, I should take the responsibility of having the baby we conceived. We used protection every time we made love, but once the condom ripped. I'm really in a bind here, and I'm totally confused. I have so many mixed feelings about this, because in a way it wasn't our fault—the rubber broke! On the other hand, we were the ones who decided to have sex. I am a person who can debate both sides of any issue, but I don't want to with this situation!

—Baby Boomer?

*Dear Baby Boomer: Don't blame the broken condom for the pregnancy, but keep the blame with those who chose to have sex. Get your boyfriend's input in resolving the problem, since he was involved in its creation. There should be some reason other than feeling responsible for sleeping with a guy for giving birth. Give that some thought.*

**DEAR MOM RUSSELL:** I'm a 17-year-old girl with no self-confidence. I am 5'4", and I weigh 120 pounds. I have no friends, and I'm a big fat slob. When I walk, I look at my feet because I'm so ashamed of my looks (I used to weigh 110 pounds, and I still thought I was fat). I have always hated myself. Help!

—Depressed
Greeley, Colorado

*Dear Depressed: If you are 5'4" and weigh 120 lbs., you certainly cannot be fat. You are being self-deceptive and not seeing yourself as others do. Your hatred of yourself reflects a lack of self-esteem and a serious need for medical assistance. Please discuss this with your parents and get help now.*

**DEAR MOM RUSSELL:** I am a 22-year-old girl. My problem is, I have a friend who is 21 and also female. We have been friends for two years, and she has been lying to me. I know that she is lying, because the only person who would believe what she says would have to be really dumb. The worst thing about it is, the things she says aren't even important. I think she just wants to impress me (which she doesn't). I am not amused by her behavior. In fact, it makes me feel I can't trust her. I think she is wonderful just as she is, and she doesn't need to impress me with lies. I want to tell her how I feel, but I don't want to lose our friendship. What should I do? I believe honesty is best in every relationship, friend or otherwise. —Tired of the Lies

*Dear Tired of the Lies: Do unto others as you would have them do unto you—be honest. Let her know the reasons honesty is important to you, and ask that she practices it in the future. With a tactful approach, your friendship should survive.*

***Dudes and dudettes, if you've got a problem that's got you stumped, write to Mista Bone's mom. Send your pleas for help to DEAR MOM RUSSELL, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, California 90210.***

NOTE: The opinions of Ms. Russell do not necessarily represent those of RIP magazine.

# TORA TORA

(continued from page 75)

really cool guy. We started working on some preproduction, and now we're in overdub mode."

The sun is starting to set in western Tennessee as the group heads back to the studio for a second pass at some vocals and perhaps another foosball tourney. Anthony whips in and blows out what could be the final take of "Amnesia," and his hangover is less apparent as the kickoff for the Dolphins vs the Bengals gets closer and closer back at Margarita Monday.

Producer Payson lectures his star vocalist on school-night parties while John and Patrick demolish the conference room, saying they'll blame it all on the night manager. It doesn't take too long, however, for their attention to turn back to the matters at hand, and they settle down and discuss their tour plans.

"It's hard to tell what we'll do about a tour," says Patrick. "You can't really put together a tour until the record's done and you put together your game plan. When you're ready, you have to find out what's open, and then just try to get whatever there is."

You can rest easy that the band will put a fine effort into getting a good tour, since they haven't played together live since the conclusion of their last jaunt, where they shared a bill with Kix, L.A. Guns and Dangerous Toys, and later moved on to even bigger arenas, supporting the Cult and Bonham.

"We decided when we first came off the road that we didn't want to play right away, because we'd been out for a year," a freshly dismissed Anthony interrupts. "Everyone was burned out. Keith got married, I had a birthday—there was just a whole month of occasions, one after the other. This time we've probably gone to extremes, but we've always felt like we didn't want to be one of the bands that played every weekend at every bar where people just got sick of seein' your show. It's working out for the best, I think, because when we finally go out, we'll have the record, the stage, the backdrop, the whole nine yards. We can do all our warm-ups here, because we haven't played in so long!"

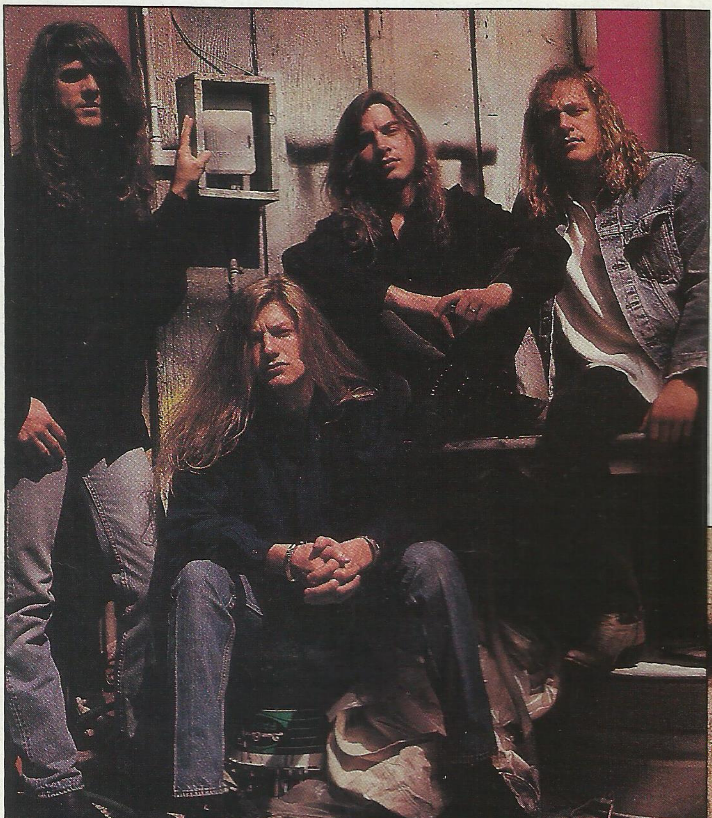
As the group gets restless once again, and minds start to drift into the second quarter of *Monday Night Football*, one has to ask where they plan to relocate, if they ever get around to it.

"We've all talked about it," states Patrick, solemnly. "We love our city. It's very cool, and we used to love hangin' out in its killer vibe; but to be honest, we're kind of burned out. I can say that if we did relocate, it wouldn't be any further west or any further north. We might find a beach somewhere—but not in Florida. There's nowhere for John to kill shit down there!"

The band laughs as they discuss hunting alligators, and John insists that he wouldn't mind moving to Alabama.

"There's *big* deer down there!" he says.

Wherever they may roam, one thing's for certain: Their hearts will always belong to Beale Street. •



Marty Temme

Marty Temme

NO MOB HITS LIKE THIS ONE

LYNCH
MOB

George Lynch
Mick Brown
Anthony Esposito
and introducing new lead singer
Robert Mason

10 new tracks of powerful and persuasive rock 'n' roll featuring the incomparable guitarwork of George Lynch. *Lynch Mob* includes the single "Tangled In The Web."

Produced by Keith Olsen

Elektra

On Elektra Compact Discs and (DIGALOG) Cassettes

©1992 Elektra Entertainment, A Division of Warner Communications, Inc. A Time Warner Company

DO YOU WANNA GET
ROCKED?

DEF LEPPARD
ADRENALIZE

FEATURING
'LET'S GET ROCKED'
TEN NEW SONGS
OF PURE ADRENALINE!
AVAILABLE EVERYWHERE

DEF LEPPARD
ADRENALIZE

mercury
a PolyGram company
© 1992 PolyGram Records, Inc.

PRODUCED BY MIKE SHIPLEY AND DEF LEPPARD EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: ROBERT JOHN "MUTT" LANGE MANAGEMENT: Q PRIME INC.